

PICTURESQUE ASIA AND AFRICA



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CAPTAIN PARKER AND MEMBERS OF THE NORTH-END
HISTORY CLUB IN EGYPT

PICTURESQUE ASIA AND AFRICA

CONTAINING

WONDERFUL AND EXCITING SCENES IN ASIA ; EXPLORATIONS AMONG STRANGE PEOPLE ; WILD MEN OF THE DESERT ; TOURS THROUGH INDIA, AND THE EMPIRES OF CHINA AND JAPAN, ETC., ETC.

TOGETHER WITH

STRANGE SIGHTS IN ZULU-LAND

ADVENTURES IN THE KAFFIR COUNTRY ; ANIMAL LIFE IN THE DARK CONTINENT ; LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS AND THE NILE ; TOURS THROUGH THE WILDS OF ABYSSINIA, ETC., ETC.

THE WHOLE COMPRISING

A VAST TREASURY OF FASCINATING NARRATIVES, STRANGE ADVENTURES AND THRILLING EXPERIENCES

BY

CHESTER R. STRATTON

The Well Known Author and Traveller

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PREFACE.

THIS great work describes a fascinating tour through the land of the Pyramids and the Nile, discoveries made in Central Africa, the wild men of the desert, the marvelous scenes in Central Asia and old India are fully depicted.

The land of the Kaffirs, showing the striking characteristics of this remarkable people, their customs, traditions, laws and wars, which have made them the famous of all savage races. No portrayal of this part of the world would be complete without describing the wild sports and adventures, startling situations and thrilling scenes in the Menagerie of the Tropics recorded with graphic power by daring explorers.

As to its aim and scope, its rigor and variety of style and thought, its historic comprehensiveness and exactness, its great wealth of illustrations, its superb workmanship, and its various other striking features, the volume may be readily ranked as a splendid triumph, a wonderful preparation, and acceptable to all.

What is of greatest interest to intelligent readers, whatever is best in Asia and Africa, is here placed in vivid array before the eyes of the reader, thus furnishing an unrivalled work that will be prized in every home where it is permitted to shed its brilliant light.

The accuracy, thoroughness, wide scope and superior merits of the work will be apparent at a glance to all who examine its charming pages.

CHESTER R. STRATTON.

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ANIMALS OF THE JUNGLE

CHAPTER I.

REMARKABLE SCENES IN ASIA.

Celebrated Hungarian Traveler—Tent of the Turkoman—Protection Against Heat and Storm—A Race of Robbers—Thieving Arabs of Central Asia—Pillage and Destruction—Settlements and Caravans Attacked at Midnight—Superiority of the Sons of the Desert—Persian Prisoners—Cruel Treatment of Captives—Elegant Turkoman Horses—Lazy Vagabonds—Curious Customs—Chasing a Bride—Horrible Traffic in Human Heads—Torture of Prisoners—Bloody Combat Between Turkoman Bandits—Persian Sports—Falconer, Steed and Dogs—Picturesque Figure—Oriental Dwellings—Description of Eastern House—Luxuriant Apartments and Court—Singular Roof for Houses—Magnificent Throne of the Persian Monarch.



THE Turkomans, or Turkmen, as they style themselves, inhabit, for the most part, that tract of desert land which extends east from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea.

Arminius Vambery, the distinguished Hungarian traveler, has given a graphic account of his adventures among the Turkomans, and also among other inhabitants of Central Asia. The travels of Vambery, in which he obtained much information and made many discoveries, which have been a valuable addition to the world's knowledge of this part of the Orient, compare in interest with those of any of the heroes who have thrilled all civilized nations by their daring exploits in the "dark continent" of Africa. He holds first rank among those famous explorers of modern times who have compelled the ancient lands of mystery to reveal their startling secrets. We quote freely from his very interesting narrative.

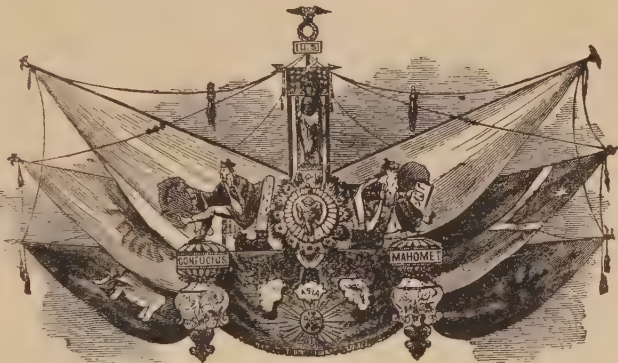
The tent of the Turkoman, he says, which is met with in the same form throughout Central Asia, and as far as the remotest parts of China, is very neat, and in perfect accordance with the life led by the nomad, or wanderer, for such he is. With the exception of the wood-work, all its component parts are the product of the industry of the Turkoman woman, who busies herself also with its construction and putting together the various parts. She even packs it upon the camel, and accompanies it in the wanderings of her people, close on foot.

The tents of the rich and poor are distinguished by their being gotten



EXCITING TARTAR HORSE-RACE—PURSUIT OF A BRIDE.

up with a greater or less pomp in the internal arrangements. There are only two sorts: the black tent, that is, the tent which has grown brown or black from age; and the white tent, that is, one covered in the interior with felt of snowy whiteness; it is erected for newly-married couples, or for guests to whom they wish to pay particular honor. Altogether the tent, as I met with it in Central America, has left upon my mind a very pleasing impression. Cool in summer, and genially warm in winter, what a blessing is its shelter when the wild hurricane rages in all directions around the almost boundless steppes! A stranger is often fearful lest the dread elements should rend into a thousand pieces so frail an abode; but the Turkoman has no such apprehension; he attaches the cords fast and sleeps sweetly, for the howling of the storm sounds in his ear like the song that lulls the infant in its cradle! The customs, usages, and occupations of the Turkomans might furnish matter for an entire volume, so great and so remarkable is the distinction between their manner of life and our own. I must, however, here limit myself to a few traits in their characters, and only touch upon what is indispensable in my narrative.



ASIATIC EMBLEM.

The leading feature in the life of a Turkoman is the predatory expedition, or the surprise. The invitation to any enterprise likely to be attended with profit finds him ever ready to arm himself and to spring to his saddle. The design itself is always kept a profound secret even from the nearest relative; and as soon as the chief leader has had lavished upon him by some "mollah" or other a benediction, every man betakes himself, at the commencement of the evening, by different ways, to a certain place, before indicated as the rendezvous.

The attack is always made either at midnight, when an inhabited settlement, or at sunrise, when a caravan or any hostile troop is its object. This attack of the Turkomans, like that of the Huns and Tartars, is rather to be styled a surprise. They separate themselves into several divisions, and make two, hardly ever three assaults, upon their unsuspecting

prey; for, according to a Turkoman proverb, "Try twice, turn back a third time." The party assailed must possess great resolution and firmness to be able to withstand a surprise of this nature; the Persians seldom do so. Very often a Turkoman will not hesitate to attack five or even more Persians, and will succeed in his enterprise.

I have been told by the Turkomans that not unfrequently one of their number will make four or five Persians prisoners. "Often," said one of these nomads to me, "the Persians, struck with a panic, throw away their arms, demand the cords, and bind each other mutually; we have no occasion to dismount except for the purpose of fastening the last of them." Not to allude to the defeat of 22,000 Persians by 5000 Turkomans on a very recent occasion, I can state as an undoubted fact the immense superiority of the sons of the desert over the Persians.

Bold and Cruel Robbers.

I am inclined to think that it is the terrible historical prestige of the Tartars of the North that robs the boldest Persian of his courage; and yet how dear has a man to pay for his cowardice! He who resists is cut down; the coward who surrenders has his hands bound, and the horseman either takes him up on his saddle (in which case his feet are bound under the horse's belly), or drives him before him; whenever from any cause this is not possible, the wretched man is attached to the tail of the animal, and has for hours and hours—yes, for days and days—to follow the robber to his desert home. I once heard a young girl say that her mother had been killed and left in the desert because unable to follow the Turkomans in their rapid flight. Those who are unable to keep up with the horseman generally perish.

Let me add an anecdote of an occurrence which I myself witnessed. It happened in one of the inland towns. An expedition returned richly laden with captives, horses, asses, oxen, and other movable property. They proceeded to the division of the booty, separating it into as many portions as there had been parties to the act of violence. But, besides, they left in the centre one separate portion: this was done to make all good, as I afterward remarked. The robbers went up each in his turn to examine his share. One was satisfied; a second also; the third examined the teeth of the Persian woman who had been allotted to him, and observed that his share was too small, whereupon the chief went to the centre heap and placed a young donkey by the side of the poor Persian slave; an estimate was made of the aggregate value of the two creatures, and the robber was contented; this course was often repeated; and although my feelings revolted at the inhumanity of the proceeding, I could



DEADLY ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TURKOMAN BANDITS.

not refrain from laughing at the droll composition of these different shares of spoil.

Splendid Turkoman Steeds.

The main instrument, the one to which the Turkoman gives the preference over all others in his forays, is, beyond all question, his horse, which is really a wonderful creature, prized by the son of the desert more than his wife, more than his children, more than his own life. It is interesting to mark with what carefulness he brings him up, how he clothes him to resist cold and heat, what magnificence he displays in the accoutrements of his saddle, in which he, perhaps in a wretched dress or rags, makes a strange contrast with the carefully-decorated steed. These fine animals are well worth all the pains bestowed upon them, and the stories recounted of their speed and power of endurance are far from being exaggerated. By origin the Turkoman horse is Arabian, for even at the present day those of the purest blood are known by the name Bedevi (Bedoueen).

The profit arising to the nomads by their abominable practice of kidnapping by no means compensates for the perils which it entails, for it is not often that it diminishes the poverty to which the son of the desert is born. And what if he is able to save a few small coins? His mode of living, simple in the extreme, would rarely call for such; and I have known many Turkomans who, in spite of a condition of increased prosperity, have continued to eat dried fish, and have allowed themselves bread but once in the week, just like the very poorest, to whom the price of wheat renders bread almost inaccessible.

In his domestic circle the nomad presents us a picture of the most absolute indolence. In his eyes it is the greatest shame for a man to apply his hand to any domestic occupation. He has nothing to do but to tend his horse; that duty once over, he hurries to his neighbor, or joins one of the group that squat on the ground before the tents, discussing topics connected with politics, recent raids, or horseflesh. In the mean time the inevitable "tchilim," a sort of Persian pipe, in which the tobacco is not moistened, passes from hand to hand.

Singular Mode of Marrying.

Some customs and usages of the Turkomans are very remarkable, as we have but faint traces of them among the other nomads of Central Asia. But there is also the marriage ceremonial, where the young maiden, attired in bridal costume, mounts a high bred courser, taking on her lap the carcase of a lamb or goat, and, setting off at full gallop, is followed by the bridegroom and other young men of the party, also on horseback; but she is always to strive, by adroit turns, etc., to avoid her



PERSIAN FALCONER EQUIPPED FOR THE CHASE.

pursuers, that no one of them approach near enough to snatch from her the burden on her lap. This game, called "green wolf," is in use among all the nomads of Central Asia.

To mention another singular usage, sometimes two, sometimes four days after the nuptials, the newly-married couple are separated, and the permanent union does not begin until after the expiration of a year.

Manufacturing Mourning for the Dead.

Another singular custom has reference to the mourning for the decease of a beloved member of the family. It is the practice, in the tent of the departed one, each day for a whole year, without exception, at the same hour that he drew his last breath, for female mourners to chant the customary dirges, in which the members of the family present are expected to join. In doing so, the latter proceed with their ordinary daily employments and occupations; and it is quite ridiculous to see how the Turkoman polishes his arms and smokes his pipe, or devours his meal, to the accompaniment of these frightful yells of sorrow.

A similar thing occurs with the women, who, seated in the smaller circumference of the tent itself, are wont to join in the chant, to cry and weep in the most plaintive manner, while they are at the same time cleaning wool, spinning, or performing some other duty of household industry. The friends and acquaintances of the deceased are also expected to pay a visit of lamentation, and that even when the first intelligence of the misfortune does not reach them until after months have elapsed. The visitor seats himself before the tent, often at night, and, by a thrilling yell of fifteen minutes' duration, gives notice that he has thus performed his last duty toward the defunct. When a chief of distinction, one who has really well earned the title of "bator" (valiant), perishes, it is the practice to throw up over his grave a large mound; to this every good Turkoman is bound to contribute at least seven shovelfuls of earth, so that these elevations often have a circumference of sixty feet, and a height of from twenty to thirty feet. In the great plains these mounds are very conspicuous objects; the Turkoman knows them all, and calls them by their names—that is to say, by the names of those that rest below.

Shocking Cruelty Toward Captives.

We next find our traveler, Vambéry, at Khiva, an important town, situated in the somewhat populous region lying south of the Aral Sea. Here he was received by Ozberg, the Khivan, whose power, like that of many Asiatic petty monarchs, was almost absolute. He could declare life or death without interference from any outside ruler. Terrible, indeed, says Vambéry, is the recollection of the scenes to which I was wit-

ness in his presence. In the court I found about three hundred prisoners of war, covered with rags; they were so tormented by the dread of their approaching fate, and by the hunger which they had endured sev-



ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

eral days, that they looked as if they had just risen from their graves. They were separated into two divisions, namely, such as had not yet reached their fortieth year, and were to be sold as slaves, or to be made use of as presents, and such as from their rank or age were regarded as

graybeards or leaders, and who were to suffer the punishment imposed by the khan.

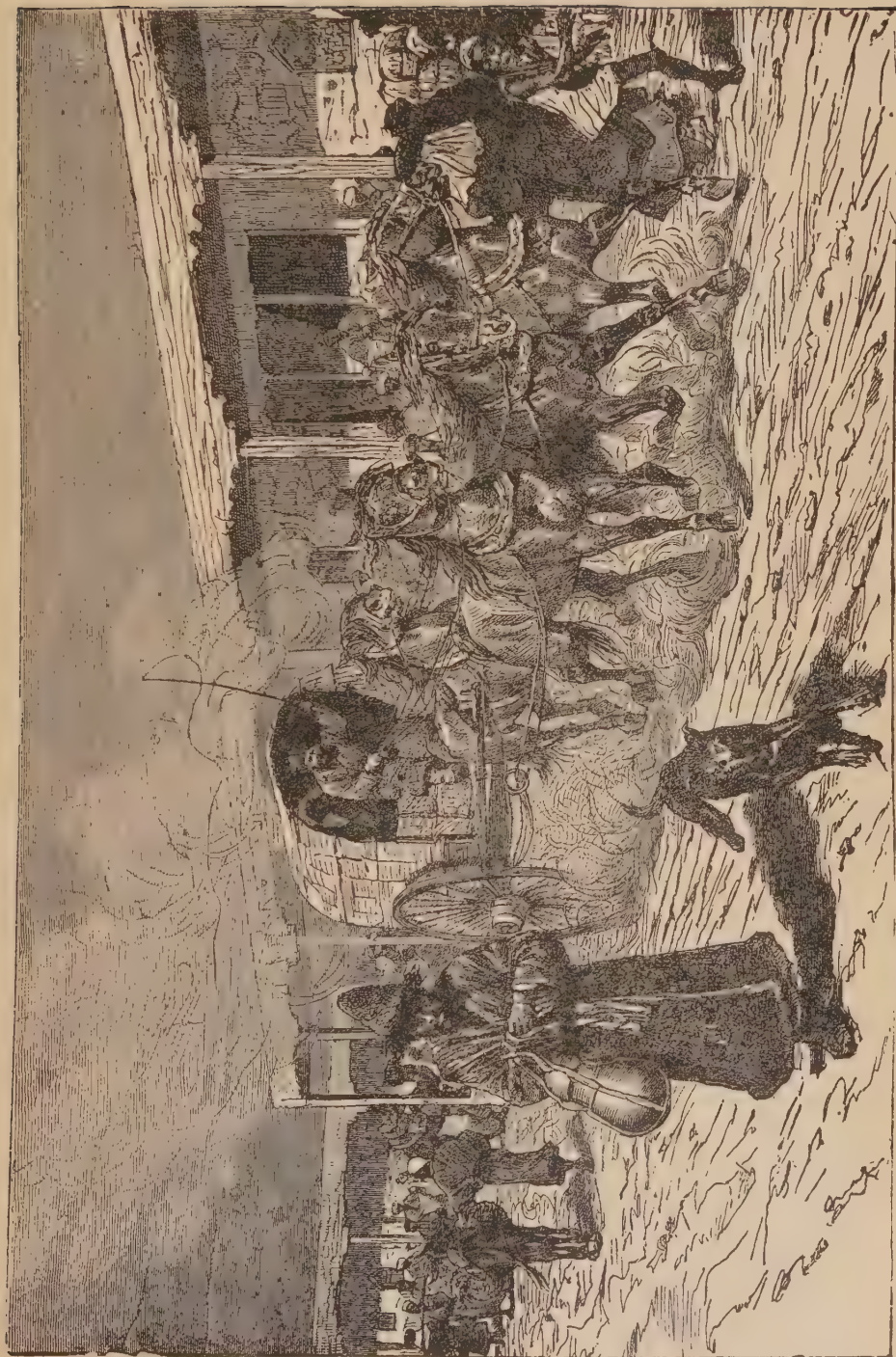
The former, chained together by their iron collars in numbers of ten to fifteen, were led away; the latter submissively awaited the punishment awarded. They looked like lambs in the hands of their executioners. While several were led to the gallows or the block, I saw how, at a sign from the executioner, eight aged men placed themselves down on their backs upon the earth. They were then bound hand and foot, and the executioner gouged out their eyes in turn, kneeling to do so on the breast of each poor wretch; and after every operation he wiped his knife, dripping with blood, upon the white beard of the hoary unfortunate.

Horrible Execution of Prisoners.

Ah! cruel spectacle! As each fearful act was completed, the victim liberated from his bonds, groping around with his hands, sought to gain his feet! Some fell against each other, head against head; others sank powerless to the earth again, uttering low groans, the memory of which will make me shudder as long as I live.

However dreadful these details may seem to the reader, they must still be told that this cruelty was only a retaliation for a no less barbarous act committed by the prisoners last winter upon a caravan. It was a rich one, composed of two thousand camels, which, on its way from Orenburg to Khiva, was surprised and entirely plundered. The Turkomans, greedy of booty, although they had taken possession of stores of Russian merchandise, despoiled the travelers of their victuals and clothes, so that they died in the middle of the desert, some of hunger, and others of cold; only eight out of sixty contrived to save their lives.

A treatment of prisoners such as I have described is indeed horrible, but it is not to be regarded as an exceptional case. In Khiva, as well as in the whole of Central Asia, wanton cruelty is common; the whole proceeding is regarded as perfectly natural, and usage, law, and religion all accord in sanctioning it. The present khan of Khiva wanted to signalize himself as a protector of religion, and believed he should succeed by punishing with the greatest severity all offences against it. To have cast a look upon a thickly-veiled lady sufficed for the offender to be executed according as religion directs. The man is hung, and the woman is buried up to the breast in the earth near the gallows, and there stoned to death. As in Khiva there are no stones, they use hard balls of earth. At the third discharge the poor victim is completely covered with dust, and the body, dripping with blood, is horribly disfigured, and the death which ensues alone puts an end to her torture.



LIVELY STREET SCENE IN YARKAND—EASTERN TURKESTAN

The khan has affixed the punishment of death to other offences against religion, so that in the first years of his reign the subordinates were even obliged to cool his religious zeal; still no day passes but some one is led away from an audience with the khan, hearing first the fatal words pronounced which are his doom, "Alib barin" (Away with him).

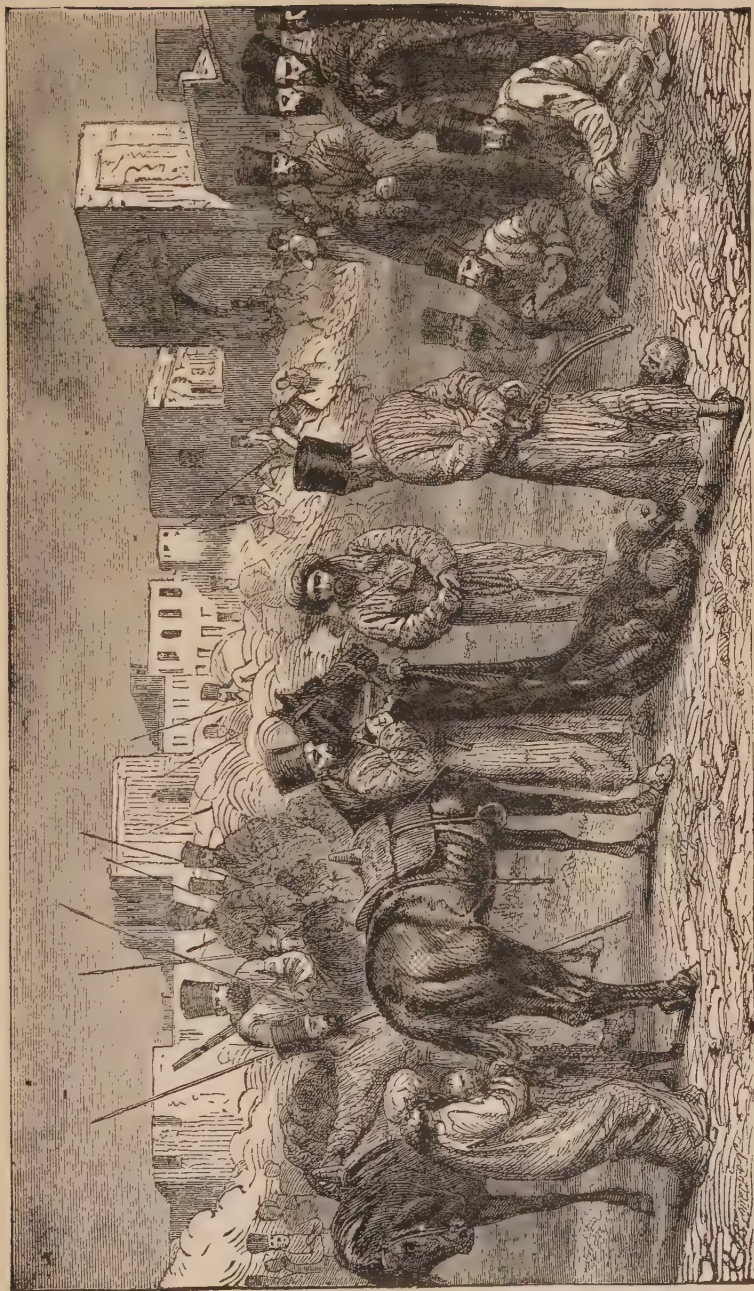
Rewards for Human Heads.

I had some dealings with the treasurer, and this personage, when I went to see him, was engaged in so singular an occupation that I must not omit to particularize it. He was assorting the robes of honor which were to be sent to the camp to reward those who had distinguished themselves. They consisted of about four kinds of silken coats with staring colors, and large flowers worked in them in gold. I heard them styled four-headed, twelve-headed, twenty-headed, and forty-headed coats. As I could see upon them no heads at all, in painting or embroidery, I demanded the reason of the appellation, and was told that the most simple coats were a reward for having cut off four heads of enemies, and the most beautiful a recompense for forty heads, and that they were now being forwarded to the camp. Some one proceeded to tell me I ought to go next morning to the principal square, and witness this distribution.

Accordingly, the next morning I did really see about a hundred horsemen arrive from the camp covered with dust. Each of them brought at least one prisoner with him, and among the number children, and women also, bound either to the tail of the horse or to the pommel of the saddle; besides all which, he had buckled behind him a large sack, containing the heads of his enemies, the evidence of his heroic exploits. On coming up, he handed over the prisoners as presents to the khan, or some other great personage, then loosened his sack, seized it by the two lower corners, as if he were about to empty potatoes, and there rolled the bearded or beardless heads before the accountant, who kicked them together with his feet until a large heap was composed, consisting of several hundreds. Each hero had a receipt given to him for the number of heads delivered, and a few days later came the day of payment.

A Race of Highway Robbers.

Between the northern frontier of Persia, and as far west as the Russian provinces on the other side of the Caspian, stretches the Kara-Kum, or Black Sands, a desert almost unrelieved by a single fertile spot. But by the wild Turkomans, or nomadic robber tribes, it is regarded as the most effectual of barriers between them and the civilization which is foreign to their ways of life. These Turkomans, as we have said, are for the most part predatory. They cultivate a few spots on the borders of the desert,



RECEIVING PAYMENT FOR HUMAN HEADS.

where the streams which flow down from the Persian and Afghan highlands moisten the dry soil before being lost in the sand of the Kara-Kum.

But the main resource of these untamed Tartars is highway robbery. The trader and the traveler in the vicinity of their country dread, with reason, the onslaughts of these Asiatic Bedouins, and the frontier farms and villages of Persia have for many years been harassed by the Turkoman robbers in search of plunder and slaves. Persian captives are numerous among them, and more recently they have not spared even the Russian settlements, an imprudence which has now brought on them the vengeance of the Czar. They own no regular chiefs, nor do they possess what can be designated a form of government. Often they have deadly feuds among themselves, and in these encounters they exhibit the most barbarous ferocity. No combat more terrible could be imagined than that which sometimes takes place between these bandits of the desert.

For mutual protection and convenience they have gathered into little tribes, the most powerful of which are the Tekkes, whose strongholds are to be found all along the borders of Persia. The Tekkes are, indeed, one of the few Turkoman tribes which can be considered non-nomadic. Dr. Schuyler describes them as half sedentary, living in large villages, and submitting in some degree to the authority of their elders, thus constituting a society with a primitive form of organization. Hence they are the strongest of the race, and their raids, will sometimes extend hundreds of miles. A Tekke village has dwellings arranged on two sides of the fort, which is usually the centre of their encampment. Bags of wheat, rice, and sorghum, carpets, felts, and household articles, are the contents of the huts, and occasionally an apparatus for smelting copper, agricultural tools of a primitive kind, looms for weaving carpets, and some of the apparatus used for breeders of silkworms may be seen. Horses, cattle, pigs, and fowls wander about, and near the fort are small gardens planted with poplars and cotton. Small water-mills are also usually established near each fort.

Interesting Turkoman Customs.

Captain Spalding, in his work on "Khiva and Turkestan," gives an interesting and graphic account of some of the social customs of the Turkomans. He says:—"Almost all Turkomans feed in the same way. In the morning, a morsel of bread, with garlic or some sort of soup, according to their means. Almost all of them have a sheep or goat in the vicinity of the tent, which they fatten for special occasions. Meat is divested of skin, cut into small pieces, and salted; a part of it is dried,



ARISTOCRATIC KIRGHIZ BRIDE AND ATTENDANTS.

and acquires then a peculiar taste (not unlike that of the pheasant), of which the Turkomans are very fond; the rest is cut up into small pieces, destined for the preparation of hot soup. They collect the bones and other remains of the slaughtered animal, and boil them in saucepans, reckoning that the broth thus formed will suffice at the coming feast.

A Neighborhood Picnic.

"Their soup is thus prepared:—The wife places some fresh or salt meat in the saucepan. Its odor soon spreads through the neighborhood, and attracts to the spot various neighbors, who, distaff in hand, on some pretext or other visit their acquaintance, sit down by the fireplace, and engage her in conversation. Each in turn stirs with a wooden spoon the meat in the saucepan, and afterwards licks off the fat remaining on it. When the meat commences to boil the mistress of the house takes out some pieces with her hands, and presents them to her guests, concealing, however, the best pieces for herself. She then pours some jugs of water into the saucepan, and sprinkles the remaining morsels with pepper and salt. When it is completely boiled, the meat is placed upon large wooden plates, on which bread has been previously crumbled.

"All wash their hands before dinner; but this is done evidently as a matter of form only, for Turkoman hands could not be washed clean by water alone. When the soup is finally ready, the head of the household, having given thanks to God, gives the signal for all present to occupy places round the wooden bowls. The men eat apart from the women and children. First they eat the soup, which is, however, almost entirely absorbed by the pieces of bread thrown into it; then they seize on the bread and meat, and having consumed it, they scrape up with a spoon, which passes from hand to hand, the remaining moisture from the plates. After dinner, each tries to pick up as much of the food as he can with his hands; nor does he occupy the dinner-hour with interesting conversation, or anything of that sort, for eating among the Turkomans proceeds in a very rapid and methodical manner.

Greased Complexion.

"At the conclusion of the repast all lick their hands, and rub them to the ends of the fingers, in order that they may be covered with grease on their entire surface; then they wipe their faces with their greasy hands, with the object of communicating to it their softness and polish; and lastly, the third operation consists in rubbing the feet or boots (if they wear boots) with fat. Wherefore one can, by looking at the boots of a Turkoman, tell at a glance whether he is full or fasting.

"When all are sufficiently rubbed with grease, the elders in the centre



BLIND MEN LEADING A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

wash their hands, keeping them even with their countenances, and saying at the same time, 'Praise be to Allah, the merciful and gracious! Allah is great!' when all present stroke their chins with their hands, the men likewise their beards in their whole length."

Attention has of late been much directed to the Turkomans, owing to the Russian invasion of the Khivan tribe of this race. Slavery was the pretext for this war; and it may be mentioned that the Turkomans are inveterate slave-dealers. In spite of their professed enthusiasm for their religion, they will steal or buy and sell followers of the Prophet even as soon and as ruthlessly as those unbelievers they call "infidels."

A Famous Tribe.

The Kirghis are a nomadic people. They inhabit the tract of country situated on the frontiers of the Russian and Chinese Empires. They wander to and fro on wide-spreading plains, from Lake Baikal to the borders of the Siberian steppes. They travel armed, and always prepared either for war or for the chase. As wild beasts attack men when by themselves, they nearly always travel on horseback in troops.

For the matter of that, the Kirghis seldom get off their horses. All business is settled, and all merchandise is bought and sold on horseback. There is in a town, by name Shourafahan, where the sedentary Kirghis reside, a market-place, where buyers and sellers do all their business without leaving the saddle. The Kirghis are much below the middle height. Their countenances are not usually attractive. Having a low bridge to their nose, the space between their eyes is flat, and quite on a level with the rest of their face. Their eyes are long and half closed, the forehead protrudes at the lower part, and retreats at the top. Their big, puffy cheeks look like two pieces of raw flesh stuck on the sides of their faces. They have but little beard, their body is not at all muscular and their complexion is a dark brown.

Yet no one would deny that a Kirghis bride, mounted on her spirited steed, dressed in Oriental gorgeousness, and attended by her mother and groom, is a very attractive spectacle.

Out-door Sports in the Orient.

Not only Asiatic Arabs, but the more civilized natives of Persia, are adepts at hunting, and exhibit remarkable skill and enthusiasm in the chase. We present a very spirited illustration, quite characteristic of Persian life, in which a falconer is seen mounted on his steed. He has a horse that he may well be proud of, and the animal seems, from his appearance, to be proud of himself. He is a strong, spirited, muscular steed, with high head, flashing eye, and is one of those animals which calls



BRASS BAZAAR.

out so much admiration and affection from his master ; a fondness which is one of the peculiar features of the Oriental character. The engraving represents him as fully caparisoned, ornamented in fine fashion, and eager for the pursuit.

The rider carries the hawk on his hand, and is accompanied by two hunting-dogs, whose leanness would indicate that no beast of the desert could be more swift.

The whole group of figures is remarkably striking, and shows the attractive features of wild sports in Central Asia. In the use of the hawk for the chase, it will be noticed that these old eastern nations have the same practices as some of the western. This Persian falconer is the type of a bold, agile class of men, fearless of danger, who find their highest enjoyment in the field, behind the dogs, and rushing on to overtake the game.

Dwellings in Asia.

While so many inhabitants of Asia lead a wandering, out-door life, living in tents, if living it can be called, it must also be remembered that like all other parts of the globe, permanent dwellings afford shelter and protection for the inhabitants.

The general plan of an eastern house presents a dead wall to the street, and one or more interior courts, which, if the owner be wealthy, are highly adorned. There is a low entrance-door with an inscription from the Koran, and over it a latticed window, or kiosk, sometimes projecting like our antique bay windows ; there may be also a few other latticed windows high up in the wall. A passage from the outer door, which is attended by the porter, leads into the first or outer court, but is so contrived that the entrance to the court is not exactly opposite to the external outer door, so that no view of the court is obtained from the street, nor any of the street from the court. The principal apartments look into this court, and some of them are open to it.

A recent traveler thus describes a house which he visited at Damascus : " Our first call was at the house of a Jewish family. We entered a small, plain, cheerless court ; but passed on through another gate into the central court, where the scene was almost fairy-like. Water splashed in marble fountains ; over the tessellated pavement rose orange and citron trees, affording agreeable shade ; while the air was perfumed by flowering shrubs and vines trained over trellis work. Rooms opened upon the four sides of the court ; both the lower and upper stories being shaded by broad balconies supported by slender columns. In the centre of one side was the open space to which we were ushered. In the room on the



A WOMAN OF EGYPT.

right we caught a glimpse of some ladies, who were sitting on cushions on the floor. The room opposite was the reception-room, and really gorgeous in its ornamentation. The walls were wainscoted, carved and gilt, and the ceiling ornamented in arabesque designs. The 'salon' consisted of two parts—first the 'alabet,' low and paved with marble, and having a fountain in the centre; the other, raised about two steps higher, was carpeted and surrounded by low divans, upholstered in satin."

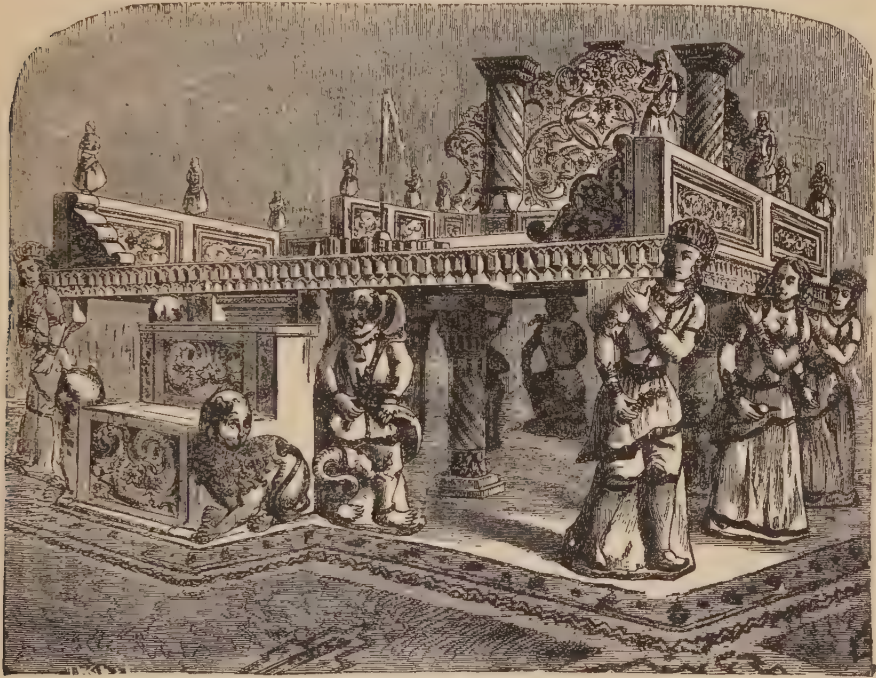


COURT-YARD OF AN EASTERN HOUSE.

The roofs of Oriental houses are, of course, flat. They are formed by layers of branches, twigs, matting and earth, laid over the rafters and trodden down, after which they are covered with a compost, which acquires considerable hardness when dry. Such roofs, would not, however, endure the heavy and continuous rains of our climate, and in those parts of Asia where the climate is more than usually moist, a stone roller is usually kept on every roof, and after a shower a great part of the population is engaged in drawing these rollers over the roofs. It is now very common,

in countries where timber is scarce, to have domed roofs, but in that case the flat roof, which is indispensable to eastern habits, is obtained by filling up the hollow intervals between the several domes, so as to form a flat surface on top.

Eastern potentates have in all ages displayed a magnificence which the sovereigns of the West, notwithstanding their occasional extravagance and taste for splendor, have never attempted to reach. No embellishments were ever too costly to decorate the person and the court of an eastern king. The great empires have long passed away, but in such



MAGNIFICENT THRONE OF THE SHAHS OF PERSIA.

countries as Persia there may still be seen something of the pomp and ceremonial of former ages.

Sir Robert Ker Porter, in the account of his travels in the East, has given us a vivid description of the grandeur which characterizes the court of the Shah on state occasions.

"He entered the saloon from the left, and advanced to the front of it with an air and step which belonged entirely to a sovereign. I never before had beheld anything like such perfect majesty; and he seated himself on his throne with the same indescribable, unaffected dignity.

"He was one blaze of jewels, which literally dazzled the sight on first looking at him. A lofty tiara of three elevations was on his head, which shape appears to have been long peculiar to the crown of the great king. It was entirely composed of thickly-set diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds, so exquisitely disposed as to form a mixture of the most beautiful colors in the brilliant light reflected from its surface. Several black feathers, like the heron plume, were intermixed with the resplendent aigrettes of this truly imperial diadem, whose bending points were finished with pear-formed pearls of an immense size. The vesture was of gold tissue, nearly covered with a similar disposition of jewelry; and crossing the shoulders were two strings of pearls, probably the largest in the world. But for splendor nothing could exceed the broad bracelet round his arms, and the belt which encircled his waist; they actually blazed like fire when the rays of the sun met them.

"The throne was of pure white marble, carpeted with shawls and cloth of gold, on which the king sat in the fashion of his country, his back supported by a large cushion, encased in a network of pearls. The spacious apartment in which it was erected is open in front, and supported by two twisted columns of white marble, fluted with gold. The interior was profusely decorated with carving, gilding, arabesque paintings, and looking-glass, which latter material was interwoven with all other ornaments, gleaming and glittering, from the vaulted roof to the floor."

The throne of the Shahs, depicted in our illustration, is a work of the seventeenth century. It appears to be kept, however, rather as a memorial of past magnificence than for actual use at the present time, the throne on which the present monarch holds his state, as described by Sir Robert Porter, being of much less elaborate design.



CHAPTER II.

TOUR THROUGH INDIA.

Fertility of the Indian Soil—Native Vegetation—Beautiful Vale of Cashmere—Cheap Fruits—Far-Famed City of Calcutta—Palaces and Temples—Valley of the Ganges—Brilliant Landscapes—Watering Rice Fields—Strange Phenomena in the River—Holy City of Benares—Great Crowds of Pilgrims—An Early Adventurer—Fairs and Markets—Nabobs Attended by Ragged Crowds—A Million Years of Happiness for Every Hair—Bathing in Ice-Cold Water—Remarkable Gathering of Three Million People—Famous River—Ebony Sepulchre—Shocking Drowning Accident—Birds of Marvelous Beauty—The Quaint Spoonbill—Groups of Tropical Animals—Romantic Ravines—Dangers From Venomous Reptiles—A Rock Citadel—Five Hundred Lives Lost—Historic Natural Fortress—Curious Architecture and Buildings—Edifices Incredibly Old—Sculptured Palace—Celebrated Temple—City of Bombay—Description of Houses—Spacious Verandas—Swarms of Servants—Shoes at the Door—Carved Furniture—Attendants Clad in Scarlet—The Elephant as a Conveyance—Used by British Soldiers—Absence of the Lion from India—Bold Tigers—Shocking Depredations—Letter-Carriers Destroyed—Hunting the Tiger—Venturesome Sport.



THE richness of the Indian soil is conspicuously seen in some of the more cultivated valleys of the Himalaya. Temperate and tropical products grow side by side—roses and bamboos, violets, tulips, and plantains, pines, and apples. The vine, bearing excellent grapes, grows wild in the hedges, and pasture-lands are not wanting. Indeed, though the absence of grass in the Himalayan valleys must strike every observant traveler, it is a mistake to suppose that this is due to any quality in the soil or climate. It is owing to the uncommon strength and abundance of the native vegetation, for whenever a tract of land is kept clear grasses spring up, and the imported species grow exceedingly well. The richness and flavor of the native vegetation is such that cattle, even when provided with good pasture, are apt to desert it in order to graze at large amid the forests and copses. However, in the central regions of the Himalayas land-leeches and a peculiar hoof-disease are great enemies to the stock.

In the "Vale of Cashmere" there are not only "roses the brightest that earth ever gave," but great crops of the rice which forms the staple of the people's food, and wheat, barley, maize and other cereals. Cabbages, turnips, cucumbers and lettuce, are retailed at ridiculously low

prices, while the wonderful crops of walnuts, mulberries, peaches, cherries, pomegranates, nuts, apples, quinces, pears and grapes are grown almost without care on flats of ground many of which bear no appearance of



VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT CITY OF CALCUTTA.

having been cultivated for many generations. Grapes, indeed, grow in some eighteen different varieties, and may be bought at the rate of several pounds for ten cents. Peaches, better flavored than our hot-house ones,

are valued at about the same price for a dozen, and other fruits can be bought in "the happy valley" about equally as cheap.

Calcutta is situated on one of the branches of the Ganges, above one hundred miles from the sea, and stretches about five miles along the river banks, covering altogether an area of eight square miles. When the English first settled here in 1686 the city could scarcely be said to exist, its nucleus being three villages which were presented to the East India Company by the Emperor of Delhi. Calcutta was in reality the name of one of these villages, though for a time the new settlement took its name from Fort William, which had been erected to defend the factories, and which fort—or, at least, another under the same name—still exists.

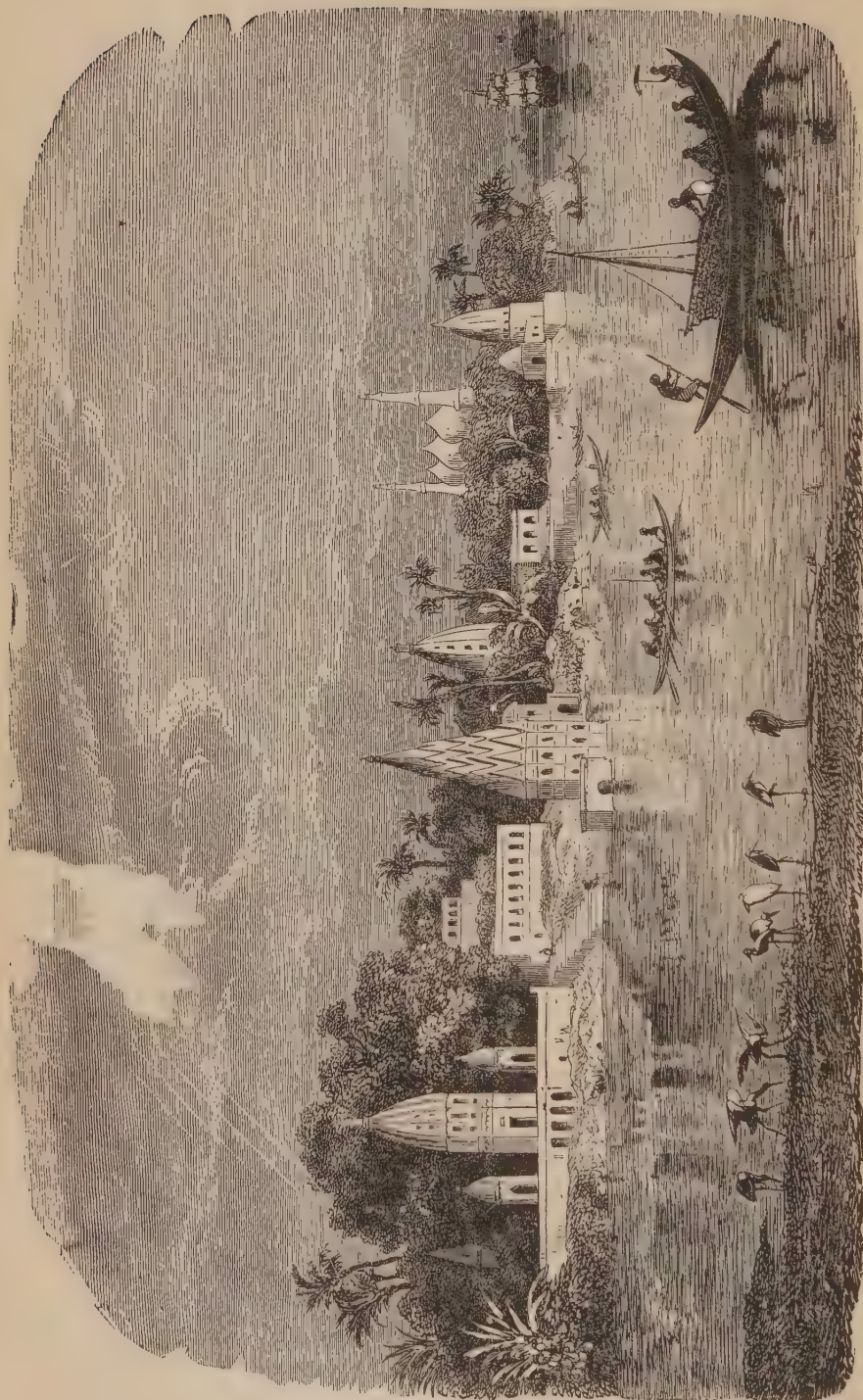
A City of Palaces.

Since those days, in spite of many vicissitudes, it has prospered greatly, and now contains about half a million inhabitants, of whom not over eight thousand are Europeans; the majority are Hindoos and Mohammedans. If, however, the suburbs and three smaller municipalities on the opposite side of the river are added, the population of Calcutta is not less than 900,000. The poorer quarters of the city are squalid, but the newer streets are fine and spacious, lighted with gas, and supplied with water in great abundance and of good quality. It has been called the "city of palaces," and certainly its numerous fine public buildings entitle it to that lofty designation. Its manufactures are numerous and increasing, and there seems no likelihood that the prosperity of the city will ever suffer a serious check. The other Bengal cities are more modest in their dimensions, and more native; but even they are rapidly advancing in improvements, and the population year by year becoming more and more familiar with the language, customs, and even prejudices of the dominant Caucasian race.

The river Ganges is well suited for navigation, but with the exception of the busy traffic along the various channels below Calcutta, steam navigation on the river has ceased to be important, the great cities by its waters being now all connected by rail.

Sudden Appearance of Marvelous Islands and Reptiles.

The river itself, quite as much as the progress of railways, has determined the fate of the cities which from time to time have grown up in its vicinity. At uncertain intervals great changes take place in the bed of the stream, which alter the whole condition of the neighboring country. Islands are thrown up in places where, a few weeks before, the river rolled, and, owing to the rapid growth of vegetation in these countries, are speedily covered with brush, which afford a shelter to alligators and



THE FAR-FAMED GANGES—THE SACRED RIVER OF THE HINDOOS

the other wild animals of the region bordering the sacred river. By-and-by the silt brought down shoals up the space between the islands and the bank, until the current, deflected by the newly-formed peninsula abutting into it, sweeps against the opposite shore, washing into its flood a cultivated farm, a mile of forest, or a village of mud huts, or it may be cutting out for itself a new channel far away from the old one.

So frequent and sudden are these changes in Lower Bengal that it is considered dangerous to erect any edifice of a large or permanent character within the range of the river's action. Rajmahal, which was formerly on its banks, is now seven miles in the back country, and the existence of ruined cities, long ago deserted of their commerce and population, attest the vagaries of the Ganges in former times. But apart from its character as a great highway for millions of people whose life will not for a time to come be seriously influenced by steamboat or railways, the Ganges is a sacred river. The points of juncture of the tributaries with the main river have all pretensions to sanctity. But all other points are of sanctity very inferior to the tongue of land at Allahabad, where the Jumma flows into the Ganges, and to which every year thousands of the pious flock in poverty and misery, happy if, after praying and washing in the holy water, they can return to their distant village conscious that they have taken a fresh start in holiness.

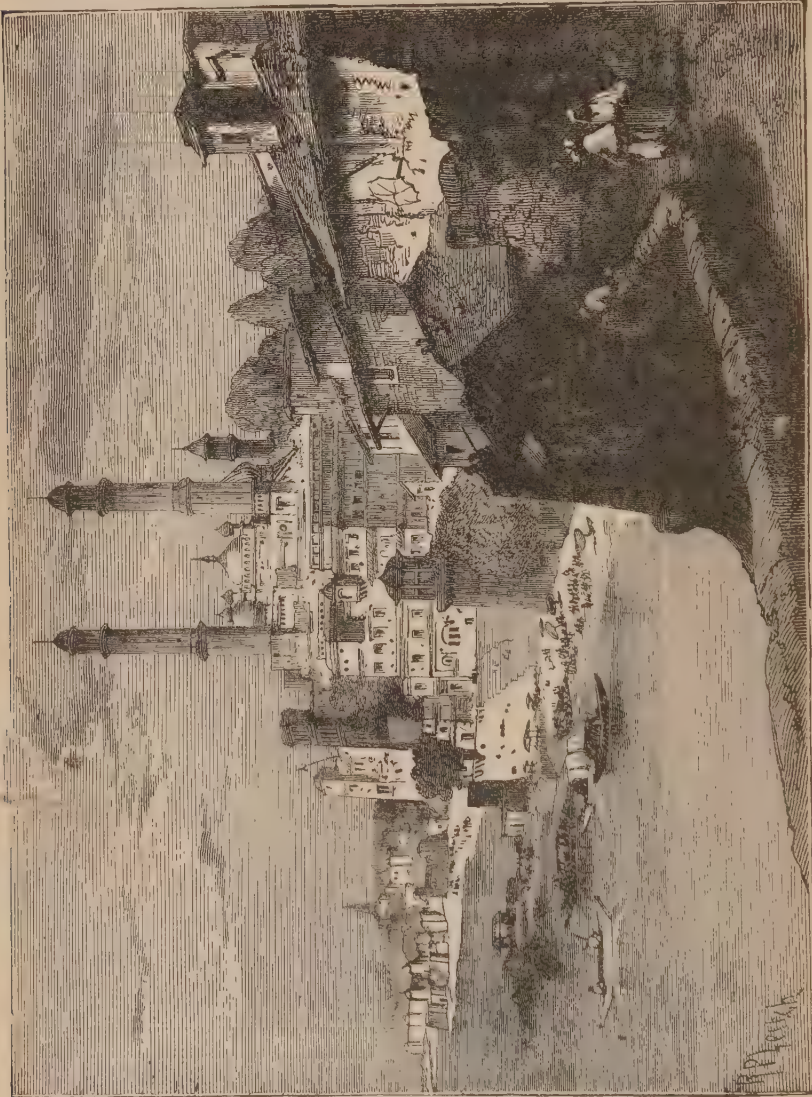
Beggars and Thieves.

India does not change much. The traveler who in the last cold season glided down the Ganges might, for all the change he sees in the fundamental habits of the people, have been performing his journey a couple of centuries ago. To read the narrative of Ralph Fitch, one of the early adventurers in India, is to read the description of the river more nearly as it is now. In 1585 he sailed down the Ganges in a boat, which was a fleet of 123 vessels laden with salt, opium, indigo, lead, carpets and other commodities. The Brahmins then, as now, were performing their mysterious rites. The Hindoo women were bathing, and the men saluting each other with cries of "Rama." At Allahabad he saw naked mendicants. In those days they were quite common, though—and this is one of the few changes which time has wrought—they have almost disappeared from India in modern times.

At Benares he gazed on the same bewildering world of temples and idols, thronged with endless crowds of worshippers, that meet the eye at the present time. But Lower Bengal has vastly improved since the day when the pioneer of the English merchants wandered through Hindostan; where now spread indigo, cotton and opium fields was then a wild

region, "so beset with thieves" that, to use General Fitch's words, "the jungle was safer than the highways."

It has been estimated that every day throughout the year there are not



THE "HOLY CITY" OF BENARES.

fewer than half a million of people in India on the move as pilgrims from shrine to shrine and fair to fair. India is studded with sanctuaries, to which, over distances greater than from New York to Salt Lake City, thousands of human beings are seen painfully toiling. Commerce is

attracted to these festivals chiefly to supply the wants of the pilgrims. The middle class of Hindoos take advantage of the local festival to lay in the stock of family clothing for the year.

At Allahabad the fair lasts for a month. The gathering is held on the sandy spot left dry by the receding waters at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. Both are sacred rivers, but there is a third more sacred than these, the Sereswuttee, which unites with both at this point. True, it cannot be seen, but the pilgrim believes that it flows underground to this spot. Hence the merit of bathing in all three streams may be at once obtained here. There are many such sacred confluences of rivers in India, but this is the holiest of all.

The sole object of the pilgrim is to bathe at the junction of the three streams. This cannot be done except by those who go out in a boat to the supposed spot. In former times many devotees sacrificed themselves by drowning with three pots of water tied to their persons. Even yet accidents occur on the rush of crowds to the brink of the stream.

Ragged Crowds and Frightful Music.

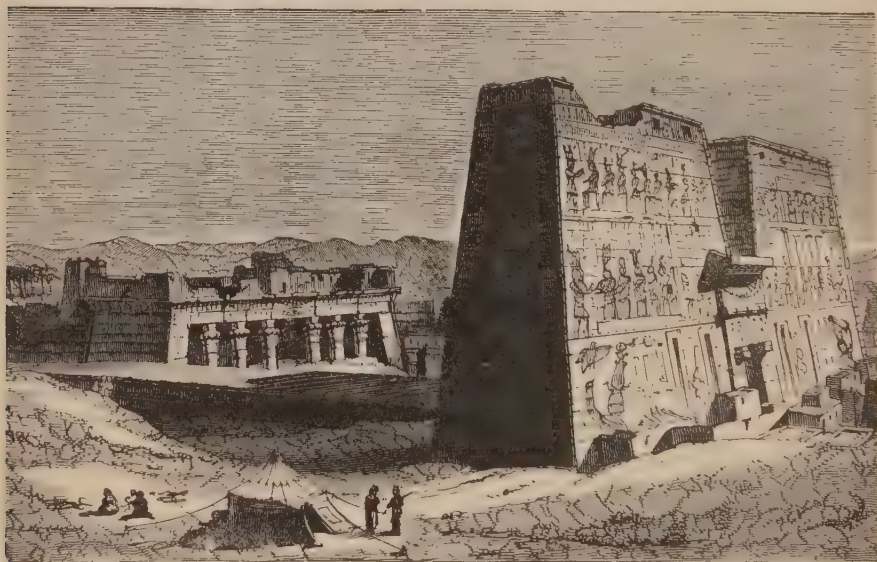
The sight is at once saddening and repulsive. The whole extensive area is enveloped in a cloud of dust. Throughout the day crowds continue to arrive, mostly on foot. But now a Rajah comes, seated in silver howdah on a gorgeously caparisoned elephant, and attended by a crowd of ragged followers, with tomtoms and music shrilly discordant. Eager to accomplish the vow, the newcomers push on, hurrying timid women with them, past the tent where missionaries preach from sunrise to sunset, past the booths and shows and jugglers.

As they pass through the lines of devotees the crowd becomes more and more dense, and the police have to interfere to keep them from being jostled into the water. All along the most holy spots the Brahmins ply their busy trade, inviting customers, directing penitents, guiding shrieking women and sensual men into the cold waters. Each pilgrim, as he arrives, squats as near the bank as he may, that every hair on his body may be shaved off and fall into the stream. As he joyously undergoes the operation he hears a hundred priests shouting aloud that every hair thus sacrificed secures for him a million years of happiness hereafter. He then bathes, and the next day he performs that rite which lies at the root of the whole family life and religious belief of the Hindoo, the obsequies of his forefathers. The priests receive their fees, and the washed devotee is now ready to enjoy the attractions of the fair, and plan his route homeward or to the next shrine.

At Hurdwar the Ganges is dammed up into a clear, limpid stream of

considerable depth, and with a swift current, rendering the bathing of crowds dangerous. The most sacred spot for ablution is at the base of a steep hill, approached by narrow steps at the end of a ravine. This place was not unfrequently the scene of a dreadful tragedy, for only four abreast could bathe at a time. In 1819, for instance, when the crowd was unusually large, the pilgrims so pressed on in the narrow street leading to the bath-house that the sepoy's stationed to keep order could not resist them, and four hundred and thirty persons, including several of the sepoy's themselves, were crushed to death.

Men and women rush into the water together, absorbed only in the desire to wash away the sins of the past and lay up merit for the future.



VIEW OF AN ANCIENT HINDOO TEMPLE.

When the writer visited the spot the festival had not begun; but there were hundreds of devotees of the richer sort who were being leisurely dipped in the ice-cold stream, each by a couple of Brahmins, whom they liberally paid. The poorer bathers pay from five to ten cents each. The season of the festival falls about April. But every twelfth year the merit of bathing becomes so enormously increased that thousands crowd from all parts of the peninsula to the favored spot.

No one who was in Northern India at the time will forget the occurrence of this peculiarly sacred fair in April, 1867. The English authorities were well prepared for it, having made sanitary and encamping arrangements for no fewer than three millions of people. Boats, chains,

and roadway railings for no fewer than ten bridges over a rapid stream, had to be collected. For miles around the jungle had to be cleared and the scrub forest rooted out. Roads were lined out and constructed to, and all through, the vast encampment. An army of police had to be organized for novel duties. Hospitals were erected, and, above all, most extensive sanitary conveniences were prepared. And all this was so done in a month that the vast multitude found an improvised city prepared for them, and in spite of their timidity and ignorance they were enabled to settle down for the serious business of worship in peace and order. The whole formed a triumph of organization such as, indeed, is the general rule in India, whether in peace or war, its finances always excepted.

A Renowned River.

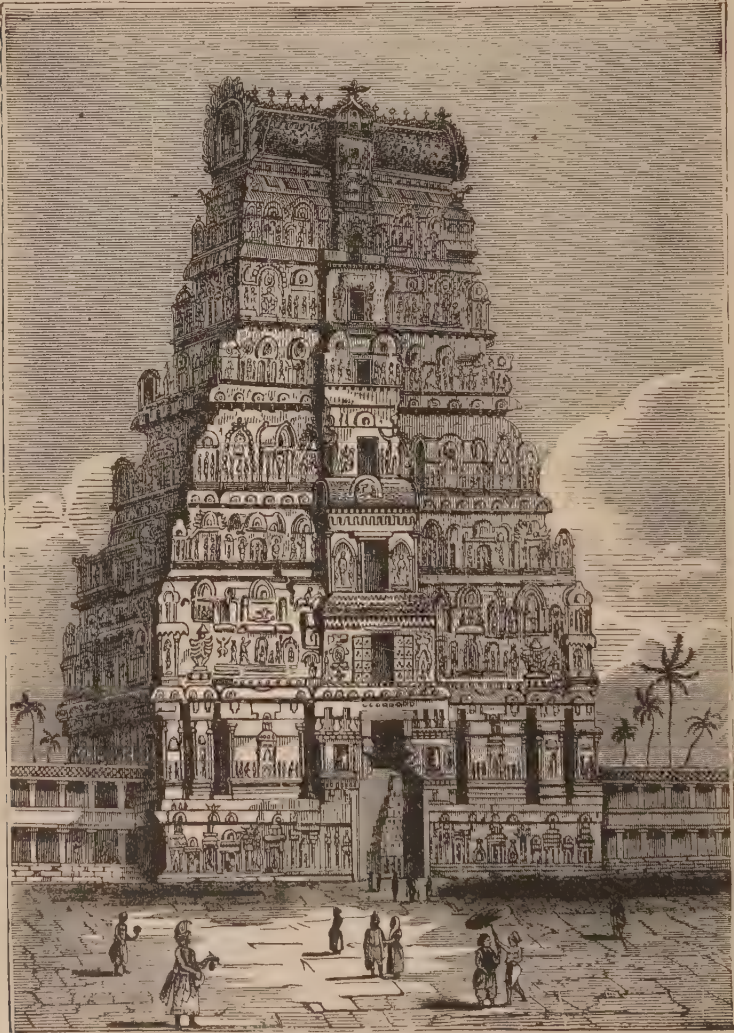
Unsurpassed in holiness amongst Indian streams is the Cavery. Local Brahminical legend affirms this river to be the holiest in India. Even Ganga herself is declared to resort underground once a year to its all-purifying flood to wash away the pollution contracted from the crowds of sinners who have bathed in her own waters.

On the banks of the Cavery, at Seringapatam there is a secluded garden. A double row of tall tapering cypresses leads to a stately octagonal mausoleum adorned with cupolas, pinnacles, and fretwork, all dazzling white, and surrounded with a deep verandah supported on pillars of highly-polished black marble. On three sides are magnificent folding doors of massive ebony, inlaid with ivory arabesques, set in door-frames of black marble bright as a mirror. Looking through one of these, three tombs are seen side by side in the centre, where sleep Hyder Ali, his wife, and his son Tippu Sultan. The latter's tomb is covered with rich brocaded silk, the other two with red gold-embroidered cloth. On the side facing the cypress avenue a large lattice-window, beautifully cut in black marble, admits a subdued light; and the air within is heavy with aromatic odors. An impressive stillness and repose brood over the spot where these men lie, whose lives were passed in turbulence and bloodshed.

Hence for some forty miles the Cavery flows on over a level country, well cultivated and dotted with tanks, towns and villages. At the great Falls of the Cavery, the river takes its first step downward towards the plain country. There is a fall on each branch of the river on either side the island; that of the northern branch is most stupendous. For some distance above the fall the stream, much chafed and broken by rocks and islets, runs with arrowy swiftness till it rushes over a precipice nearly two hundred feet high, thundering down in a vast, broad, foaming mass on the further side, and in four or five lesser cataracts on the nearer, for half

the depth into the tremendous caldrons, and thence pours out headlong in two prodigious rock-divided columns, all white whirling water, amid great clouds of vapor, into a tumultuous seething gulf.

The falls on the southern side of the island, which is nearly a mile



HANDSOME PAGODA OF CHILLENBAUM.

across, are in a line with those already described, but that branch of the river is much wider, probably 600 yards broad. The channel above is thickly sprinkled with rocks and small islets, and the precipice forms a long irregular semicircle, above 100 hundred feet in height, down which

the stream plunges in six principal sheets of white foaming water, separated by rocky barriers, feathered from top to bottom with trees, and bushes and plummy tufts of bamboo. One or two of the falls pour down in nearly unbroken sheets, others shoot down steeply sloping channels; and in the central fall a vast body of water, pent in at the top, rushes with tremendous force down an abrupt incline for half the depth, and thence spreads out into a broad magnificent thundering cataract.

Some twenty years ago a mournful occurrence seemed to show that the malignant demon had not lost his hatred of intruders. A party had come to visit the falls from Bangalore, and one of them, a young lady, rashly endeavored to reach a dangerous view-point on the brink of the river above the cataracts. The ground gave way, she fell into the headlong waters, and was instantly swept over one of the cataracts at a distance from the bank; but her body was caught in a clump of bushes projecting from an intervening islet, and remained there for two or three days, swung to and fro incessantly by the rushing torrent.

Flocks of Tropical Birds.

Nearly two miles below the falls the island ends, and the arms of the river reunite; there are few wilder spots than that meeting of waters; the whirling currents clash together and hurry tumultuously on along a deep ravine. Standing on the high bank overlooking this scene, the white gleaming crests of the falls on the southern arm can be seen over the intervening jungle; below, at the point of the island, a long spit of sand runs out, much haunted by tall water-fowl seldom seen in more frequented places—couples of quaint-looking shoe-bills, side by side, all pure white except the black wings, and the broad yellow ends of their bills touching their breasts; gigantic storks, sable, glossed over with green and purple, their long blood-red bills thrust spear-like forward; flocks of black ibises, their curved beaks and heads wattled over with scarlet warts; besides various herons and wading birds. Frequent hoof-marks on the smooth margins and sandbanks between the jungle and the river, show where in the morning and evening twilights the deer come to drink; and here and there broad cushioned footprints mark the presence of their striped or spotted enemies.

Picturesque Scenes.

On the bank opposite stands a hoary old stone temple, within the enclosure of which is a range of ten or twelve huge black lingam stones, each in a canopied cell. And here the river finally leaves the high table-land and mountainous tracts through which it has long wandered, and begins its southward course, flowing almost straight, "brimming and bright and

large," for forty miles; but the country on either side is still poor and rocky, and its banks too high for irrigation.

In this part of its course it passes three or four islets of a few acres each, higher than the flood-level, and covered with trees, to which, in June, July, and August, when the river is most swollen, and the islets surrounded by swift swirling torrents, innumerable water-fowl resort for breeding. The trees are filled with their large, clumsy nests, and scores of various species of cranes, storks, and herons are continually sweeping



IMMENSE TROPICAL BAT.

round on wide wings or sitting in quaint files on the tree-tops. Gaunt bald-headed, bare-necked adjutants, storks all glossy black, saving white necks, ibises wholly white except black heads and bills, blue herons, cormorants, and gray pelicans, may be seen amongst them; but the different species keep apart, and make nests together, like rooks.

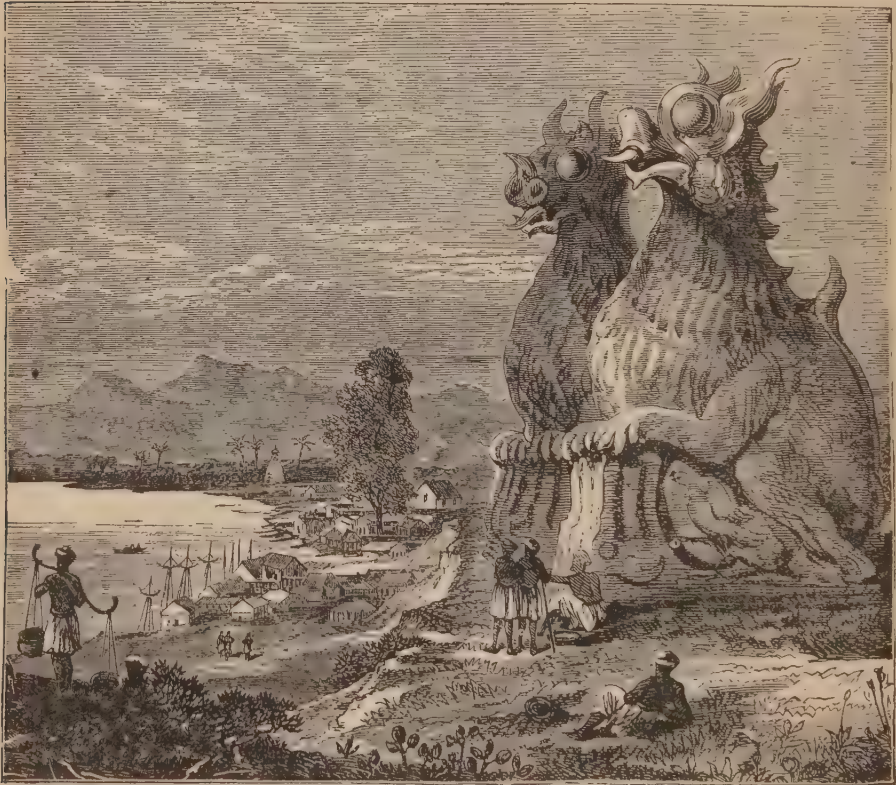
Desirous of obtaining the eggs of some of these birds, we determined to reach the islets, but this was not easy; the flooded waters were so swift and impetuous, and the only boats—round, saucer-shaped frameworks of bamboo covered with leather, just like ancient British coracles—



QUAINT LOOKING SHOE-BILLS.

difficult to guide in the eddies of a flood. Launching, however, from a point a long way above, we contrived, with cautious and strenuous paddling, to hit an islet. Our advent caused great commotion amongst the feathered communities. Flapping from their nests, they circled round with hoarse croaking cries; and we obtained many kinds of large eggs, mostly white, some pale green.

Bottle-birds' nests also hung by dozens from the bushes; and any de-



GROTESQUE IDOLS ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER IRRAWADDY.

tached rock in the stream, bearing a single tree, was sure to be chosen by some hawk or a crow for its breeding-place. Pea-fowl also abound on this part of the river; and a splendid cock might often be seen perched on a bare branch over the water, its glorious plumage shining in the sun. The floods, however, bring down disagreeable visitors to the islets, and it is necessary to move with caution amongst the bushes and heaps of cast-up rubbish, for snakes, scorpions, and ill-favored creeping things lurk on all sides, above and below. It is curious how the tribes of river-haunting

birds adapt their breeding-times to the conditions most agreeable to their habits; the above-mentioned tree-frequenting species build during the summer months of flood, whilst terns, plovers, and sandpipers breed when the water is lowest, in February, March, and April; their dark-green or yellow black-blotched eggs may be found in dozens on banks and sand-flats in mid-stream that are covered in the season of flood.

A beautiful island in the river is a dozen miles long by one broad, and all its expanse covered with gardens, groves of fruit trees, and rich cultivated fields. In its centre stands the vast seven-fold Srirangam Pagoda. Seven square enclosures stand one within the other, their walls twenty-five feet high and four thick; each side of the outermost square is a mile long. The enclosures are 112 yards apart from one another, and a lofty gateway, surmounted by a tall tower, elaborately sculptured, is in the middle of each side of every square.

Two long bridges, each of thirty-two wide lofty arches, unite the island on either side with the farther banks. Over these the high road leads to the famous rock citadel of Trichinopoly—a splinter from Mount Meru, hurled thither by the gods, say the Hindus. This solitary hog-backed mass rises at one end in a pointed crag 350 feet above the river, bearing a small shrine on the top. Houses and magazines surround its base, a curious street encircles it farther up, and a large fort-like temple occupies a platform half-way up, under the terminal peak.

Terrible Catastrophe.

A broad, stone stairway, enclosed and covered, leads up to the temple, and open steps wind round the peak to the top. On the covered flight a frightful catastrophe happened in 1849. Vast multitudes had ascended to worship on a festival, when, from some unknown sudden terror, as though inspired by Pan or the three-headed demon who in mythical times is said to have inhabited the rock, there was a confusion and head-long rush downwards; the covered stairway was choked with dead, and some 500 bodies were drawn from that fatal passage.

From the summit of the rock a prospect of surpassing beauty and interest is unrolled; close beneath lies the town, with its long regular streets, the crumbling palace of the Mussulman Nawabs, pagodas, and mosques with tall slender minarets.

The architecture of India has been strangely ignored in most of our works on that art, which, since it preserves in the most enduring form the characteristics of people and races, presents superior attractions to every student of mankind.

The inhabitants of India, coming from several distinct races, maintain

ing according to their peculiar religions a variety of rites and ceremonies, have consequently erected for monumental and devout purposes, as well as for the residences and the entombments of their kings, curiously contrasting edifices. These attract the attention of every visitor.



SCULPTURED GUARDS AT THE ENTRANCE OF AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

Dr. Prime, in "Around the World," says of India, after having traveled across the United States, and visited Japan and China, "Thus far it has been the most interesting country that we have visited," and he mentions

among its charms "the monuments of the past, which exceed in beauty, if not in magnificence, all that the ages have left in other lands. If the reader is inclined to doubt the truth of this assertion let him recall the wonderful Taj, many times described, which, although perhaps the most superb edifice in the world, is less astonishing in India than it would be in any other country, since one is led by degrees to the contemplation of its magnificence."

Tradition ascribes to many of the finer monuments of India an incredible age. There are proofs that some of them were built early in the Christian era. Of these one of the most beautiful in many respects is the King Pál palace which crowns the summit of the rock on which the town of Gwalior is built. This rock, 342 feet in height, a mile and a half long, is not in its broadest part over 300 feet wide. The ancient town, founded probably several centuries before the Christian era by anchorites, as is attested by the caverns found in the rock, has had a history very like many other Indian towns.

But all this is but the approach to the great palace above, which springs from the very brink of the precipice. Massive with its six grand towers pierced by only a few large windows, ornamented with balconies and pilasters, yet it is light and graceful with the sculptured bands, the Jain arcnes and indented cordons which relieve the austere exterior. Mosaics in enamelled bricks, representing palm-trees on a blue ground, fill the spaces between the arches. Each tower is surmounted by a lantern with a double row of columns. In the interior the stone is completely hidden by enamel, and bands of mosaics representing candelabra, Brahma ducks, elephants, and peacocks, in blue, rose color, green, and gold, give to it an indescribable beauty. Ten centuries have not succeeded in diminishing the delicacy of shading and the primitive brilliancy of these bricks. The interior is simple in arrangement. Through rows of square pillars the different stories are entered, all of them overlooking the large paved courts.

Not far from here is the famous temple of Adinath, whose elaborate decorations and magnificent stone dome resting on immense pillars, with a cupola resting on innumerable pilasters, can neither be described nor



PARSEE CHILD.

pictured. Time and vandalism have combined to destroy it, and unless measures are speedily taken by the authorities to preserve what is left, it will be entirely swept away.

We are indebted to a recent traveler in India for the following graphic sketch of Bombay, and the social customs of the people. Our home in Bombay, he says, is at the Government House, on Malabar Point, in the



GROUP OF INDIAN CHILDREN.

suburbs of the city. Malabar Point was in other days a holy place of the Hindoos. Here was a temple, and it was also believed that if those who sinned made a pilgrimage to the rocks there would be expiation or regeneration of soul. The Portuguese who came to India were breakers of images, who believed that their religion was best served by the destruction of the pagan temples. Among the temples which were subjected to their pious zeal was one on Malabar Point. There are only the

ruins remaining ; and masses of rock, bearing curious inscriptions, lie on the hillside. Malabar Point is an edge of the island of Bombay jutting out into the Indian Ocean. Where the bluff overlooks the waters it is one hundred feet high. This remnant of the rock has been rescued from the sea and storm, and decorated with trees and shrubbery, the mango and the palm.

Overlooking the sea is a battery with five large guns, shining and



MOHAMMEDAN DRESS AND CUSTOMS.

black, looking out upon the ocean and keeping watch upon the Empire of England. It is difficult to describe a residence like the Government House on Malabar Point. Architecture is simply a battle with the sun. The house is a group of houses. As you drive in the grounds through stone gates that remind you of the porter's lodges at some stately English mansions, you pass through an avenue of mango trees, past beds of flowers throwing out their delicate fragrance on the warm morning air. You come

to a one-storied house surrounded with spacious verandas. There is a wide state entrance covered with red cloth. A guard is at the foot, a native guard wearing the English scarlet on his shoulders, the number indicating the regiment. You pass up the stairs, a line of servants on each side.

The servants are all Mohammedans; they wear long scarlet gowns, with white turbans; on the breast is a belt with an imperial crown for an



HINDOOS REMOVING THEIR SHOES.

escutcheon. They salute you with the grave, submissive grace of the East, touching the forehead and bending low the head, in token of welcome and duty.* You enter a hall and pass between two rooms—large, high, decorated in blue and white, and look out upon the gardens below, the sea beyond, and the towers of Bombay. One of these rooms is the state dining-room, large enough to dine fifty people. The other is the state drawing-room.

This house is only used for ceremonies, for meals and receptions.

You pass for one hundred paces under a covered-way over a path made of cement and stone, through flower beds and palm trees, and come to another house. Here are the principal bedrooms and private chambers. This also is one story high, and runs down to the sea, so that you can stand on a balcony and throw a biscuit into the white surf as it combs the shore. There are drawing-rooms ante-rooms, chambers, the walls high, the floors

covered with rugs and cool matting. As you pass in, servants, who are sitting crouched around on the floors, rise up and bend the head.

You note a little group of shoes at the door, and learn that in the East custom requires those in service to unsipper themselves before entering the house of a master. Another hundred paces and you come to another house, with wide verandas. These are the guest-chambers. Still further on is another house, and here the writer finds a home, and as he sits at the table writing these lines he looks out of the open door, shaded by a palm tree, and sees the white surf as it breaks over the rocks, and hears its drowsy, moaning, unending roar.

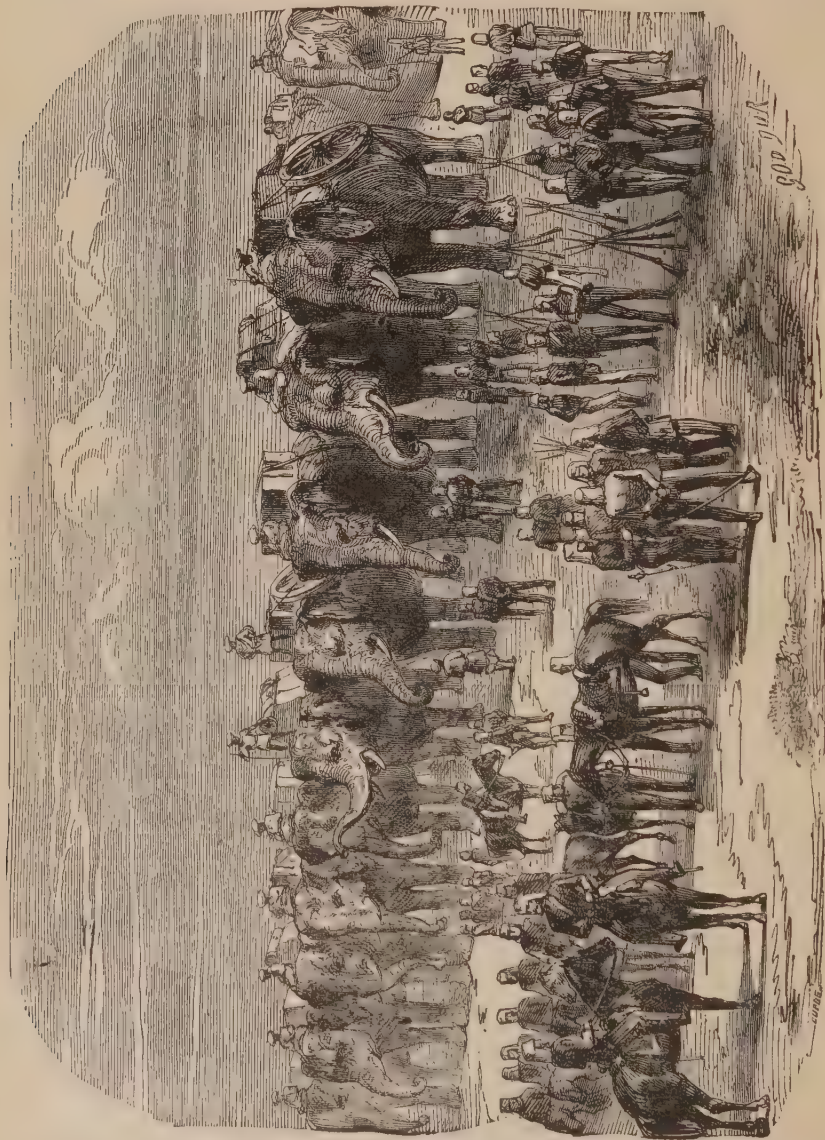
I look out of the window and see a tall flag-staff with a stone base. From this staff the flag of England floats when the governor is home. My house is a series of rooms arched over with high walls. The chamber in which I write is a comfortable working room, with many windows and easy chairs. The room adjoining is a bedchamber. Other rooms complete the suite, and from my chamber window I can look out on the sea, on the embrasured guns, and watch the coming and going of the tides. You note that the builders of this house had only one idea—to fight the sun. It is now the coolest winter weather, remarkably cool for Bombay. Every window and every door is open, and even my summer garments are warm, and when weary with the heat I throw down the pen and walk out under the palm trees, and look at the surf and woo the breezes that come over the seas from Persia, and throw myself upon the lounge and dip into one of the books piled about—books about Indian history, religion, caste—which I have found in the library, and in which I am trying to know something of this ancient and wonderful land.

Riding the Elephant.

To an American accustomed to no other steed than a horse, one of the modes of traveling in India is very singular. The elephant is the horse of that country, and it is not unusual to see one, loaded with a party of travelers, swinging his huge bulk along the highway, guided by his driver, and easily bearing the party mounted on his back, no matter how numerous it may be. In some of the long marches of the English troops, under the hot sun and over rough, uninviting stretches of country, the massive elephant has been found to be of invaluable service in transporting baggage, and disabled men. He seems to be on friendly terms with his own land, and takes little account of the hardships which we associate with journeys in a tropical country.

As to lions, the royal king of beasts is seldom found in India. The tiger, however, is one of the boldest, most dangerous enemies of the na-

tives. Under some circumstances it is said to shun the presence of men, and to avoid an attack; but such a retreat is caused either by satiety and consequent indolence, or by the terror of a sudden surprise. In the nar-



ENGLISH TROOPS ON THE MARCH IN INDIA.

row pass of Kutkum Sandi, a tiger lay on the watch, and killed men every day for several months; among the victims there were about a dozen letter-carriers. But no one was found who dared to seek out the

monster. Indeed, in many places, tigers are accepted as unavoidable evils, and the risks occasioned by their presence looked upon as among the inevitable uncertainties of life.

Towards the end of the year 1866, seven bodies of natives employed in the Gambier plantations, near Singapore, were found dead in the space of fourteen days, evidently killed by a tiger. The animal had only devoured a small portion of each of its victims; a leg, an arm, or a head would be missing from the body. "If the tiger would eat more," was the quaint comment of the paper which reported the fact, "it would be a great saving of human life." In Siam about sixty years ago, there existed a kind of "ordeal by tiger," which was conducted in the following simple fashion. Two persons suspected of a crime were thrown before a tiger, and whichever the animal ate was supposed to be guilty. If the tiger was thus regarded as the avenger of crime, other animals, and especially certain kinds of apes, were exalted to the rank of objects of worship.



HUNTING THE TIGER IN INDIA.

Sometimes the tiger is hunted on the back of an elephant. There is a little car put on the back of the elephant which is called a howdah. The men, well armed with guns and spears, get into it. They have had to give the elephant a few lessons beforehand. They have made him look at a stuffed tiger, and let him trample it under his feet. But the elephant has such a dread of the tiger, that, in spite of all his teaching, he may run away at the sight of him.

When the hunters get to the forest, it often happens that the tiger is lurking, as usual, in the jungle. He is a great coward, and will perhaps slink away if he thinks he shall get the worst of it. But if he is very hungry, or if a shot from the gun wounds him, he will spring out in a rage and give a great roar. The roar frightens the elephant, and he often tries to run away. But his driver will make him turn round, and face the tiger.

The elephant is afraid that the tiger will hurt his trunk, and he holds it up in the air. Sometimes he will give the tiger a great blow with his trunk, so that he is half killed. But often the tiger, who is very nimble, and springs like a cat, will jump on the side of the elephant, and hang by his claws. This is a moment of great danger, for in another instant he will be in the howdah. But the men have had their guns ready this long time, and they fire them off. Then the tiger will drop down dead. But the elephant has had such a fright, that he dare not carry the tiger on his back, even when he has been shot.

A Death Struggle.

The crocodile is one of the greatest foes of the tiger, and we will witness the mode by which they became engaged in the tremendous struggle which will end only in the death of one of them. The sun is just rising, flooding the eastern sky with golden light, and rousing the feathered inhabitants of the forests from their slumbers. Shaking the dew that lies in diamond drops from off their brilliant plumage, they awake the echo of the woods with their morning songs; while sated with the results of his nightly foray, and in the company of his mate, the jungle's fierce monarch turns towards the stream to quench his thirst before seeking a lair in which to dream away the unwelcome day.

Noiselessly they tread the well-known thickets, unmindful now of the many active forms of joyous life around them. The playful monkey swings his supple body to the branch above, and, unregarded, chatters forth his mingled rage and fear at the passing figure of his most dreaded foe. The stream is reached, and, more cautious than her lord, the tigress stops to take a look beyond the leafy screen; but he steps at once into the water and commences to lap it into his mouth.

Lying close to the shore, its eyes with their stony glare alone exposed, a crocodile has lain, perhaps for hours, patiently waiting for such an opportunity as now presents itself. With an imperceptible movement, that gives not the slightest ripple to the surface, the scaly legs are drawn toward the body, and as the tiger stoops again to the water, with a rush so rapid as to defy the eye to follow it, the powerful reptile seizes the



FATAL COMBAT BETWEEN A TIGER AND CROCODILE.

unfortunate animal's head in its armed jaws. With a half-stifled roar of rage and surprise, the tiger endeavors to withdraw himself from the cruel grasp, while his foe, lashing the water into foam, strives to drag him into the stream, unheeding the heavy blows the tiger deals it with his paw, the sharp claws of which, however, glance harmlessly from the mailed covering of the reptile's head.

Step by step the animal is dragged away from the bank, struggling against his horrible fate with the energy of despair; but as the water deepens his power of resistance grows feebler, while the crocodile, at home in its native element, redoubles its exertions, and forcing the tiger's head beneath the stream by a few quickly repeated, powerful efforts, disappears with its prey to the bottom of the river. A few fast-widening circles spreading toward the opposing banks, a few bubbles, brilliant in rainbow hues, floating with the tide, and perhaps an occasional ominous red spot rising to the surface, are the sole remaining witnesses of the terrible, deadly struggle that had just terminated.



CHAPTER III.

WONDERS OF CHINA.

Great Wall—Pekin—Pagodas—Chinese Mottoes and Signs—Curious Conveyances—Puppet Shows—Imperial Navy—Temples and Idols—Veneration for the Aged—Wonderful Porcelain Tower—Vases and Screens—Small Feet of Chinese Ladies—Social Customs—Dinner to General Grant—Chinese Wedding—Dress—Treatment of Criminals—Punishment by Decapitation.



NE of the early emperors of China devised a way for defending his dominions from the Tartars, who were making constant inroads, and waging a relentless warfare. He erected a great wall along the whole extent of the northern frontier of China, of very great height, thickness, and strength, made of two walls of brick many feet apart, the space between them being, for half the length of the wall, filled up with earth, and the other half with gravel and rubbish. On it were square towers, which were erected at about a hundred yards' distance from one another. Some say this wall extended one thousand five hundred miles from the sea to the most western provinces of Shensi; the best authorities pronounce it to be one thousand two hundred and fifty miles in length. It was carried over mountains and across rivers. Six horsemen could ride abreast upon it. But there was great cruelty practiced in its construction, for the Emperor obliged every third laboring man in the kingdom to work at this wall without payment. It took five years to finish, and has now existed for more than two thousand years.

The material in the Great Wall, including the earth in the middle of it, is said to be more than enough to surround the world with two walls six feet high and two feet thick. Guards are stationed in the strong towers by which the wall is fortified; every important pass having a strong fortress. The height of the wall is about twenty feet; and there are steps of brick and stone for men on foot to ascend, and slanting places for cavalry.

In addition to the Great Wall, China can boast of the most remarkable city in Asia. Peking ranks as the second city in the world, only London having more inhabitants, Paris about the same number. There are about two million inhabitants. As Peking was built many centu-

ries before the Christian era, it is a very old city. The name means Court of the North. After the conquest by the Tartars of the kingdom of Yen, of which Peking was the capital, it became only a provincial town, when, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, it was again made the capital of China. The Chinese sovereigns used to live at Nankin, but when the Tartars had so often invaded the country, they removed to the northern province, to enable them the more easily to keep out the invaders.

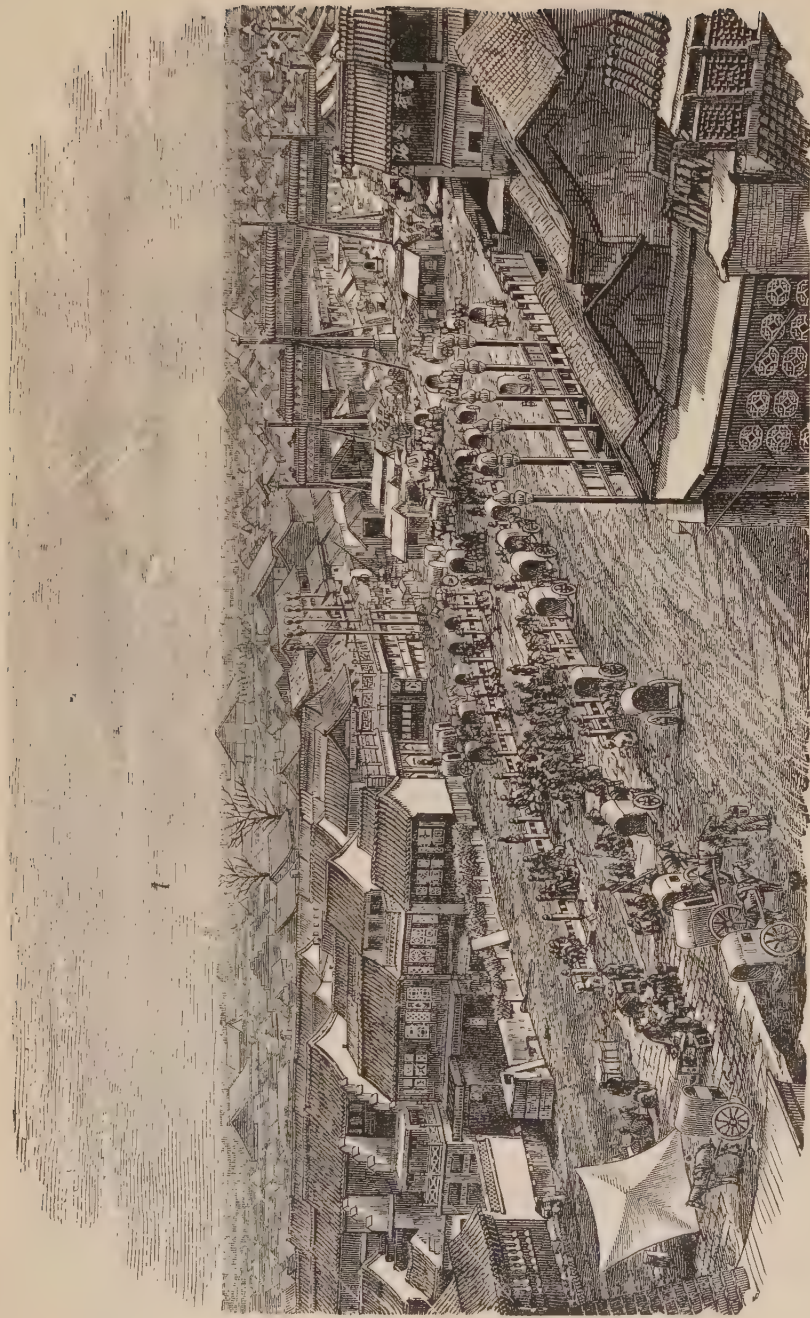
Peking is situated in a large sandy plain on a small tributary of the river Peiho.* This city is again divided into the Chinese and Tartar cities, the Imperial city, in which live the emperor and his retainers, and another in which the court officials have their residence. Like all other Chinese cities, they are surrounded by high walls. At the north, south, east, and west sides of towns are large folding-gates, which are often further secured by three inner gates. The one in the south is that of honor, through which the emperor passes, but which is usually kept closed at other times.

DEFENSES OF THE GREAT CITY.

The wall of Peking, which is sixteen miles round, has two gates on three sides and three on the other, of which the principal is Chean-Mun, at the south of the Tartar city. Over the gate is a building occupied by soldiers, who are there for purposes of defense. The streets in Peking are very broad. They are raised in the centre, and covered with a kind of stone, to form a smooth, hard surface. In summer they are often very dusty, and during the rainy seasons very dirty. At the end of each street is a wooden barrier, which is guarded day and night by soldiers. The barrier is closed at nine o'clock at night, after which time the Chinese are only allowed to pass through if they have a very good reason to give for being out so late. Order is well kept in the streets of Peking by the soldiers and police, who may use their whips on troublesome customers whenever they think it necessary to do so.

The principal streets, or main thoroughfares, extending from one end of the city to the other, are its only outlets. Trees grow in several of these streets. Houses in which the inhabitants live, are in smaller streets or lanes, the houses themselves being often shut in by walls. Pagodas (temples to the gods, built in the form of towers), monasteries, and churchyards, are all outside of the walls, and the city itself is principally kept for purposes of commerce.

There is a great noise in some of the streets, for instance in the Hata-mène-ta-kie, where many people are to be seen bustling about and talking very loudly to one another. Tents are here put up in



STREET SCENE IN PEKIN, CHINA.

which rice, fruit, and other things are sold, and any one wishing for a pretty substantial meal can be supplied with it, for before stoves stand the vendors of such meals, who have cooked them ready for purchasers. Other tradesmen carry hampers, slung across their shoulders, in which they keep their goods, calling out, from time to time, to let people know what these hampers contain. Carts, horses, mules, wheelbarrows, and sedan-chairs pass along, the whole place seeming to be alive with buyers and sellers. The cobbler is sure to be somewhere close at hand in his movable workshop, and first here and then there, as may best suit himself and employers, the blacksmith pitches his tent, which sometimes consists of a large umbrella; whilst, again, people can refresh themselves, if they do not care for a heavier meal, with some soup or a patty at a soup stall.

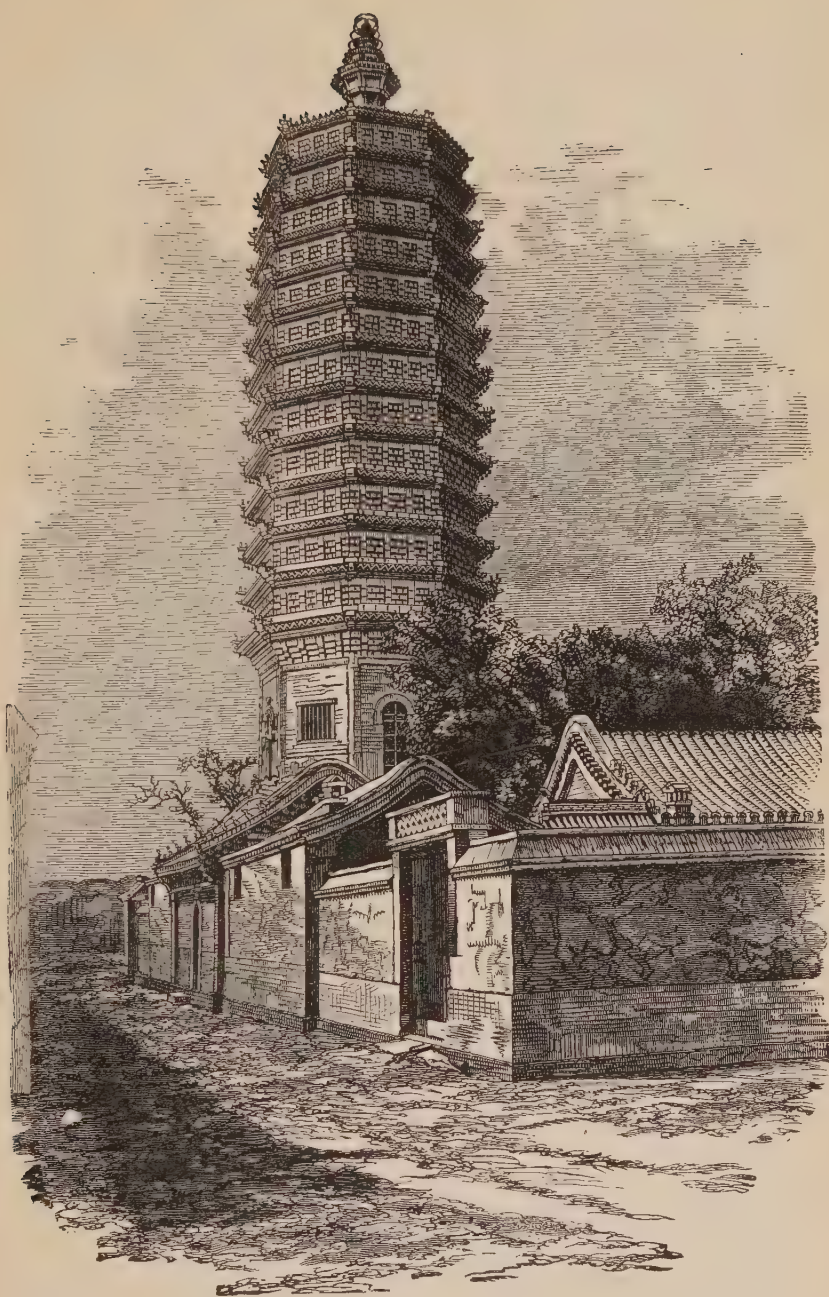
And the barber does not forget that he is a very useful person. There, in the open streets, he communicates, by the tinkling of a little bell, the fact that he is ready to shave the heads and arrange the cues or pig-tails of those who may require his services; and as one man after another takes the seat that is ready for him, the barber not only shaves and plaits, but also frequently paints his customers eyebrows and gives his clothes a brush.

After the Chinese were conquered by the Tartars they were obliged to wear the pig-tail, to show that they were in subjection to their conquerors; but now the pig-tail is held in honor, and the longer it will grow the better pleased is the Chinese gentleman who wears it. Some very bad criminals have their hair cut off as a great punishment and disgrace.

Most of the shops in China are quite open in front; but in Pekin many have glass windows. In China there are certain streets for certain shops, where the different branches of trade have generally their own sides of the road. A shop is called a hong. Sometimes the master sits outside, waiting for his customers to arrive. At the door of each hong are sign-boards, upon which are painted in gold, or colored letters, a motto instead of a name, and what the shop offers for sale. A motto often seen contains the following words:

	Teën	
Fung	Yee	Poo
Seih	Shun	Tian
	Teen	

The four largest characters, which form the motto, may be taken to signify that "Heaven favors the prudent." The other smaller characters designate the nature of the business, a cushion and matting manufactory; the last character, without which no sign-board is complete, meaning shop or factory.



A CHINESE PAGODA.

In China may be seen both shut and open carts, the latter being used as carriages. Those in common use are made of wood, the body of the cart resting on an axle-tree, supported by the wheels. Horses and mules are very little used in China, except for traveling and for conveying luggage long distances. Horses and ponies require very little guiding. Sometimes they go without reins, when their masters will perhaps walk beside them, carrying a whip. There may also be seen very polite drivers, who, whenever they meet a friend, jump off their carts, and walk on foot to pass one another. Government servants generally use ponies, but as China is so densely populated—having, it has been estimated, about four hundred million inhabitants, and people find it so hard to obtain enough to support themselves and families—they keep as few beasts of burden as possible. The farmer employs the bullock a great deal, and in the north of China the camel is also much used. Much trade is carried on by boats, and where there is no water, and farmers are without other conveyances, they will sometimes push their wives along the roads in wheel-barrows, sons giving their parents similar drives. In many parts of China there are few carriage roads. The Chinese have all kind of boats for use on their rivers. A junk has sails like butterfly's wings. But the kites made by the Chinese are very curious. They are like birds, insects, animals, clusters of birds, gods on clouds: all kinds of things, in fact, are represented by these kites, which the Chinese are most clever in making, and also in flying. Old men, seventy years of age, may be seen thoroughly enjoying flying their kites. The Chinese do not care much for our favorite games. They are very fond of battledore and shuttlecock, but instead of using a battledore, they hit the shuttlecock with their heads, elbows, or feet. Seven or eight children play together, and nearly always aim the shuttlecock rightly. Girls play at this game too, in spite of their small feet. Tops, balls, see-saws and quoits are also favorite toys and games among the Chinese.

Puppet shows they exhibit in the streets, amusing the spectators. The pictures in these shows are exhibited by means of strings, which are either worked from behind or from above the stand, and as the people look through a glass, the views are displayed to them. A man standing at the side calls out loudly, and beats a little gong to summon people to attend the show.

In winter the people of China sleep on kang to keep themselves warm. The kang consists of a platform built of brick, so much larger than a bed that several people can sleep on it at once. A kind of tunnel passes through the platform, which has a chimney at one

end, while at the other end, a little while before bed-time, a small quantity of dry fuel is set on fire, when the flame passes through the tunnel and out of the chimney. In this way the kang is warmed, when felt matting is put upon it. The covering is a kind of cotton-wool counterpane, is light, at the same time affording comfort.

The Imperial Chinese Navy is divided into river and sea-going



INTERIOR OF A CHINESE TEMPLE, SHOWING THEIR IDOLS.

vessels, the full complement consisting of nearly two thousand of the former, and one thousand of the latter, with about two hundred thousand sailors. Ships generally fly a flag at the main, on which red lines are drawn, or sometimes a tri-color is hoisted there instead. Red would be for safety, as this is the lucky color of the Chinese. At the stern

of the vessel may be seen the name of the official who directs and superintends the ship.

As to religion most of the Chinese are either Confucianists, Buddhists, or Taoists, although there are also Jews and Mahometans amongst them. At one time it is supposed the people of China worshipped in much the same manner as did the Hebrew patriarchs. But mixing with this an idolatrous worship of departed ancestors, they nearly lost sight of Wang-teen, the Supreme Ruler.

About the latter half of the sixth century before Christ, Confucius, a great and clever philosopher of China, who was born 551 B.C., wrote and put together books that held very moral and good maxims, afterwards called "The Classics." He taught that men must always be obedient to those to whom they are in subjection: people to prince, child to parent, filial piety being enforced before every other duty. He was very anxious to improve the manners of the people; but women he ranked very low. Confucianism is more a philosophy than a religion. Its followers have no particular form of worship, and no priesthood. The Pearly Emperor, Supreme Ruler, is their deity, but worship is seldom offered to him, and then only by a few. Although Confucius disapproved very much of idols, after he was dead many of his followers worshipped him.

CURIOUS RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE CHINESE.

Confucianists do not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, but think that their good and bad deeds will be rewarded here by riches or poverty, long or short life, good or bad health. Conscience is to lead people aright, and tell them when they do wrong. The high mandarins and literary people are generally Confucianists; schoolboys also worship an idol or tablet of the sage, in which his spirit is supposed to dwell. There is a temple to the honor of "The Great Teacher" in every large town; and on great occasions, and always in spring and autumn, sacrifices are here offered, the Emperor himself, as high priest, presiding at some of these ceremonies.

Mandarins are Chinese officials, of which there are many grades, and many in each grade, all of whom are paid by Government. To every province there is a viceroy, to every city a governor, and to the village a mandarin, who is elected to rule over it for three years; and all these, again, have many officers under them. There are also a great many military mandarins. A great mark of imperial favor is to allow mandarins, civil or military, to wear a peacock's feather in their caps, which hangs down over the back, and the ball placed on the top shows, by its color and material, the rank of the wearer. Soldiers fighting very bravely are often buoyed up with the hope of receiving



CHINESE MANDARIN AND HIS BRIDE.

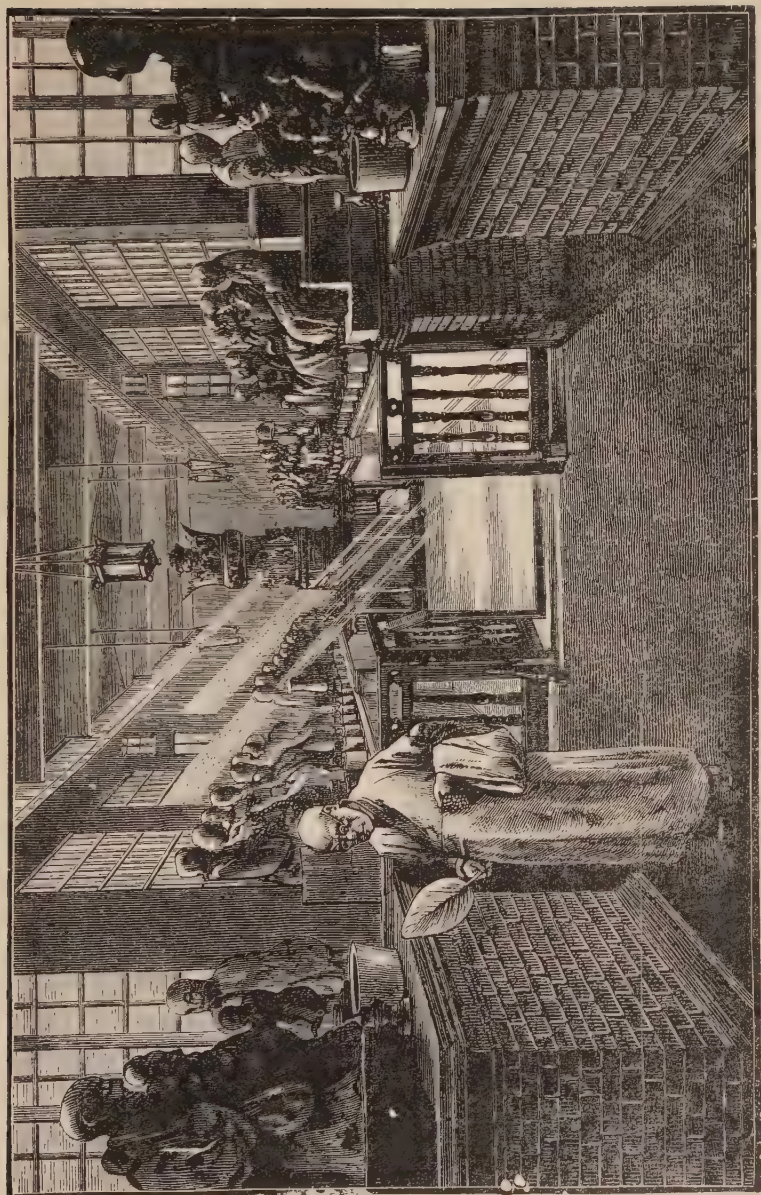
one of these feathers. Mandarins, who stand in a sort of fatherly relationship toward their people, although they do not always behave like fathers toward them, look for implicit obedience from them. Mandarins who are in high office, wear a long, loose robe of blue silk, embroidered with gold threads. This reaches to their ankles, being fastened round their waists with a belt. Over this is a violet tunic, coming just below the knees, which have very wide, long sleeves, usually worn turned back, but if not, hanging over the hands. The Buddhism of China is not at all the pure Buddhism, and has been much corrupted by its professors. The founder was an Indian prince, of beautiful character, born 620 B.C., and called Shâkyamuni Buddha, who left wealth and luxury to go about relieving suffering wherever he found it. After he died his followers believed that he was transformed into a god, having three different forms.

A GREAT VARIETY OF DEITIES.

Some of the gods are a god of rain; a god of wind; a god of thunder; a god of wealth, the latter worshiped very much by tradesmen; a god of thieves; a goddess of thunder; a guardian goddess of women and little children, called Kum-fa, whose ten attendants watch over children, helping them to eat, and teaching them to smile and walk; a god of wine; a god of fire; a goddess of mercy; a goddess of sailors; a goddess of children, called "Mother;" a god of the kitchen; a god of measles; a god of small-pox. Then the Confucianists worship two stars, who are supposed to look after literature and drawing, the former called the god of literature. And besides household gods belonging to every family, there is a god of the passing year, and numerous others. Many of the gods are deified persons.

There is another form of Buddhism, called Lamaism, and this, though it prevails principally in Thibet and Mongolia, has also its followers in Pekin. The Great Lama, or Living Buddha, is the head of this. His soul is said never to die; therefore, when he dies it is supposed to pass into an infant whom the priests select by a likeness, that they trace to the late Lama. In the centre of a Lama temple facing the worshipers, is a very large idol of Buddha. To the right and left of the temple are smaller idols. Some gods in temples do not receive worship, but guard the doors. Incense is burning in front the high priest, to the right, is lifting up his hands in adoration, whilst the people offer scented rods and tapers to Buddha. As they light their offerings they kow-tow, or hit their heads upon the floor. This is the Chinese way of reverent, respectful salutation. The devotees are grouped in squares.

The Sun and Moon are also worshiped. At Pekin there is a temple



TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED CHINESE GODS.

of the Moon. On the day of the autumnal equinox, at six o'clock in the evening, a very solemn sacrifice is offered, and the great ladies of the capital meet to burn tapers. This temple is approached by a long avenue of beautiful trees. The building is large; but more women than men come to attend the ceremonies.

The more enlightened heathen only regard their idols as representations of the Deity they are feeling after, but many of the simpler sort, in different degrees, regard their idols with great religious awe. Then, many Chinamen, again, often seem to have no religion at all. Confucius having for nearly twenty centuries held such a sway over the minds of the Chinese, they do not care to listen to new teachers. They had a literature seven hundred years before Christ.

REMARKABLE VENERATION FOR THE AGED.

The sacred regard which Chinese pay to the claims of kindred, secures to the patriarchs of respectable families ample support in the advanced and helpless stage of their pilgrimage; and charity often relieves poor septuagenarians whose relations may be unable to supply them with comforts or necessities at their mature age. In China one's feelings are not harrowed with the sad spectacle of an aged parent discarded by his children, and left to perish, unattended and unnursed under a scorching sun, or on the banks of a rolling river. But you will see the tottering senior, man or woman, who has not the means to hire a sedan, led through the alleys and streets by a son or a grandchild, commanding the spontaneous respect of each passer-by, the homage of every junior.

The deference of the public to the extreme sections of old age is manifest likewise from the tablets and monuments you may any day stumble upon, that have been erected by public subscription to the memory of octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians. Nor is the government backward in encouraging this, but the reverse. Hence may often be seen very aged men and women in the streets, arrayed in yellow, that is, imperial, robes, the gift of the emperor, in mark of honor, and out of respect to their gray hairs. The reader will remember that an honorary degree is given to competitors who have reached an advanced age, a kind of prize for long life.

On one occasion, the emperor called together about four thousand old men at his palace, entertained them with a banquet, at which they were served by his own children and grandchildren, presented each of them with money and a yellow robe, and conferred upon the oldest of the assembly, a man aged one hundred and eleven years, the rank and dress of a mandarin, to reward him for being so old.

In every town or village, the oldest persons are treated with the

greatest consideration, not on account of their rank or wealth, but of their age. Every one gives way to them, they have the best places in the theatres, are brought forward at every public spectacle, and are indulged in every possible way. Such has been the custom from time immemorial in this great nation, which was civilized when the inhabitants of England were naked savages. The oldest civilized nation in the world, they have honored their fathers and their mothers, and their days have been long in the land.

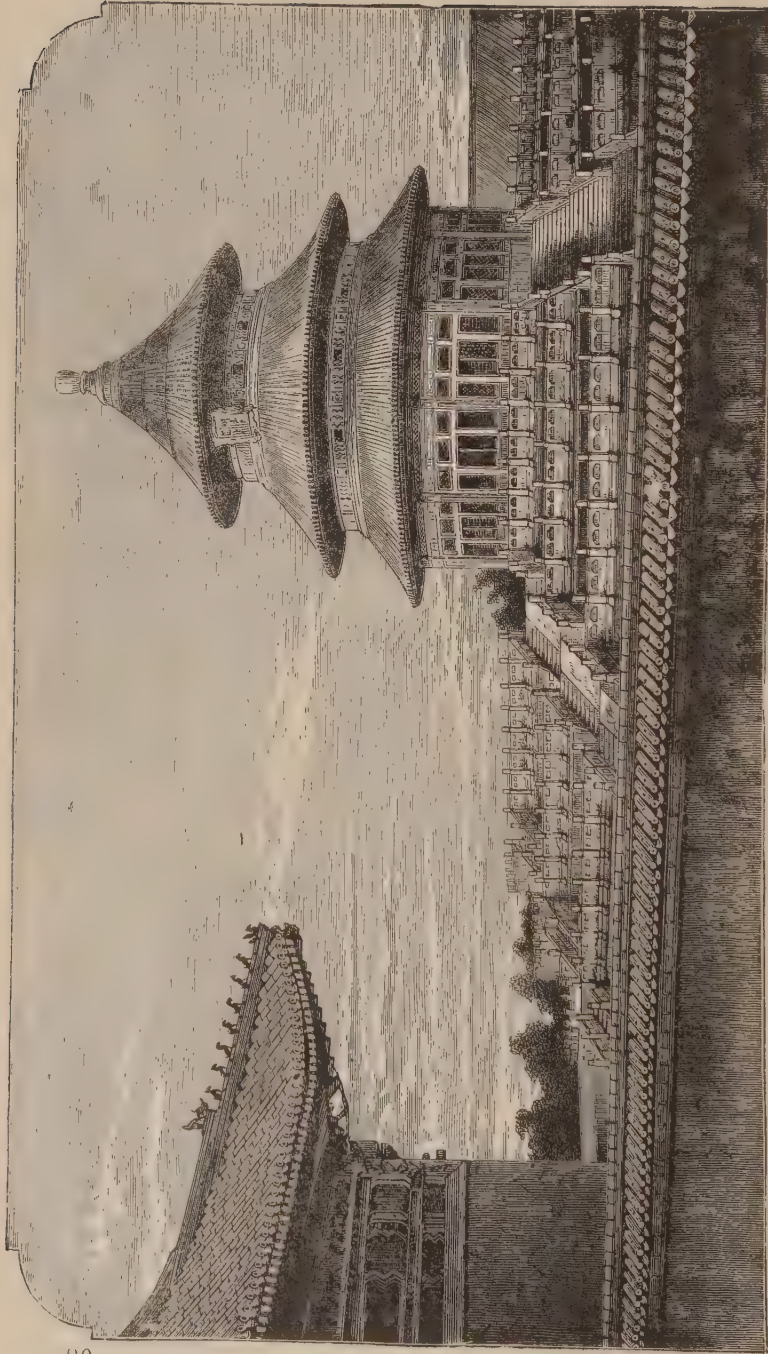
Parents are very particular as to their choice of a schoolmaster, who must be considered good, as well as able to teach; and to qualify himself the master must, of course, know the doctrines of the ancient sages. After all has been settled for a boy to go to school, the parents always invite the schoolmaster to a dinner, given expressly for him. Then a fortune-teller is asked to decide upon a "lucky" day for the boy to make his first appearance at school, when he takes the tutor a present. No boy ever goes to school first on the anniversary of the day on which Confucius died or was buried. On entering school, he turns to the shrine of Confucius—an altar erected to his honor in every school—and worships him, after which he salutes his teacher very respectfully, hears what he has to do, and goes to his desk.

At the new year and in the autumn there are always holidays, but children also go home to keep all religious festivals, to celebrate the birthdays of parents and grandparents, to worship their tablets, and at the tombs of ancestors. Children are very much punished in China when they break school-rules. Perhaps the punishment they fear most is to be beaten with a broom, because they think this may make them unlucky for the rest of their lives.

ELEGANT ARCHITECTURE.

The architecture of China, as would naturally be supposed, is of a light order, and suited to a warm climate. Many buildings are highly ornamented, and abound with elegant carvings. Great care and pains are bestowed on some of the temples, which are considered very beautiful and imposing.

Some houses are very large, in order to accommodate several branches of the same family, who often live together in different parts of them. There are generally three doors of entrance to a house, of which the principal, in the centre, leads to the reception hall, into which visitors are shown. The walls of rooms are sometimes hung with white silk or satin, on which sentences of good advice are written. All sorts of beautiful lanterns hang from the sitting-room ceilings, sometimes by silk cords. The furniture consists principally of chairs, tables, pretty screens and cabinets, with many porcelain ornaments

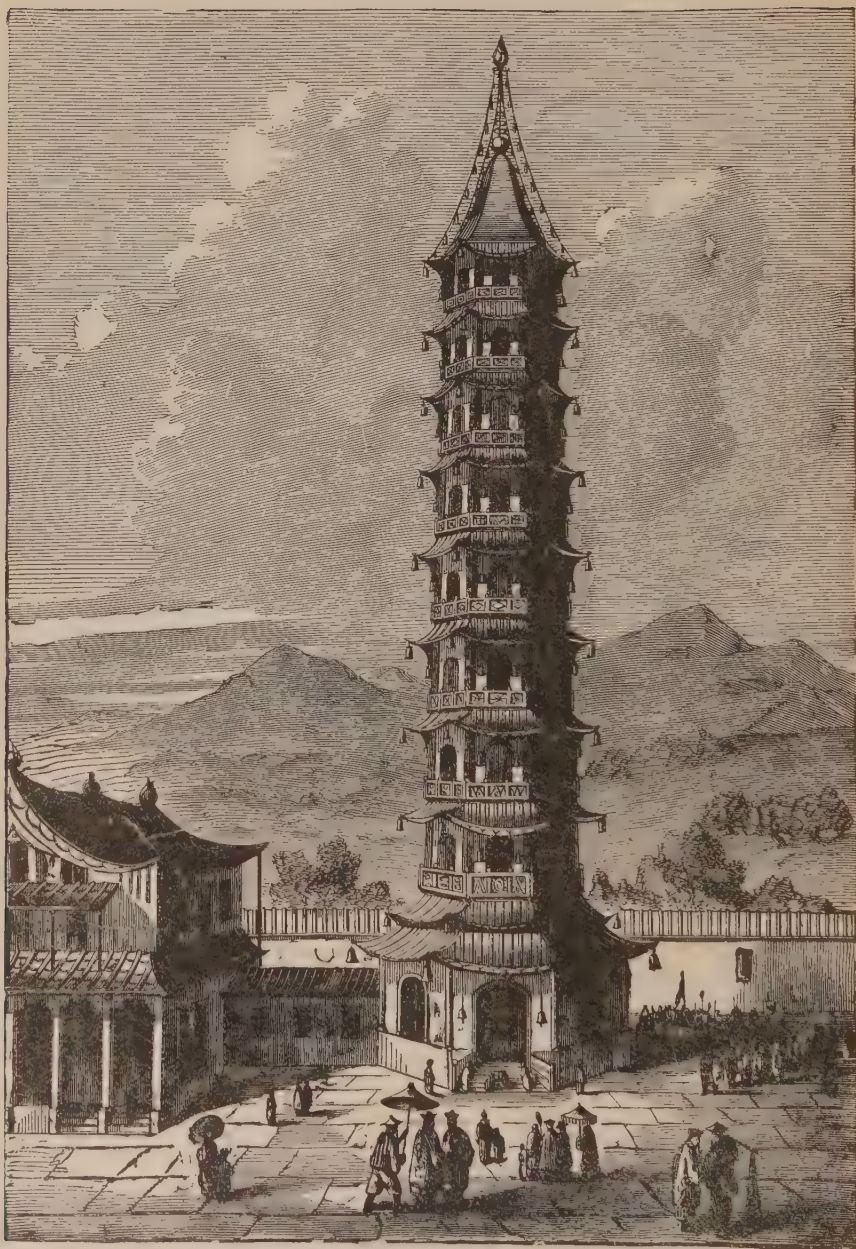


THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN—PEKIN, CHINA.

and fans are very numerous in a Chinese household. Most houses have very beautiful gardens; even the poor try to have their houses surrounded by as much ground as possible. Many houses also have verandas, where the Chinaman likes to smoke his evening pipe. The custom-house at Shanghai is a very strange and beautiful building, unlike anything to be seen elsewhere, and the town is adorned with many fine residences. At some cities and towns, on the banks of rivers, floating hotels are to be seen; and as people generally have to travel by water, and the Chinese are not allowed to keep open their city-gates after nine o'clock at night, these hotels prove very useful to those arriving too late to enter the city. Lighted with lanterns, they look very pretty floating on the water, and are generally airy and cool.

A FAR FAMED TOWER.

The city of Nankin, once the capital of China, has for centuries been famous to the "barbarians" of the outer world for its Porcelain Tower—a relic of the splendor of its ancient days, before Peking usurped its dignity as the seat of empire. The place is now to a great extent a city of ruins; its palaces, tombs and monuments were long since given over to decay, and the wars of recent years have greatly increased the general dilapidation. The city proper has shrunk to one-fourth of its former dimension; the present population inhabiting its inner portion, while the memorials of past magnificence are distributed around them. The Porcelain Tower was built early in the fifteenth century by the order of the Emperor Yung-loh, and as a work of filial piety. It was a monument to the memory of his mother; and he determined that its beauty should as far outshine that of any similar memorial, as the transcendent virtues of the parent, in her son's eyes, surpassed those of the rest of her sex. No expense was spared in its erection. The work was commenced at noon on a certain day in 1413, and occupied nearly twenty years in its completion. An idea of the appearance of the Porcelain Tower is given by our description, but this is peculiarly one of the instances in which the actual sight is required to convey an adequate notion of the magnificence and beauty of an object. The total height of the tower was more than two hundred feet, and it was faced from top to bottom with the finest porcelain, glazed and colored. It consisted of nine stories, surmounted by a spire, on the summit of which was a ball of brass, richly gilt. From this ball, eight iron chains extended to as many projecting points of the roof, and from each chain was suspended a bell, which hung over the face of the tower. The same arrangement was carried out in every story. These bells added much to the graceful appearance of the tower, breaking its otherwise formal and monotonous outline. Round the outer face of each story were



THE WONDERFUL PORCELAIN TOWER.

several apertures for lanterns, and when these were all illuminated, we are told, in the magniloquent language of the Chinese historian, that "their light illuminated the entire heavens, shining into the hearts of men, and eternally removing human misery." It is not difficult to imagine, however, that the appearance of the tower on such an occasion



EMBROIDERED CHINESE SCREEN.

must have been beautiful in the extreme. On the top of the tower were placed two large brazen vessels and a bowl, which together contained various costly articles, in the nature of an offering, and a charm to avert evil influences. Among these were several pearls of various colors, each supposed to possess miraculous properties, together with other precious stones, and a quantity of gold and silver. In this collection,

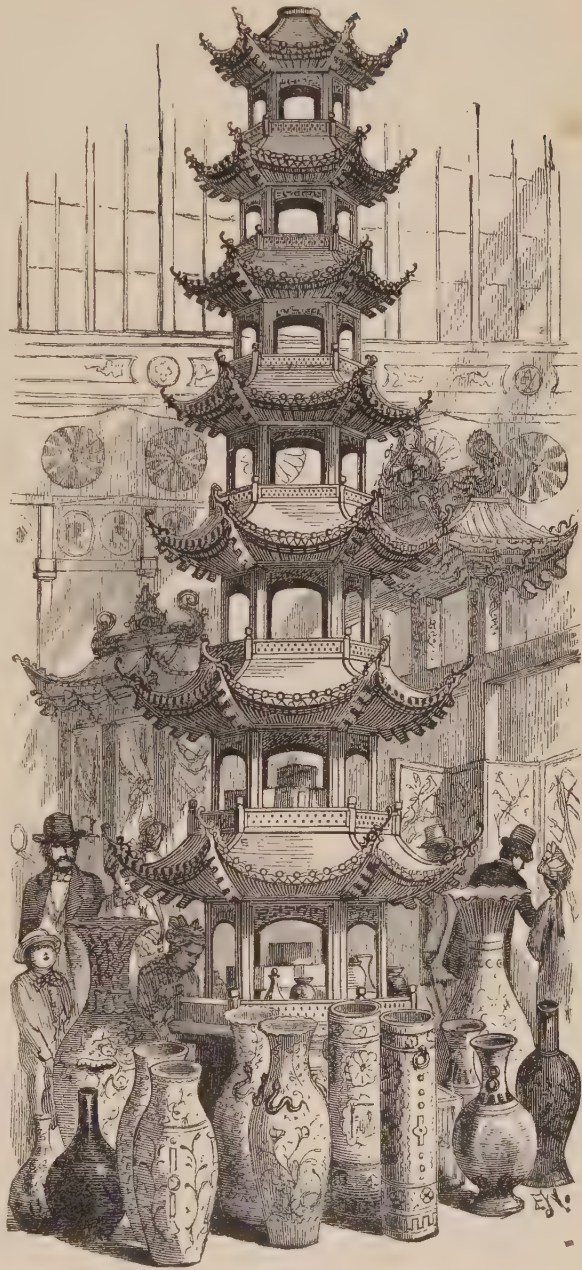
designed to represent the best treasures of the state, were also placed a box of tea, some pieces of silk, and copies of some ancient Chinese writings. The Chinese historian to whom we have alluded, announced to the world, in the simplicity of his heart, that this splendid monument of filial gratitude would continue to endure and teach its lesson for hundreds of generations. But alas! for human foresight, and the stability of all things on earth. In the month of March, 1853, the Taeping rebels took Nankin, and sacked the place. For a long time they appear to have kept their destroying hands off the Porcelain Tower; but at last—probably to wreak full vengeance on the Imperialists—they demolished it. This occurred in 1856. Since that time, Nankin has been taken and retaken, both by Imperialists and rebels, but the city is no longer adorned with that famous structure which was truly one of the wonders of the world.

FINE FANCY WORK.

In all works of art the Chinese excel, having a style peculiar to themselves. Their porcelain, or "China ware," is famed throughout the world, and no better material of this description was ever manufactured. The Chinese tea sets and vases are transported in large quantities and find a ready market among other nations. Great skill in embroidery is also displayed, the coloring and design being especially admired. All kinds of figures, particularly those of birds, are used in fancy work, and also in the manufacture of porcelain. Chinese screens may be seen, with costly material of groundwork, and having rich designs representing the peacock, the bird of Paradise, domestic fowls, and other members of the feathered tribes. These are not found alone in the houses of the better class; but, as the Chinese are very expert with the needle, some very fine specimens of embroidery may be seen in the cottages of the poorer people, who seem to take great delight in this kind of decoration. Rich colors are blended with beauty of design, the general effect is studied, and thus exquisite pictures are produced, the product of the needle and the brush.

Raising tea has long been one of the principal industries of China. The tea-plant yields a crop after it has been planted three years, and there are three gatherings during the year: one in the middle of April, the second at Midsummer, and the third in September. The plant requires very careful plucking, only one leaf being allowed to be gathered at a time; and then a tree must never be plucked too bare. Women and children, who are generally, though not always, the tea gatherers, are obliged to wash their hands before they begin their work, and have to understand that it is the medium-sized leaves which they are to pick, leaving the larger ones to gather the dew. When the

baskets are full, into which the leaves have been dropped, they are carried away hanging to a bamboo slung across the shoulders, which is a very usual way of carrying things in China. The tea-plant is the most important vegetable production of the "Flowery Land." There are several kinds of tea, that called Congou being prepared as follows: The leaves are first spread out in the air to dry, after which they are trodden by laborers, so that any moisture remaining in them, after they have been exposed to the air or sun, may be pressed out; after this they are again heaped together, and covered for the night with cloths. In this state they remain all night, when a strange thing happens to them, spontaneous heating changing the green leaves to black or brown. They are now much more fragrant and the taste has changed.



CHINESE VASES.

As the tea must now be carefully made ready for the market, the next process is to twist and crumple the leaves, by rubbing them between the palms of the hands. In this crumpled state they are again put in the sun, or if the day be wet, or the sky threatening, they are baked over a charcoal fire. Leaves, arranged in a sieve, are placed in the middle of a basket-frame, over a grate in which are hot embers of charcoal. After some one has so stirred the leaves that they have



VIEW OF TIEN-TSIN, ONE OF THE TEA MARKETS.

all become heated alike, they are ready to be sold to proprietors of tea-hongs in the towns, when the proprietor has the leaves again put over the fire and sifted. After this, women and girls separate all the bad leaves and stems from the good ones; sitting, in order to do so, with baskets of leaves before them, and very carefully picking out with both their hands all the bad leaves and stems that the sieve has not got rid of. The light and useless leaves are then divided from those that are heavy and good, when the good are put into boxes lined with paper.

Those leaves which are prepared at Canton are black or brown, with a slight tinge of yellow or green. The tea-leaves growing on an extensive range of hills in the district of Hokshan are often forwarded to Canton, whence they are exported. This, with the trade from other markets, forms an important part of the commerce of the world.

Chinese women have always been celebrated for their diminutive feet. This was long regarded as a national peculiarity, asserted to be of natural growth, and has thus been a wonder in the books of travelers; but by our less restricted intercourse with China the secret has been let out. There were certain small-footed ladies at Hong-Kong who gained a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their feet to sea-captains; and other curious Europeans, at a dollar a head, and the evidence satisfied a superficial examination and belief. But it appears that in the missionary schools may be seen numbers of little girls whose feet are in the various stages of torture, as narrated by a visitor who had the opportunity of witness-



DEFORMED FEET OF CHINESE LADIES.

ing what he has well described. On an appointed day the children were all seated in a row, and their feet, which had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by their mothers. The first was a child two years old. Her penance had but just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off it was seen that the great toe had been left untouched, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position. The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle-joints of her four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused evident pain. In the next three children, of ages advancing at small intervals, the preparation was only to the same extent; it was confined to the four toes. Gradually, however, these four toes, according to the continual pressure, lost their articulation and identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of the four the redness and inflammation

had entirely disappeared ; the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was somewhat of the shape of a trowel.

In the fifth girl was seen the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow : the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened ; month by month it is drawn tighter. The foot inflames and swells, but the mother perseveres. As the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, and the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman ; a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls seen by the narrator were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mothers solved the mystery. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn together so as to produce the true “small foot.” To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugarloaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper, and passes for her foot.

HONORS PAID TO GENERAL GRANT.

Some of the social customs of the Chinese may be learned from a description of a grand dinner given in honor of General Grant during his tour round the world. The narrator says : I tried to pay my hosts the compliment of using the chop-sticks. They are about the size of large knitting needles, and, in the hands of a Chinaman, useful instruments. The servants twirled them all over the table, and picked up every variety of food with sure dexterity. I could do nothing with them. I never thought I had so large fingers as when I tried to carry a sweetmeat from one dish to another with chopsticks. The food was all sweetmeats, candied fruit, walnuts, almonds, ginger, cocoanuts, with cups of tea and wine. The Viceroy, with his chopsticks, helped the General. This is true Chinese courtesy for the host to make himself the servant of his guest. Then came a service of wine—sweet cham-

pagne and *sauterne*—in which the Viceroy pledged us all, bowing to each guest as he drank. Then, again, came tea, which, in China, is the signal for departure, an intimation that your visit is over. The Viceroy and party arose and led us to our chairs. Each one of us was severally and especially saluted as we entered our chairs, and, as we filed off under the trees, our coolies dangling us on their shoulders, we left the Viceroy and his whole court, with rows of mandarins and far-extending lines of soldiers in an attitude of devotion, hands held together toward the forehead and heads bent, the soldiers with arms presented. The music, real, banging, gong-thumping, Chinese music, broke out, twenty-one guns were fired, so close to us that the smoke obscured the view, and we plunged into the sea of life through which we had floated, and back again, through one of the most wonderful sights I have ever seen—back to our shady home in the American Consulate.

The call of the Chinese officials the next day was a solemn ceremony. The Viceroy sent word that he would come at ten. Punctuality, however, is not an Oriental virtue, and ten o'clock had passed and we were sitting on the piazza looking out on the shipping in the river, when the beating of gongs gave the signal of the coming in state.

VISIT FROM A POMPOUS OFFICIAL.

I went out under the trees to see the procession, at the risk of exciting remark as to my curiosity from the crowd of Chinamen, chair-bearers, attendants and others who were standing around waiting for the show. The visitor proved to be the Tartar General, and he came in the most solemn state. First came the gong-beaters, who beat a certain number of strokes in a rapid measure. By the number you know the rank of the great man. Then came soldiers carrying banners on which were inscribed the names and titles of the commander. There was a marshal on a pony who seemed to command the escort. There were soldiers carrying spikes and spears and banners. The profusion of banners, or more properly small silk pennants, gave the procession a picturesque aspect, and the waving, straggling line, as it came shambling along under the trees, was quaint. There were attendants carrying the pipes and teapots of the great man. Four coolies carried a load under which they staggered, and this, I was told, was food. It is the custom when a great man goes forth to carry food and refreshment for himself and party and to give as largess to friends on the way, and although this General was only making a morning call, he showed honor to our party by coming in as much state as though he were journeying through the country. There were aids in chairs, but the General rode in a green state chair, the blinds closely drawn. I noticed that there was no drill or discipline in the procession—no keeping step. It shuffled and

straggled along, the gongs beating and the attendants shouting in chorus to clear the way and do honor to the great man they were escorting until the Consulate was reached. Then the soldiers and burden-bearers crowded under the trees and the Tartar General's chair was borne to the piazza, and he at once alighted.

THE CONVERSATION AND REFRESHMENTS.

The Tartar General, Chang Tsein, was met at the door by the Consul and escorted into the parlor, where General Grant shook hands and gave him a seat. The attendants swarmed around the doors and the windows. I rather pitied the Tartar General, who looked tired and nervous, when I was told that his hour for rising was three o'clock in the afternoon; that he was not in the best of health, and that nothing but his desire to be civil to General Grant induced him to break through his habits. But His Excellency was chatty and ran into a long conversation, mainly about the age of General Grant and his own, the long distance between America and China, the extraordinary fact that the world was round, which no Chinaman really believes, and the singular circumstance that while we were sitting there looking at the trees and the shining sun, people at home were either in bed or thinking of going to bed. One of the party, for the purpose, I presume, of sustaining the conversation, said that in going around the world we lost a day—that it was 364 days in the year going one way, and 366 going another; to all of which the Tartar General listened with a polite but doubting interest. General Grant ventured upon some questions as to the resources of the country, and learned that Pekin was much colder than Canton, that the Tartar General's home was in Pekin, that he had been so long in Canton, that his health was affected and he wanted to be recalled. This talk ran on for fifteen minutes and tea was passed around in Chinese fashion, and the Consul led the way to another room. Here were refreshments, mainly sweetmeats and wine. Ten minutes more were spent over the candies and cakes, and the Tartar General, filling his glass with champagne, drank our health. Then tea was served again and the Tartar General arose, took his leave, and went off amid the beating of gongs, the waving of banners and the cries of his retinue. In this, as in other grand ceremonies and customs of the Chinese, noise was an essential feature.

The sounds of the gongs had scarcely died away when the sounds of other gongs announced the coming of the Viceroy, Lin Kwan Yu. He came in a little more state than the Tartar General, but the ceremonies of the reception were about the same. Then came other officials, all of whom had to be received, and given tea and sweetmeats and wine, so that the morning had gone before the last visit.



TOWN AND HARBOR OF VICTORIA, HONG KONG.

From the narrative of a traveler who closely observed the social customs of the Chinese, it appears that a wedding is attended with some very curious ceremonies, as will be seen from the description. The bridegroom sent very early in the morning for his bride. The bridal-chair was painted red. Before the bride took her seat in the sedan, which was brought into the reception-room of her home for her, she having eaten nothing that morning, and having "kowtowed" very often to her parents, they covered her head and face with a thick veil, so that she could not be seen. The floor, from her room to the sedan, was covered with red carpet. When in the sedan, four bread-cakes were tossed into the air by one of the bridesmaids as an omen of good fortune. In front of the procession two men carried large lighted lanterns, having the family name of the bridegroom, cut in red paper, and pasted on them. Then came two men bearing the family name of the bride, who were, however, only to go part of the way. Other men followed, some carrying a large red umbrella, others torches, and again some playing a band of music. Near the bridal chair brothers or friends of the bride walked. Half-way between the two houses the friends of the bridegroom met the bride, and as they approached the procession stopped.

A BRIDAL PARTY WITH LIVELY MUSIC.

The bride's friends brought out a large red card, on which was written the bride's family name, and the other party produced a similar one, bearing that of the bridegroom. These were exchanged with bows. The two men at the head of the procession then walked, with their lanterns, between the sedan-chair and the lantern-bearers, who carried the bride's family name, and returned to their places in front, when the bride's party turned round and went back to her father's house, carrying home her family name, she being supposed to have now taken that of her husband. Even her brothers went back also, and then the band played a very lively air whilst the rest of the procession took her on. Fireworks were let off along the road, and a great many outside the bridegroom's door when the bride arrived. Her bridesmaids, who have to keep with her throughout the day, accompanied the procession. As the sedan-chair was taken into the reception-room the torch-bearers and musicians stayed near the door, and where it was put down the floor was again covered with red carpet. The bridegroom then came and knocked at the bridal door, but a married woman and a little boy, holding a mirror, asked the bride to get out. Her bridesmaids helped her to alight. The mirror was supposed to ward off evil influences.

Sometimes, much for the same purpose, a bride is carried over a charcoal fire on a servant's back, but this was not done on this occasion.

All this time the bride's face was hidden by her veil. She was then taken into a room, where the bridegroom was waiting for her, and here they sat down together for a few minutes, without speaking a word. Sometimes the bridegroom sits on a high stool, while the bride throws herself down before him, to show that she considers man superior to woman. He then went into the reception-room, where he waited for his bride to come to worship his ancestral tablets with him. A table was put in front of the room, on which were two lighted candles and lighted incense. Two goblets, chop-sticks, and other things were on the table, when the bride and bridegroom both knelt four times, bowing their heads towards the earth. This was called "worshipping heaven and earth." The ancestral tablets were on the tables at the back, on which were also lighted candles and incense. Turning round towards the tablets, they worshiped them eight times, and then facing one another, they knelt four times.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S FIRST SIGHT OF HIS BRIDE'S FACE.

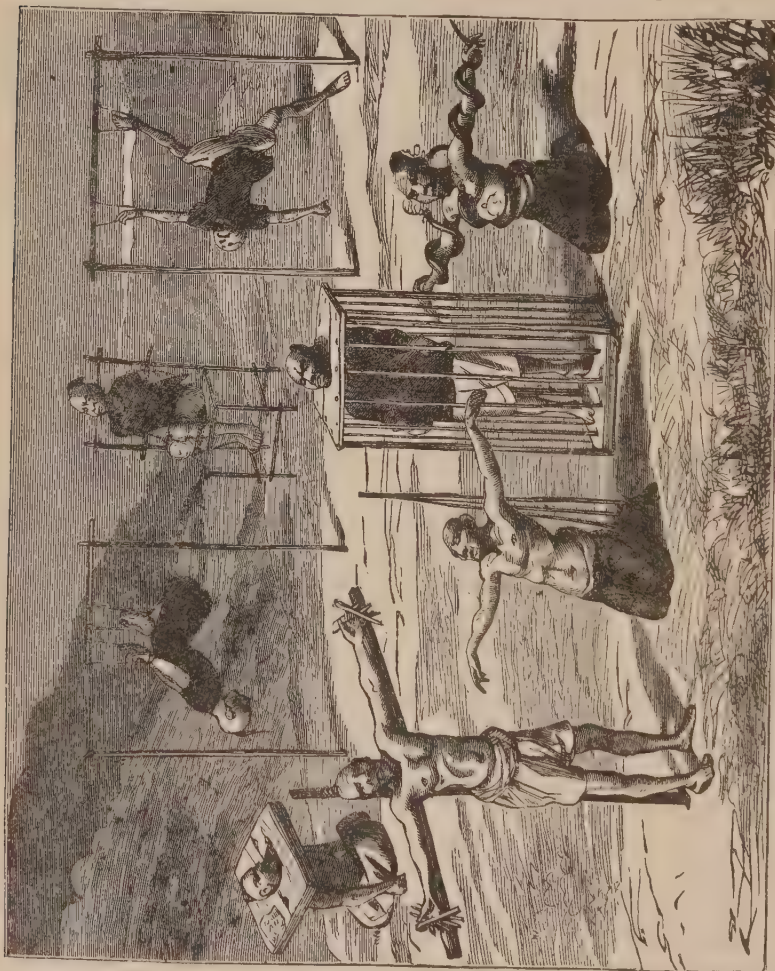
Wedding wine was now drunk, and the bride and bridegroom ate a small piece from the same sugar-cock, which was to make them agree. The thick veil was now taken off the bride, but her face was still partly hidden by strings of pearl hanging from a bridal coronet. It often happens that the bridegroom now sees his bride for the first time, the two fathers having perhaps planned the marriage, asked a fortune-teller's advice, sent go-betweens to make all the necessary arrangements, chosen a lucky day, without the bride or bridegroom having a voice in the matter, and conducted all the negotiations.

Many other ceremonies had to take place, such as kneeling very often before the bridegroom's parents, when at last it was time for the bride's heavy outer garments to be taken off, together with her head-dress, so that her hair could be well arranged; but she was not allowed to eat anything at all at the wedding dinner. Indeed, on her wedding-day, she is hardly expected to touch food at all.

Many people came in to see her, and on this day she must be quite natural, and wear no rouge at all. She has to stand up quietly to be looked at, blessed, and have remarks made upon her appearance. Presents are sent to the bridegroom's family. For three days the bride's parents send her food, as she may not, during that time, eat what her husband provides. In some districts of the province of Canton the bride leaves her husband, and goes home again for a time after she is married, but after marriage she is generally considered to belong almost entirely to her husband's family, in a wing of whose house she lives with him, and to whose parents she is supposed to help him to be filial. On many other days the ancestral tablets have to be worshiped by the

bride and bridegroom, and amongst other gods and goddesses, those of the kitchen have adoration paid to them with becoming gravity. Both boys and girls in China sometimes marry when they are only sixteen years of age, thus making an early start in life.

It is customary for terrible tortures to be inflicted upon criminals.



CHINESE MODES OF TORTURE.

The most common punishment of criminals in China is that of the cangue, a sort of moveable pillory. A piece of wood, some four feet square and nearly four inches in thickness, has a hole in the middle, through which the culprit's head is passed. The machine opens with a hinge, and when closed is locked, and a placard designating the offense is pasted on it. As long as the cangue is worn, the unhappy

delinquent cannot feed himself, so that he would be starved to death were he not fed by casual contributions. Fortunately, it is considered a meritorious action to feed a prisoner in the cangue, so that little risk of actual starvation is run, and the principal terror of the cangue lies in the pain caused by carrying such a weight upon the neck and shoulders. This instrument is often worn for weeks and sometimes for three months, which is the extent of its legal use.

Finger squeezing is another torture which is frequently used. Four pieces of bamboo are tied loosely together at the end, and a string passes through the other ends, so arranged that by drawing it they can be pulled closely together. The fingers are introduced between the bamboos, and by pulling at the string they can be crushed almost to pieces. This torture is often employed by the mandarins, when endeavoring to extort money from persons whom they suspect of concealing their wealth. The ankles are squeezed after a similar fashion, only in this case the bamboos are much larger.

Most of the so-called minor tortures, that is, those which are not directly aimed at life, are employed for the purpose of extorting money, which seems to be a customary procedure among landlords. Beating with the bamboo is another common punishment. There are two kinds of bamboo for this purpose, the small and the large; the latter being capable of producing death if used with severity. This punishment is employed for men and women alike; the only difference being that the man is thrown prostrate on the ground, while the woman suffers in a kneeling posture.

HIRING A SUBSTITUTE TO TAKE THE WHIPPING.

A man of forethought, however, never suffers much from the bamboo, and, if possible, nothing at all. In the former case, he bribes the executioner, who strikes so as to produce a very effective sounding blow, but in reality inflicts very little injury. In the latter case, he bribes a man to act as a substitute, and, just as the first blow is about to be struck, some of the officers, who are also bribed, get between the judge and the culprit, while the latter rolls out of the way, and the substitute takes his place. A similar ruse is enacted at the completion of the punishment. It may seem strange that any one should act as a substitute in such a business; but in China men care little for their skins, or even for their lives, and it is possible to purchase a substitute even for capital punishment, the chief difficulty being not to bribe the substitute, but to find enough money to bribe all the officials, who must act in concert, and each receive his handsome fee.

Powerful as they may be, the mandarins have not all the power of life and death, though they can inflict punishments which practically

lead to the same result. A case of this kind is narrated. Two men had been arrested in the act of robbing a house during a fire. This is rightly held to be the most heinous kind of theft, and is generally punished with decapitation. The mandarin of the district had not the power to inflict death, but contrived to manage that the men should die. Accordingly, he had two tall bamboo cages made, placed a man inside each, and tied him by his hair to the top bars of the cage. The cages were placed in the open air, in charge of officers, who would not allow any communication with the offenders. The natural consequence was, that privation of food, drink, sleep, and rest of any kind, together with exposure to the elements, killed the men as effectually as the sword of the executioner. A modification of this mode of punishment is by covering the top of the cage with a board through a hole in which the head of the sufferer passes. The top of the cage is adjusted so that the man is forced to stand on tiptoe as he is suspended by the neck. His hands being bound behind him, relief is, of course, impossible. Snake tubes made of soft metal are sometimes coiled round the body, and boiling water is then poured into them, producing the most horrible torture, and sometimes a slow, lingering death.

SINGULAR MODES OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

As to capital punishments, they are inflicted in various ways. The mode that is thought to be the least terrible is the command to commit suicide, because in that case they can avoid the mangling of the body, and so make their appearance in the spirit world whole and entire. This is a privilege only accorded to officers of very high rank, and is conferred upon them by sending the "silken cord." No cord is really sent, but the mandate implies the instrument of death. When it is received, the doomed man takes some of his nearest relatives and most valued friends to his house, fastens the silken cord to a beam, places himself on a stool, passes the noose round his neck, and then leaps off the stool, and so dies. Officers of lower rank, when they see that they will probably be condemned to death, generally anticipate their sentence by hanging themselves on their own responsibility. For criminals of no status, strangulation is the mode of death most preferred. It is accomplished in a manner exactly resembling the Spanish garrote. The criminal stands with his back to a post, through which a hole is bored at the level of his neck. The two ends of a cord are passed through the hole, the loop embracing the man's neck. The ends are then twisted round a stick, and, by a few rapid turns of the stick, the man is killed.

Decapitation is always conducted with much judicial solemnity, and, as a rule, is restricted to certain seasons of the year, when large batches

of criminals are executed. There are, however, occasional exceptions to the rule. The instrument employed is a sword made expressly for the purpose. It is a two-handed weapon, very heavy, and with a very broad blade. The executioners pride themselves on their skill in its management, and, in order to show their powers, will draw a black-ink line round a turnip, and sever it at a blow, the cut never passing on



DECAPITATION OF A CHINESE CRIMINAL.

either side of the line. Before a man is admitted to be an executioner, he is obliged to prove his ability by this test, and be able to carry a steady hand as he gives the fatal blow.

The criminal is carried to the place of execution in a bamboo cage, and by his side is the basket in which his head will be removed. He is pinioned in a very effective manner. The middle of a long and thin rope is passed across the back of his neck, and the ends are crossed on the chest, and brought under the arms. They are then twisted round the arms, the wrists tied together behind the back, and the ends fastened to the portion of rope upon the neck. A slip of paper containing his

name, crime, and sentence is fixed to a reed, and stuck at the back of his head. On arriving at the place of execution, the officials remove the paper, and take it to the presiding mandarin, who writes on it in red ink the warrant for execution. The paper is then replaced, a rope loop is passed over the head of the culprit, and the end given to an assistant, who draws the head forward so as to stretch the neck, while a second assistant holds the body from behind; and in a moment the head is severed from the body.

Chinese people do very singular things. Because they think that their birds sometimes like change of air, they carry their cages out of doors with them for a walk. Dogs are sold in the shops, and in one district of Canton a fair is held, where they are regularly sold for food. Many people like black dogs best. At the beginning of summer nearly everybody eats dog's flesh, when a ceremony takes place. If people eat it, they think it will keep them from being ill. Yet the Cantonese think that they displease the gods when they eat dog's flesh, and you may see it written on Buddhist temples that people ought not to eat "their faithful guardians." The Cantonese must not go into a temple to worship till they have been three whole days without eating any dog. Thus a little respect is shown to the brute creation.

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE FASHIONS.

Chinese gentlemen and ladies dress very much alike; and people cannot change their clothes as they choose, because there is a minister of ceremonies, who says of what color, stuff, and shape things are to be made, and when winter and summer things are to be changed. Even a head-dress may not be altered as people like, or they might be breaking a law. No Chinaman wears a beard till he is forty. The outside robe of a gentleman is so long that it reaches to his ankles, and it is fastened with buttons. The sleeves are first broad, and then get narrower and narrower. A sash is tied round his waist, and from this chop-sticks, a tobacco-case, fans, and such-like things hang. The head-dress is a cap with a peak at the top. Men do not take off their hats to bow; indeed, they would put them on if they were off. Indoors they wear silk slippers, pointed and turned up at the toes. Chinese men are admired when they are stout, and women when they are thin. Women also have two robes, the top one often being made of satin, and reaching from the chin to the ground. Their sleeves are so long that they do instead of gloves. They always wear trousers, and often carry a pipe, as women smoke a great deal in China. Old ladies wear very plain clothes. People wear shoes of silk, or cotton, with thick felt soles. The women spend hours having their hair done into all sorts of shapes, such as baskets, bird-cages, or anything they can

manufacture. Then besides ornaments in their hair, they wear earrings and bangles. Even boat-women wear these; and the ladies almost always paint their faces, to do which they have a kind of enamel. Chinese ladies have little useful occupation, and spend a great part of their time, when they are not doing embroidery, in gambling and adorning themselves.

The peasants wear a coarse linen shirt, covered by a cotton tunic, with thin trousers fastened to the ankles. In wet and cold weather they make a useful covering of net-work, into which are plaited rushes or coarse dry grass, and they put on very large hats, made in the same way. The Chinese are not at all lazy people. After their shutters are closed, and all looks dark from the outside, they are often at work, and they get up early too. Coolies wear their hair twisted around their heads. They do all the heavy work, and are porters, common house laborers, and sedan-chair bearers.

You may see men carrying baskets, in which they are collecting every bit of paper they can find about the streets, which has been written upon. The Chinese have such respect for every little piece of paper, on which have been any Chinese characters, that they will not allow any parcels even to be wrapped up in them. When all these scraps have been collected, they are burnt in a furnace, and the ashes are put into baskets, carried in procession, and emptied into a stream. Slips of paper are pasted on walls, telling people to reverence lettered paper. Chinese characters are called "eyes of the sage;" and some people think that if they are irreverent to the paper, they are so to the sages who invented them, and they will perhaps, for a punishment, be born blind in the next world. Men become famous in China when they write very beautifully. They write with a brush and India ink. There are three styles of writing Chinese characters, and the literature of China is the first in Asia. A Chinaman writes from right to left, and all the writing consists of signs or characters. One word will signify a number of things, and you know which word they mean by the sound of the voice and the stress on the word.

When a person dies gongs are beaten, and when the body is placed in its coffin, every corner of the room is beaten with a hammer, to frighten away bad spirits. A crown is also put on any person of rank. Widows and children, to show their grief, sit on the floor instead of on chairs for seven days, and sleep on mats near to the husband and father's coffin. On the seventh day letters are written to friends, informing them of the death, when they send presents of money to help to defray the funeral expenses.

CHAPTER IV.

WONDERS OF JAPAN.

Personal Appearance of the Japanese—Fruits and Food—Theatrical Plays and Jugglery—
Shops and Markets—Fortune Telling—Art—Social Customs—Dinner to General Gran
—Musicians—Royal Reception and Court Manners—Potteries—
Modes of Traveling—Forms of Religion—Shintoism and Buddhism



THE Japanese are a people quite separate from the Chinese, although in certain general features there is between the two nations, a resemblance, easily traced. The complexion of the inhabitants of Japan varies from copper color to the olive-brown of Italians and Spaniards, but is far from being the same as the yellow of the Chinese. The Japanese have thick black hair and beards—at least would have if they would let them grow. Some do let the hair grow in an unparted mass, but most shave and arrange it carefully, according to custom.

The reason for shaving the hair from the temples and the front of the head, and gathering all the rest into a top-knot, is because, in the feudal times, it became a custom for warriors to do this, that they might keep the hair out of their eyes when fighting. Gradually the custom spread to all classes. But in more ancient times still, the warriors were long-haired, bearded and moustached, and wore a kind of armor. The complexions of children are often brilliant and rosy, like those that accompany dark hair and eyes among ourselves; while those of ladies of the upper-classes, who go out but seldom and guard carefully against sun and wind, are very fine, white, and delicate, but almost colorless. The people generally have expressive and animated faces, the children are pretty and engaging, and every one confesses that Japanese girls are very charming in their way.

Two kind of faces are to be seen very unlike, although, no doubt, a stranger would at once recognize either as Japanese. The one is seen chiefly among the wealthy and noble classes, especially the female part of them; the other is the commoner type all over Japan, although it is not unfrequently found among nobles.

The high class type of face is long and oval, with a high and narrow forehead, straight or aquiline nose, slanting, deep-set, almond-shaped eyes, small thin-lipped mouth, and pointed chin; this type of face is

called "noodle-cracker" by the irreverent. The half-shaved crowns of the men give an appearance of undue length and oddity to their countenances, from which the women's frizzed-out rolls of abundant lustrous black hair saves them. Women of this type are really beautiful, and they are, besides, so graceful in their carriage and manners, and so winning, and yet dignified, that even strangers are charmed with them. The voices of all classes are soft, and the manners of all are courteous, and of the higher class very elaborate and stately.

It is supposed that the poor food and laborious life of the mass of the people has something to do with their flatter and coarser features and sallow complexions. They are not unhealthy, but they have little to make them strong and hearty.

There are about ninety different kinds of fish—thirteen or fourteen of them shell-fish—to choose from; fourteen kinds of beans, which more nearly supply the place of meat than anything else; many vegetables, potatoes, spinach, egg-plant, yams, leeks, and others, sea-weed made into jelly, and many roots whose names you never heard of. In some parts of the country grapes, bananas, orange-trees, and sugar-cane grow. A loaf of bread would never cheer your eyes. Sweetmeats; and sponge-cake, and oranges, those who are not too poor can have in abundance. They have the persimmon, a golden fruit much larger than an apple, and more delicious than any when fresh, and when dried by hanging from the kitchen roof tasting something like a fig; but game, fowls, or ducks, hardly ever. Cattle and sheep now are used both for milk and food.

Fish is fish, even if it be only a piece of whalesteak, which sometimes comes to the table after a whale has been unfortunate enough to visit the north-eastern shores. Sometimes stews are made of quail, woodcock, and pheasant by the wives of the tired sportsmen who have snared them; and in the mountains, where monkeys are plentiful, they are trapped and killed and roasted, and are considered a great delicacy; so, by-the bye, are sea-slugs, and many other things you would shudder at, even to a kind of whitish clay which the poor Ainos make, with boiled lily-bulbs, into soup.

The Japanese do not take such pains to have their food hot as we do. Even in the depth of winter, you will see a porter taking for his breakfast a mass of cold rice, just warmed by pouring tea over it. They use chop-sticks and spoons, for the most part, at meals. The daughter of the house, or the maid, generally dispenses the food, ladling out the rice from a bucket into little bowls, pouring out the tea, and waiting upon all.

Theatres are so important a part of Japanese life that a description of them must be given. The best and most serious people do not care



JAPANESE FERRY-BOAT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

to attend the theatres, nor is it the custom for persons of high rank to do so. They attend or join in the private performances given within the palace. Women under forty are forbidden by law to visit the public theatres—but many among the poorer classes, however, disobey the law and attend, with their husbands and families, an amusement which has a peculiar charm for the Japanese. Sometimes juggling and acrobatic performances are given, sometimes plays on legends of heroic or feudal times or on real events. These are very interesting as giving a faithful representation of the good old times, with all their dignity and splendor of ceremonial and dress, and as reminders of the patriotism and great-heartedness of ancestors. The scenery and dresses for these are most elaborate and even magnificent; the latter are often almost priceless, being heir-looms handed down from one generation of actors to another. The actors were once a despised class, and reckoned among the eta or outcasts. They learned the art from their fathers, and passed on its traditions to their sons, thus making the profession hereditary.

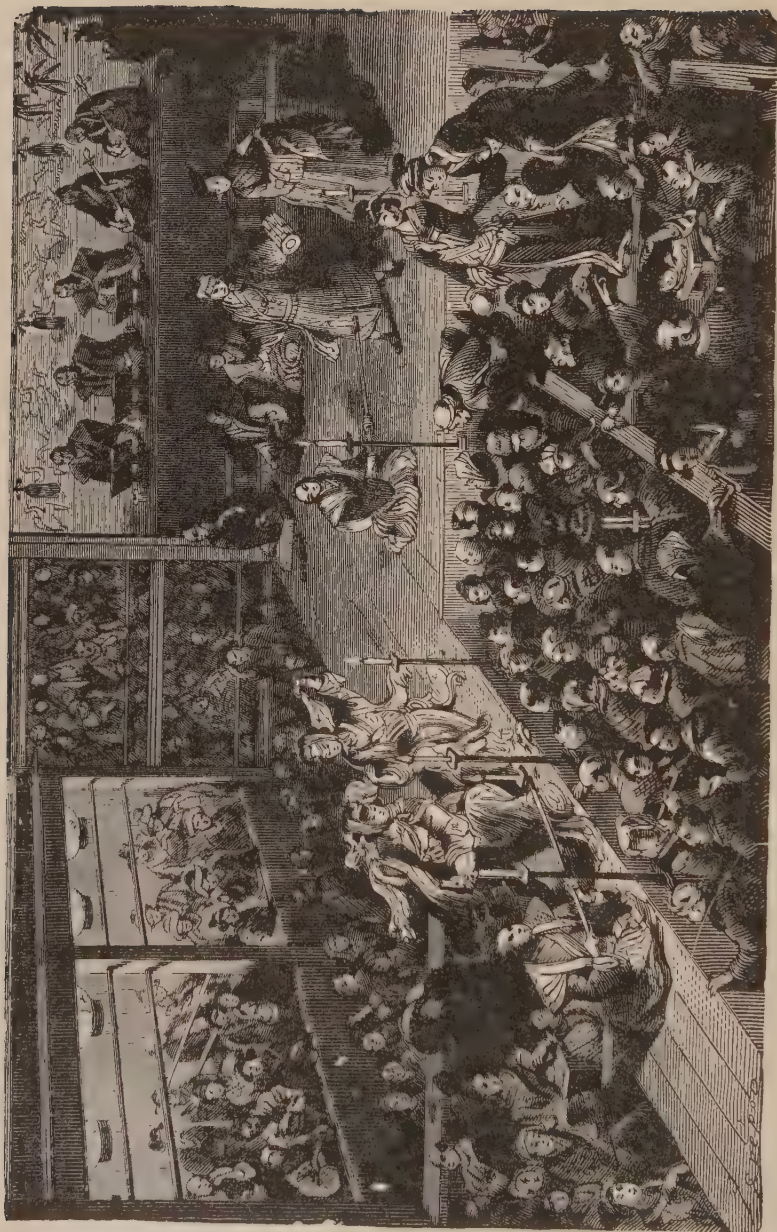
SINGULAR JAPANESE AMUSEMENTS.

Then, again, masques and pageants are given—such as scenes from the old court life, or celebrations of the changing seasons. These are beautiful and instructive, but the tragedies and ordinary plays are neither. Women were not allowed to act in public except in one or two companies, composed of women only. Men act the women's parts cleverly enough, but their imitation of women's voices sounds laughable to strangers, and produces a ludicrous effect.

The play begins about nine or ten in the morning, and lasts all day; sometimes two or three days! Generally it leaves off at dark. When a favorite play is announced, people come early to get good seats—on the floor, of course. Mothers bring their babies, and their husbands the provisions in the dinner-box, and they spend the whole day at the theatre, smoking all the time, chatting and eating when the actors rest. Tea-house servants bring in trays and offer refreshments. Black-capped boys (whom you are supposed not to see) wait on the actors' movements, slipping behind them and taking away the stage furnishings that are done with, or placing supports, unobserved, for a weary actor, so that he may keep his position the due length of time.

If the performance goes on after dark, candles are lit in front of the stage, and, in addition, attendants hold wands with candles at the end of them, so that the light falls on the actors' faces. Next day, if the play is unfinished, the crowds come again and listen unweariedly, and often breathless and silent with excitement, to the long drawn out agonies, raptures, and suspenses of a Japanese play.

The masked dances and pageants are especially delightful, coming



INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE THEATRE.

down, as they do, from very ancient times, when they were associated with religious meanings, and were intended to teach moral lessons.

Women, besides keeping house, work in the fields as hard as the men, and there is scarcely anything that they can do, from leading pack-horses to swimming and diving for shell-fish among the rocks, that they are not employed in. They spin and weave, after they have combed out the fluffy heaps of cotton; they take their part in picking, drying, and sorting the tea-crop; they act as barbers and hairdressers to their own sex, building up erections of false and real hair, with ribbons and pins, which last a week untouched, and because Japanese custom requires the eyebrows to be plucked out after marriage, and any stray hair on the neck and temples to be extracted.

They work at the mechanical part of various arts, such as fan-making, lacquer-box making, the polishing of mirrors, and so on; but they have not been allowed to compete with men in the more skilled labors. The fans are not painted, but put together by them, and even a painter of mere signs would disdain to teach his art to a woman. On the other hand, in music they may take an equal share; in fact, it is really more practiced by women than men. They are more commonly to be seen than men in the shops of some of the large cities, such as Yedo, with the ready-reckoner for ever between their fingers, managing and serving. Wherever there is a "local manufacture," the women take part in it. The peasants' wives go to market to sell and buy, and if they have any distance to go, instead of jolting along in a cart, they hang their wares in baskets to the horses' sides, or pile them under the high saddle, which they then mount like men, having never heard of side-saddles. That is what the poor people do. "Ladies" take a norimon or a kango in such cases, and if they are very great ladies indeed, their norimon is borne by four men, but otherwise by two.

HUMAN BEASTS OF BURDEN.

Everywhere men—and women too, when the men are otherwise employed—are used as beasts of burden in a way that strikes foreigners painfully at first. You will see men on the coldest days in winter, scarcely clothed at all, flying along with the post-bag, or with a live fish, wrapped in straw, slung across their shoulders, which they are bound to deliver in an hour to some epicure who likes his fish fresh from the sea. Then there are the jinrikishas, in which men act as horses, going at six miles an hour, and who suffer much from complaints of the heart in consequence, and are liable to sudden and early deaths. Then, where other people would perhaps use a ferry-boat, many a poor man is glad to get his living by carrying people and packages across the river. Here, again, you can see the difference between the well-to-do lady, who

sits at ease on a kind of tray with poles, carried by four men, and the poor woman, who trusts to one man's shoulders for her safety.

One of the flourishing professions of women is fortune-telling. The divining-woman is consulted by all classes. She professes to be a medium, and says that the spirits she is in communication with speak through her voice when suitably summoned. Every one wears charms and amulets. When the small-pox rages, anxious parents write outside their houses that their children are away from home, and fancy that the spirit which brings the disease will be cheated by seeing the inscription!

They carry tiny figures of their favorite god or goddess in little embroidered scarlet bags, made on purpose, within the sleeves or girdles, and think that to let one drop by accident is a certain sign of speedy death. But the number of omens they believe in is endless.

THE STRANGE BELIEF IN WIZZARDS.

Thus they are only too ready to take a professed "medium" at her word, and call her in to know if a sick person will recover, if a traveler will return safely, if they will be happily married, if their enterprises will turn out prosperously—anything and everything. The same superstition leads some of them to try to please the gods, or rather to escape their displeasure, by retiring from the world and living a life of inactive contemplation. This is dying out, as the power of Buddhism dies away. Shintoism has never had life enough in it to inspire such sacrifices, but sometimes, here and there, you may find a true ascetic—a hermit—perched, like the baby of the nursery rhyme, in the tree-top, living by the charity and reverence of passers-by, who hoist his food to the holy man, and thankfully receive his blessings in return, as heavenly payment for an earthly gift.

One reason for the excellence of Japanese art is, that the artists, instead of copying from each other, invariably go to nature for their models. They have teachers just as we do, but the great object of these professors is to teach their pupils how to produce the greatest effect with the fewest lines. Book after book may be seen entirely filled with studies for the guidance of the young artists, in which the master has depicted various scenes with as few lines as possible. One of these books is entirely filled with studies of falling rain, and, monotonous as the subject may seem, no two drawings are in the least alike, and a separate and forcible character is given to each sketch. Another book has nothing but outlines of landscape scenery, while some are entirely filled with grass-blades, some bending in the wind, others beaten down by rain, and others flourishing boldly upright. The bamboo is another favorite subject; and so highly do the Japanese



A JAPANESE LADY IN HER PALANQUIN

prize the skill displayed by a master, that they will often purchase at a high price a piece of paper with nothing on it but a few strokes of the brush, the harmony of the composition and the balance of the different lines of beauty being thoroughly appreciated by an artistic eye.

Studying as the Japanese do in the school of nature, they are marvelously apt at expressing attitude, whether of man, beast, or bird. They never have any difficulty in disposing of the arms of their figures, and, no matter what may be the action, there is always an ease about it which betrays the artist's hand even in the rudest figures. Among living objects the crane appears to be the special favorite of the Japanese, its popularity being shared, though not equaled, by the stork and the heron.

These birds are protected both by law and popular opinion, and in consequence are so tame that the native artists have abundant opportunities of studying their attitudes, which they do with a patient love for the subject that is almost beyond praise. No figure is so frequently introduced in Japanese art as the crane, and so thoroughly is the bird understood, that it is scarcely possible to find in all the figures of cranes, whether cast in bronze, drawn on paper, or embossed and painted on articles of furniture, two specimens in which the attitude is exactly the same. With us, even the professional animal painters are apt to take a sketch or two, and copy them over and over again, often repeating errors as well as excellencies, while the Japanese artist has too genuine a love for his subject to descend to any such course. Day by day he studies his living models, fills his book with sketches taken rapidly, but truly, and so has always at hand a supply of genuine and original attitudes.

The porcelain of the Japanese is singularly beautiful, and sometimes is adorned with ornaments which may be reckoned under the head of "conceits." For instance, a cup will be adorned with a representation of pleasure boats on the river. With a needle the tiny windows of the boats can be raised, when a party of ladies and gentlemen drinking tea are discovered inside the boat. Sometimes a little tortoise may be seen reposing quietly at the bottom of the cup, until the hot tea is poured into it, when the creature rises to the surface, shaking its head and kicking with its legs as if in pain from the hot liquid.

In Japanese pictures certain curious figures may be seen, looking as if human beings had been wrapped in a bundle of rushes. This strange costume is the snow-cloak of the ordinary Japanese. For mere rain the Japanese generally wear a sort of overcoat made of oiled paper, very thin, nearly transparent, and very efficient, though it is easily torn. But when a snow-storm comes on, the Japanese puts

in another garment, which is made in a way equally simple and effective, and affords him protection from the inclement weather.

A sort of skeleton is made of network, the meshes being about two inches in diameter. Upon each point of the mesh is tied a bunch of vegetable fibre, like very fine grass, the bundles being about as thick as an ordinary pencil where they are tied, and spreading toward the ends. The garment thus made is exceedingly light, and answers its purpose in the most admirable manner. The bunches of fibres overlapping each other like the tiles of a house, keep the snow far from the body, while any snow that may melt simply runs along the fibres and drops to the ground. To wet this snow cloak through is almost impossible, even the jet of a garden engine having little effect upon it except when quite close, while no amount of snow would be able to force a drop of water through the loose texture of the material.

The Japanese silks have long been celebrated, but there is one kind of which scarcely anything is known among us. A number of rolls of silk were once presented to the members of a foreign embassy. They were all in strips about three yards long and one wide, so that they seemed to be useless. They happened, however, to be exceedingly valuable; in fact, absolutely priceless, as no money could buy them. They were made by exiled nobles, who were punished by being sent to the island of Fatsizio, where they spend their time in making these peculiar silks. No one below a certain rank is allowed to wear the silk which has been woven by noble fingers, or even to have the fabric in the house, and in consequence not a piece ever even found its way to the shops.

From an interesting account of a dinner given to General Grant when he visited Japan, we may get a good idea of some of the Japanese customs. The narrative, after describing the beauty of the grounds surrounding the temple where the festivities took place, proceeds as follows:



VANINGENSTOER

The servants have brought in the candles. Before each table is a pedestal on which a candle burns, and the old temple lights up with a new splendor. To add to this splendor the wall has been draped with



A REMARKABLE JAPANESE BRONZE VASE.

heavy silks, embroidered with gold and silver, with quaint and curious legends of the history of Japan. These draperies lend a new richness to the room, and you admire the artistic taste which suggested them. The merchants enter bearing meats. Advancing to the centre of the

room, and to the General, they kneel and press their foreheads to the floor. With this demure courtesy the course begins. Other attendants enter, and place on each table the lacquer bowls and dishes. Instead of covering the tables with a variety of food and tempting you with auxiliary dishes of watermelon seeds and almond kernels, as in China, the Japanese give you a small variety at a time. I am afraid, however, we have spoiled our dinner. Our amiable friend, the Japanese Minister, warned us in the beginning not to be in a hurry, to restrain our curiosity, not to hurry our investigations into the science of a Japanese table, but to pick and nibble and wait—that there were good things coming, which we should not be beyond the condition of enjoying. There is no bread and no wine, and our only drink is the hot preparation from rice with its sherry flavor, which is poured out of a teapot into shallow lacquer saucers, and which you sip, not without relish, although it has no place in any beverage known to your experience. We are dining, however, in strict Japanese fashion, just as the old daimios did, and our hosts are too good artists to spoil a feast with champagne. Then it has been going on for hours, and when you have reached the fourth hour of a dinner, even a temperance dinner, with nothing more serious than a hot insipid sherry-like rice drink, you have passed beyond the critical and curious into the resigned condition. If we had only been governed by the Minister we might have enjoyed this soup, which comes first in the course, and as you lift the lacquered top you know to be hot and fragrant. It is a soup composed of carp and mushroom and aromatic shrub. Another dish is a prepared fish that looks like a confection of cocoanut, but which you see to be fish as you prod it with your chopsticks. This is composed of the red snapper fish, and is served in red and white alternate squares. It looks well, but you pass it by as well as another dish that is more poetic at least, for it is a preparation of the skylark, wheat flour cake and gourd. We are not offended by the next soup, which comes hot and smoking, a soup of buckwheat and eggplant. You push your soup to the end of the table and nip off the end of a fresh cigar, and look out upon the town over which the dominant universe has thrown the star-sprinkled mantle of night, and follow the lines of light that mark the welcome we are enjoying, and trace the ascending rockets as they shoot up from the hillside to break into masses of dazzling fire and illuminate the heavens for a moment in a rhapsody of blue and scarlet and green and silver and gold.

If you have faith you will enter bravely into the dish that your silk-draped attendant now places before you, and as he does, bows to the level of the table and slides away. This is called *oh-hira*, and was composed, I am sure, by some ambitious daimio, who had given

thought to the science of the table and possessed an original genius. The base of this dish is panyu. Panyu is a sea fish. The panyu in itself would be a dish, but in addition we have a fungus, the roots of the lily and the stems of the pumpkin. The fungus is delicate, and reminds you of mushroom, but the pumpkin, after you had fished it out and saw that it was a pumpkin seemed forlorn and uncomfortable, conscious no doubt of a better destiny in its New England home than flavoring a mess of pottage. What one objects to in these dishes is the objection you have to frogs and snails. They lack dignity. And when we come to real American food, like the pumpkin and buckwheat, we expect to see it specially honored, and not thrown into a pot boiled in mixed company. The lily roots seemed out of place. I could find no taste in them, and would have been content to have known them as turnips. But your romantic notions about the lily—the lines you have written in albums, the poetry and water colors—are dispelled by its actual presence in a boiled state, with arrowroot and horse-radish.

GROUPS OF MAIDENS MAKING MUSIC.

While our hosts are passing around the strange dishes a signal is made and the musicians enter. They are maidens with fair, pale faces, and small, dark, serious eyes. You are pleased to see that their teeth have not been blackened, as was the custom in past days, and is even now almost a prevalent custom among the lower classes. We are told that the maidens who have come to grace our feast are not of the common singing class, but the daughters of the merchants and leading citizens of Nagasaki. The first group is composed of four. They enter, sit down on the floor and bow their heads in salutation. They wear the costume of the country, the costume that was known before the new days came upon Japan. They have blue silk gowns, white collars and heavily brocaded pearl-colored sashes. After they had played an overture another group entered, fourteen maidens similarly dressed, each carrying the small banjo-like instrument and ranging themselves on a bench against the wall, the tapestry and silks suspended over them. Then the genius of the artist was apparent, and the rich depending tapestry, blended with the blue and white and pearl, and animated with the faces of the maidens, their music and their songs, made a picture of Japanese life which an artist might regard with envy. You see then the delicate features of Japanese decoration which have bewitched our artist friends, and which the most adroit fingers in vain try to copy. When the musicians enter the song begins. It is an original composition. The theme is the glory of America and honor to General Grant. They sing of the joy that his coming has given to Japan, of the interest and pride they take in his fame; of their friendship for their friends



JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

across the great sea. This is all sung in Japanese, and we follow the lines through the mediation of a Japanese friend who learned his English in America. This anthem was chanted in a low, almost monotonous key, one singer leading in a kind of solo and the remainder coming in with a chorus. The song ended, twelve dancing maidens entered. They wore a crimson-like overgarment fashioned like pantaloons—a foot or so too long—so that when they walked it was with a dainty pace, lest they might trip and fall. The director of this group was constantly on his hands and knees, creeping round among the dancers keeping their drapery in order, not allowing it to bundle up and vex the play. These maidens carried bouquets of pink blossoms, artificially made, examples of the flora of Japan. They stepped through the dance at as slow a measure as in a minuet of Louis XIV. The movement of the dance was simple, the music a humming thrumming, as though the performers were tuning their instruments. After passing through a few measures the dancers slowly filed out and were followed by another group, who came wearing masks—the mask in the form of a large doll's face—and bearing children's rattles and fans. The peculiarity of this dance was that time was kept by the movement of the fan—a graceful, expressive movement which only the Eastern people have learned to bestow on the fan. With them the fan becomes almost an organ of speech, and the eye is employed in its management at the expense of the admiration we are apt at home to bestow on other features of the amusement. The masks indicated that this was a humorous dance, and when it was over four special performers, who had unusual skill, came in with flowers and danced a pantomime. Then came four others, with costumes different—blue robes, trimmed with gold, who carried long, thin wands, entwined in gold and red, from which dangled festoons of pink blossoms.

All this time the music hummed and thrummed. To vary the show we had even a more grotesque amusement. First came eight children, who could scarcely do more than toddle. They were dressed in white, embroidered in green and red, wearing purple caps formed like the Phrygian liberty cap and dangling on the shoulders. They came into the temple inclosure and danced on the graveled walk, while two wearing an imitation of a dragon's skin, went through a dance and various contortions, supposed to be a dragon at play. This reminded us of the pantomime elephant, where one performer plays the front and another the hind legs. In the case of our Japanese dragon the legs were obvious, and the performers seemed indisposed even to respect the illusion. It was explained that it was an ancient village dance, one of the oldest in Japan, and that on festive occasions, when the harvests are ripe or when some legend or feat of heroism is to be commemorated,

they assemble and dance it. It was a trifling, innocent dance, and you felt as you looked at it, and, indeed, at all the features of our most unique entertainment, that there was a good deal of nursery imagination in Japanese fêtes and games.

A more striking feature was the decorations which came with the second course of our feast. First came servants, bearing two trees, one of the pine, the other of the plum. The plum tree was in full blossom. One of these was set on a small table in front of Mrs. Grant, the other in front of the General. Another decoration was a cherry tree, surmounting a large basin, in which were living carp fish. The carp has an important position in the legends of Japan. It is the emblem of ambition and resolution. This quality was shown in another decoration, representing a waterfall, with carp climbing against the stream. You will note, however, as our dinner goes on it becomes bizarre and odd, and runs away with all well-ordered notions of what even a daimio's dinner should be. The soups disappear. You see we have only had seven distinct soups served at intervals, and so cunningly prepared that you are convinced that in the ancient days of Japanese splendor soup had a dignity which it has lost.

The music is in full flow, and the lights of the town grow brighter with the shades of darkening night, and some of the company have long since taken refuge from the dinner in cigars, and over the low brick wall and in the recesses of the temple grounds crowds begin to cluster and form, and below, at the foot of the steps, the crowd grows larger and larger, and you hear the buzz of the throng and the clinking of the lanterns of the chair-bearers, for the whole town is in festive mood, and high up in our open temple on our hillside we have become a show for the town. Well, that is only a small return for the measureless hospitality we have enjoyed, and if we can gratify an innocent curiosity, let us think of so much pleasure given incidentally to others.

A ROYAL WELCOME TO GENERAL GRANT.

The customs which prevail at the royal court of Japan will be seen from a graphic description of the Emperor's reception of his distinguished visitor, furnished by one of the party.

The Japanese, with a refinement of courtesy quite French in its way, were solicitous that General Grant should not have any special honors in Japan until he had seen the Emperor. It was felt that as the General was the guest of the nation he should be welcomed to the nation by its chief. They were also anxious that the reception should take place on the Fourth of July. Their imaginations had been impressed by the poetry of the idea of a reception to one who had been the head of the American nation, on the anniversary of American Independence.

The hour for our reception was two in the afternoon. The day was very warm, although in our palace on the sea we have whatever breeze may be wandering over the Pacific Ocean. General Grant invited some of his friends to accompany him. At half-past one Mr. Bingham, our Minister, arrived, and our party immediately drove to the palace. The home of the Emperor is a long distance from the home of the General. The old palace was destroyed by fire, and Japan has had so many things to do that she has not built a new one. The road to the palace was through the section of Tokio where the old daimios lived when they ruled Japan as feudal lords, and made their occasional visits to the capital. There seems to have been a good deal of Highland freedom in the manners of the old princes. Their town houses were really fortifications. A space was inclosed with walls, and against these walls chambers were built—rude chambers, like winter quarters for an army. In these winter quarters lived the retainers, the swordsmen and soldiers. In the centre of the inclosure was the home of the lord himself, who lived in the midst of his people, like a general in camp, anxious to fight somebody, and disappointed if he returned to his home without a fight. A lord with hot-tempered followers, who had come from the restraints and amenities of home to have a good time at the capital, and give the boys a chance to distinguish themselves and see the world, would not be a welcome neighbor. And as there were a great many such lords, and each had his army and his town fortress, the daimio quarter became an important part of the capital. Some of the houses were more imposing than the palace—notably the house of the Prince of Satsuma. There was an imposing gate, elaborately buttressed and strengthened that looked quite Gothic in its rude splendor. These daimio houses have been taken by the government for schools, for public offices, for various useful purposes. The daimios no longer come with armies and build camps and terrorize over their neighbors and rivals.

We drove through the daimios' quarter and through the gates of the city. The first impression of Tokio is that it is a city of walls and canals. The walls are crude and solid, protected by moats. In the days of pikemen and sword-bearers there could not have been a more effective defence. Even now, it would require an effort for even a German army to enter through these walls. They go back many generations. I do not know how many. In these lands nothing is worth recording that is not a thousand years old, and my impression is that the walls of Tokio have grown up with the growth of the city, the necessities of defence, and the knowledge of the people in attack and defence. We passed under the walls of an inclosure which was called the castle. Here we are told the Emperor will build his new palace.

We crossed another bridge—I think there were a dozen altogether in the course of the drive—and came to a modest arched gateway, which did not look nearly as imposing as the entrance to the palace formerly occupied by the great Prince Satsuma. Soldiers were drawn up and the band played “Hail Columbia.” Our carriages drove on past one or two modest buildings, and drew up in front of another modest building on the steps of which the Minister Iwakura was standing. The General and party descended and were cordially welcomed and escorted up a narrow stairway into an anteroom. When you have seen most of the available palaces in the world, from the glorious home of Aurungzebe to the depressing mighty cloister of the Escorial, you are sure to have preconceived notions of what a palace should be, and to expect something unique and grand in the home of the long-hidden and sacred Majesty of Japan. The home of the Emperor was as simple as that of a country gentleman. We have many country gentlemen with felicitous investments in petroleum and silver who would disdain the home of a prince who claims direct descent from heaven, and whose line extends far beyond the Christian era. What marked the house was its simplicity and taste; qualities for which my palace education had not prepared me. You look for splendor, for the grand—at least the grandiose—for some royal whim, like the holy palace near the Escorial, which cost millions, or like Versailles, whose cost is among the eternal mysteries. Here we are in a suite of plain rooms, the ceilings of wood, the walls decorated with natural scenery—the furniture sufficient but not crowded—and exquisite in style and finish. There is no pretence of architectural emotion. The rooms are large, airy, with a sense of summer about them which grows stronger as you look out of the window and down the avenues of trees. We are told that the grounds are spacious and fine, even for Japan, and that His Majesty, who rarely goes outside of his palace grounds, takes his recreation within the walls.

STRIKING APPEARANCE OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

The palace is a low building, one or at most two stories in height. They do not build high walls in Japan, and especially in Tokio, where earthquakes are ordinary incidents, and the first question to consider in building up is how far you can fall. We enter a room where all the Ministers are assembled. The Japanese Cabinet is a famous body, and tested by laws of physiognomy would compare with that of any Cabinet I have seen.

A lord in waiting, heavily braided, with a uniform that Louis XIV would not have disliked in Versailles, comes softly in and makes a signal, leading the way. The General, and Mrs. Grant, escorted by Mr. Bingham, and our retinue followed. The General and the Minister

were in evening dress. The naval officers were in full uniform, Colonel Grant wearing the uniform of lieutenant-colonel. We walked along a short passage and entered another room, at the further end of which were standing the Emperor and Empress. Two ladies in waiting were



GENERAL GRANT MEETING THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

near them, in a sitting, what appeared to be a crouching attitude. Two other princes were standing. These were the only occupants of the room. Our party slowly advanced, the Japanese making a profound obeisance, bending the head almost to a right angle with the body.

The royal princes formed in line near the Emperor, along with the princesses. The emperor stood quite motionless, apparently unobservant or unconscious of the homage that was paid him. He is a young man with a slender figure, taller than the average Japanese and of about the middle height, according to our ideas. He has a striking face, with a mouth and lips that remind you something of the traditional mouths of the Hapsburg family. The forehead is full and narrow, the hair and the light moustache and beard intensely black. The color of the hair darkens what otherwise might pass for a swarthy countenance at home. The face expressed no feeling whatever, and but for the dark, glowing eye, which was bent full upon the General, you might have taken the imperial group for statues. The empress wore the Japanese costume, rich and plain. Her face was very white, and her form slender and almost childlike. Her hair was combed plainly and braided with a gold arrow. The solemn etiquette that pervaded the audience-chamber was peculiar, and might appear strange to those familiar with the stately but cordial manners of a European Court. But one must remember that the Emperor holds so high and so sacred a place in the traditions, the religion and the political system of Japan that even the ceremony of to-day is so far in advance of anything of the kind ever known in Japan that it might be called a revolution. The Emperor, for instance, as our group was formed, advanced and shook hands with the General.

THE EMPEROR'S EXTRAORDINARY CONDESCENSION.

That seems a trivial thing to write about, but such an incident was never known in the history of Japanese majesty. Many of these details may appear small, but we are in the presence of an old and romantic civilization, slowly giving way to the fierce, feverish pressure of European ideas, and you can only note the change in those incidents which would be unnoticed in other lands. The incident of the Emperor of Japan advancing toward General Grant and shaking hands becomes a historic event of consequence, and as such I note it. The manner of the Emperor was constrained, almost awkward, the manner of a man doing a thing for the first time, and trying to do it as well as possible. After he had shaken hands with the General, he returned to his place, and stood with his hand resting on his sword, looking on at the brilliant, embroidered, gilded company as though unconscious of their presence. Mr. Bingham advanced and bowed, and received just the faintish nod in recognition. The other members of the party were each presented by the Minister, and each one standing about a dozen feet from the Emperor stood and bowed. Then the General and Mrs. Grant were presented to the princesses, each party bowing to the other in silence. This royal reception past, there were various sights which

claimed the attention of the visitors. The narrative continues: A few mornings before we left Euriokwan there was another experience. Our hosts had sent us some workers in pottery to show us the skill of the Japanese in a department of art in which they have no superiors. One of the famous potters had expressed a desire to show the General his work. After breakfast we found the artisans arranged in the large drawing-room. There was the chief worker, a solemn, middle-aged person, who wore spectacles. He was dressed in his gala apparel, and



AMERICANS VISITING A JAPANESE POTTERY.

when we came into the room went down on his face in Japanese style. There were three assistants. One worked the wheel. Another baked the clay. A third made himself generally useful. The chief of the party was a painter. We saw all the processes of the manufacture, the inert lump of clay going around and around, and shaping itself under the true, nimble fingers of the workmen into cups and vases and bowls. There is something fascinating in the labors of the wheel, the work is so thoroughly the artisan's own, for when he begins he has only a lump

of mud and when he ends his creation may be the envy of a throne room. It seems almost like a Providence, this taking the dust of the valley and creating it, for the work is creation, and we are reminded of Providence in remembering that when the Creator of all fashioned His supreme work it was made of clay. The decoration of the clay was interesting, requiring a quick, firm stroke. We were requested to write something on the clay before it went into the furnace. General Grant gave his autograph and the rest of us inscriptions written, as well as we could write, with a soft, yielding brush. After the inscriptions had been written the cups were washed in a white substance and hurried into the furnace. When they came out the fire had evaporated the coating and turned into a gloss the tints of our writing and the painters' colors had changed, and our inscriptions were permanent.

A JAPANESE LADY ON HORSEBACK.

A common mode of traveling in Japan, especially among the wealthier classes, is by the palanquin, or chair carried by men. Horseback riding is another mode, employed by the wealthier class, and is worth describing.

The attitude and general appearance of a female equestrian in Japan differ considerably from those of our own country. Side-saddles are unknown, the fair rider perching herself upon a saddle which lifts her high above the back of the animal, concealing her body downward, holding on tightly by the front part of the saddle, and, in fact, giving herself a look very much resembling that of a gayly attired monkey on horseback. This mode of riding is even followed by the opposite sex, the retainers of the high nobles sitting in their lofty saddles in very much the same attitude as that employed by the women, and being in consequence absolutely useless, except in looks, as cavalry.

Yet, when they choose, the Japanese can ride tolerably, as is shown by the fact of a game which is played among them, in which the competitors are all mounted. In this game the players have to contend against very great disadvantages. In the first place, the horses which they bestride are wretched animals, mere rough ponies, and the accoutrements are so clumsy, that it is a wonder how the horse can be guided at all. According to our ideas, a horse is guided by the pressure of the leg and the touch of the rein, but the Japanese saddles render such guidance impossible.

The former mode is prevented by the shape of the saddle, which has large flaps of stiff leather hanging so low that the heel or knee of the rider has no effect upon the animal; and the latter mode is nearly as impossible as the former, by reason of the bit and the fashion of riding. The bit is a mere light snaffle placed loosely in the mouth, and the reins are used not so much for the purpose of guiding the horse, as of

keeping the rider in his seat. The horsemen grasp a rein tightly in each hand, and so hang to the bit. The natural consequence is, that the mouths of the horses are nearly as tough as the leather saddle-flaps, and the animals always go with their noses in the air, so as to counteract the perpetual haul on the bridle.

The strangest part of horse equipment in Japan is, however, the shoe. Our idea of a horseshoe is a metallic plate to protect the horse against hard ground. The Japanese shoe is made of plaited straw, and is, in fact, nothing more than a straw sandal tied to the foot, giving it a very clumsy appearance. As may be imagined, their shoes never last very long, and on a stony road are soon cut to pieces. The rider, therefore, takes a supply of shoes with him, and renews them as fast as they are worn out. Indeed, a journey is often roughly calculated as a distance of so many shoes.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the horse is seldom used in traveling. None but a poor noble will condescend to ride from one place to another, as it might be supposed that he could not afford the retinue which is required to carry him. Sometimes a nobleman will condescend to ride in public, but then his horse must be held by two grooms, who tug continually at the poor animal's mouth, and shout continually, "Chai! Chai!" meaning gently, for haste is always thought undignified by the Japanese, and a person of consideration would suffer a great infraction of dignity if he allowed himself to hurry on the road.

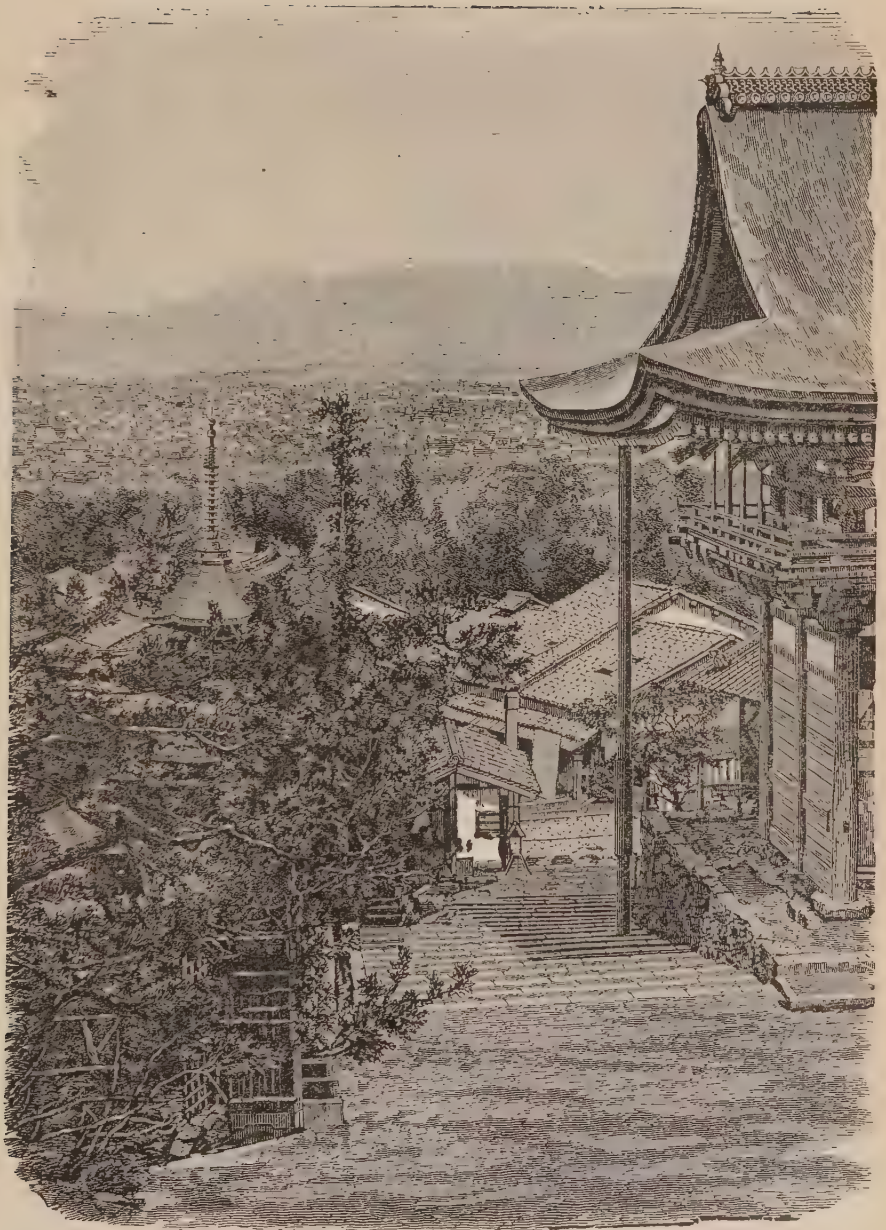
RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND PRACTICES IN JAPAN.

One of the world's remarkable facts is that no nation can be found without a religion of some kind. No people have yet been discovered without customs and practices which can be accounted for only from the religious instinct and sentiment.

There are two religions in Japan, very different in their original meaning and in their ceremonies, yet not so unlike in results as would be supposed by a stranger. The older and native religion is called Kami-worship, or Shinto; the other is Buddhism. Shinto is a kind of worship of ancestors, or of warriors, or public benefactors, who lived long ago. Their memorable deeds are to be had in remembrance.

The Shinto sacred book, "The Book of Ancient Traditions," only contains stories of gods and heroes. The Shinto commandments, which the adherents of this faith must observe, are these:—

1. Thou shalt honor the gods, and love thy country.
2. Thou shalt clearly understand the principles of heaven (religion), and the duty of man.
3. Thou shalt revere the Mikado as thy sovereign, and obey the will of his court.



VIEW OF KIOTO, JAPAN

Shintoism was the religion of the Japanese as far back as we have records, and reverence for the Mikado or Emperor is a part of it. The Shinto Bible, written about the year 712 of our era, professes to give the date of the first Mikado, and of all his successors up to that period; and although it is not certain that he ever really existed, the years are dated from his supposed reign. He is represented as having been a divine being, descended from the "Sun-Goddess," while it is said that



SINGULAR CEREMONIES OF BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

Japan was created before any other country, and so it is called "The Land of the Gods," a name popular among the people.

It is supposed by those who study history most, that the Demi-gods, Mikados and heroes of early traditions may have been real people, who came later from Asia, and were cleverer and wiser than those they reigned over, so that the ignorant and simple natives, overawed and dazzled, ascribed to them many absurd things that they could not do.

A few years ago, when an American steamer was seen in a Japanese harbor, the people would pray that the foreign sorcerers, who had power over a volcano to tame and use it for their purposes, might be sent away from their shores.

It was thought by many Japanese that Europeans and Americans were not even men, but some kind of dragon-sorcerers, and that the chimney of the steamer was puffing out the breath of the great Fire-spirit. Hence they regarded it with a singular awe.

As a rule, Shintoism has been the religion favored by the Mikado's Government, as a means of promoting loyalty and patriotism. The Shinto temples and the Mikado's palace are built alike, and called by the same word to express their sacredness. There are no idols in the temples. A mirror of polished metal is placed on a stand in the innermost court, and is supposed to be a symbol of the presence of the gods. It is believed, too, that a guilty man's face is reflected back to him distorted, if he dare to gaze on it. Besides the mirror, there is a wooden wand called the gohei, with slips of white paper tied to it and hanging down, which has some similar meaning, but no one knows clearly what. A gohei is often put up in "groves and high places," and prayers are said before it.

The Mikado's palace and the Shinto temples are built of fine-grained wood, with steep, thatched roofs; and no paint, gilding, or ornament is allowed to defile them. No sacrifices are made, but offerings are daily laid before the altars. Pigeons are considered sacred, and kept in flocks in the Temple gardens; they perch on a cross-bar joining two upright beams, which is called a Tori, and is in front of every Shinto temple, and some Buddhist temples also. The Shinto priests marry; they do not shave their heads, nor do they dress differently from other people, except when officiating; then they dress in pure white robes and high lacquer caps. Their office goes from father to son. The chief priests are of royal descent, and all are government servants. Sometimes virgin priestesses officiate.

The Buddhist religion was about a thousand years old when it was brought to Japan near A. D. 600. Like Shintoism, it does not profess to be idolatrous, but, like that, it has become so in practice.

It is the popular religion. At first the people did not care for it, but in the ninth century it occurred to a priest that the gods and heroes whom the natives worshiped must certainly be "incarnations of Buddha," and if so, that their images ought to be set up in the Buddhist temples, and his belief spread and was acted on. Then the people turned to the Buddhist religion, and ever since Buddhism and Shintoism have had some gods and some ceremonies in common.

CHAPTER V.

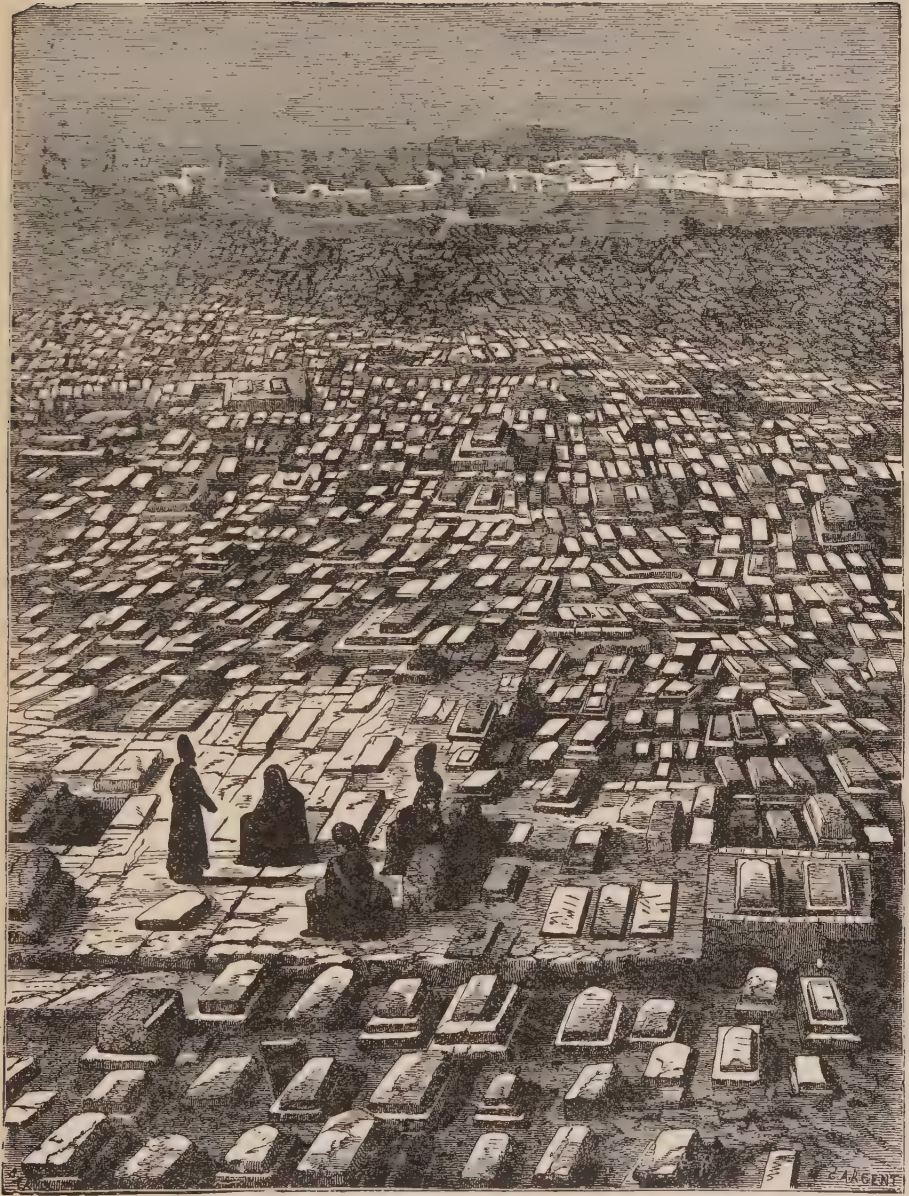
WILD MEN OF THE DESERT.

Extent of Arabia—"Holy District"—General Sterility—A Desert Marked only by Camel's Tracks—Shrewdness of Mohammed—City of Mecca—Crowds of Pilgrims—Piety and Plunder—Heterogenous Mob—Droll Dervishes—Expert Rogues—Gardens of Loveliness in a Wilderness—Coffee and Corn—The Arab in War Dress—Fleet Camels—Roving Bands Bent on Pillage and Devastation—"Wild as an Arab"—The Desert Express—Curious Water Bottles—Terrible Heat—Scarcity of Water—A Country of Sand and Desolation—The Birthplace of the World's Finest Horses—The Arab's Fondness for his Steed—Tender Care of Colts—Animal Treated like a Child—Anecdotes of the Arab's Love for his Horse—Untold Wealth Refused when Offered for a Favorite Mare—An Exciting Elopement—"Pinch her Right Ear and Give her the Stirrup!"



THE extreme length of the peninsula of Arabia is 1500 miles, its extreme breadth 1000 miles, but at its apex, where it joins on to the continent of Asia, it is rather less than 500 miles broad. Arabia has a special interest on account of its connection with the birth of Mohammedanism. Its political importance, unless for its connection with the prevailing religion of the East, is nothing, while its resources and weight in the world might be classed under the same category. Fiscally the rule of the Hedjaz, or "holy district," is a loss to Turkey, but the prestige attaching to its possessions is so great that the Turks have done well to always contend for this barren strip ever since they first acquired it, in 1517, as part of the Egyptian territory conquered by Selim I., and extended by his son and successor.

The "holy district" stretches inland from 60 to 150 miles from the sea, and consists for the most part of a barren and sandy plain, backed inland by a hilly plateau or low mountain chain. The wells are few and scattered, and almost the only vegetation in it is found in the vicinity of these watering places, from which, brackish though the liquid is, the sole means of irrigating the country is supplied, unless when a few streams formed by the spring rains, but rapidly drying up under the hot summer suns, are able to supplement the scanty yield of moisture. To the general sterility of the region there are a few exceptions, the vegetation of these rare spots, however, forming a contrast so marked to the general desolation as to heighten the impression of the general barrenness rather than to relieve it



CURIOUS OLD CEMETERY AT MECCA.

Over all this region the only routes of travel are camel tracks, the most important of which is the great one from Syria and Egypt, which, like the other, is determined by the number of wells found on the line of pilgrimage. There are a number of others winding over the country; but nowadays the great majority of the Egyptian pilgrims, as well as those from Barbary, European Turkey, and Asia Minor, avoid the long pilgrimage by land by crossing to Jiddah by sea, and then in walking the forty miles between that seaport and Mecca, or, still more easily, traversing it on mules, camels, or donkeys.

A Shrewd Prophet.

In Mecca was born the Prophet, and one of the most sacred duties of the faith which he founded is that once at least every good Moslem shall make a pilgrimage to the Holy City, either in person or by proxy. Otherwise, the Koran enjoins, "he or she might as well die a Jew or a Christian." But this pilgrimage, though now so marked a feature in Mohammedan life, was in reality an after-thought of the Prophet. Finding that the idolaters whom by eloquence and the sword he had won over to his new faith had for ages traveled from far and near to worship the Black Stone, and other idols round Mecca, he shrewdly turned the custom to account by ordering that in future the pilgrimage, shorn of many of its Pagan forms, should be part of their fresh faith.

From that day to this pilgrimages have continued with unabated fervor. A Moslem of the highest piety will, indeed, endeavor to visit Damascus, Jerusalem, Medina, and Mecca; but a journey to these four sacred places is costly, and occupies so long, that the majority or the "Faithful" confine their pilgrimage to the latter two, and in many instances to the last alone.

From every part of Islam or Mohammedan territory, they direct their steps thither, and as the twelfth month of the Mohammedan year is the period fixed for the celebration of the Mecca solemnities, distant devotees have often set out from home two, three, or four months in advance in order to don the pilgrim's garment by the time the caravans are solemnly wending their way over the "holy district." Of late years the introduction of steamers has altogether revolutionized the mode of pilgrimage, by rendering it cheaper and easier than it was in days when long coast journeys had to be made on foot, or weary voyages undertaken in rude boats.

The "pilgrim trade" is now an important branch of commerce, and during the autumn gives employment to a large number of vessels. For instance, the British Consul reports that in one year eighty-six steamers,

GROTESQUE DANCE OF PIOUS DERVISHES.



two sailing ships, and two hundred buglas, or native craft, landed an aggregate of thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine pilgrims at Jiddah, Yembo, and Leet, and from May to October, 12,000 pilgrims passed through Suez alone.

Crowds of Enthusiastic Pilgrims.

These pilgrims comprise specimens of almost every nationality which professes the faith of "the Prophet," and even some, like the Malays, from the British territories, and the neighboring peninsula and islands, who, though considered by the orthodox not very strict Mohammedans, always make a point of visiting Mecca, and there performing the regulation walks, runs, prayers, and other rites enjoined. In one year over eight thousand of them passed through Jiddah, a number much larger, indeed, than the contingent sent from Egypt, whence the sacred caravan and the holy carpet set out annually with such pomp, and the Government of which, in spite of its financial distress, contributes one million of dollars in gifts to the chief Mosque and its custodians.

From the shores of the Indian Ocean and the uttermost parts of India arrive swarms of lithe pilgrims, whose dark skins are heightened by the griminess which they have acquired on the journey. From Bushire, on the shores of Persia, and Bahrein, on the other side of the Gulf, come devotees, who for the time agree to differ; and from Timbuctoo, and the all but mythical region of the Upper Niger, the Soudan, Darfur, and the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar, drop in caravans of fierce black warriors, whose faith in the Prophet is still loose, and Arab sheiks, whose religion does not always restrain their native propensity to loot.

Bokhara is the "noble city," and its shrines are only second in holiness to those of Arabia; and the valley of the Tigris is yearly visited by thousands of pious saints longing to pray at the tomb of Hussien, grandson of the Prophet, whose headless bones repose at Kerbella. But even they must visit Mecca, and swell the yearly throng which lands at fanatical Jeddah, and passes inland over the stony soil on which no unbeliever is permitted to tread.

Extraordinary Mob.

Such a heterogeneous mob can be witnessed in no other part of the world. Wild, half-mad dervishes from Central Asia, those religious enthusiasts, whose strange antics and contortions form a part of their worship, rub shoulders with perfumed nabobs from Constantinople, who shudder as their filthy co-religionists approach too closely. Pious pilgrims from Bokhara curse under their breath the infidel dogs in blue jackets who stow them on deck, and can with difficulty be restrained from improper



ARABIAN WARRIOR RETURNING FROM A SUCCESSFUL RAID.

observations on the old man who has put off, until his hair grows gray, the journey to Mecca. The Circassian and the Turk, the Kirghiz, the Afghan, and the Indian, here meet on common ground, to seek a common salvation and experience a common deterioration of morals.

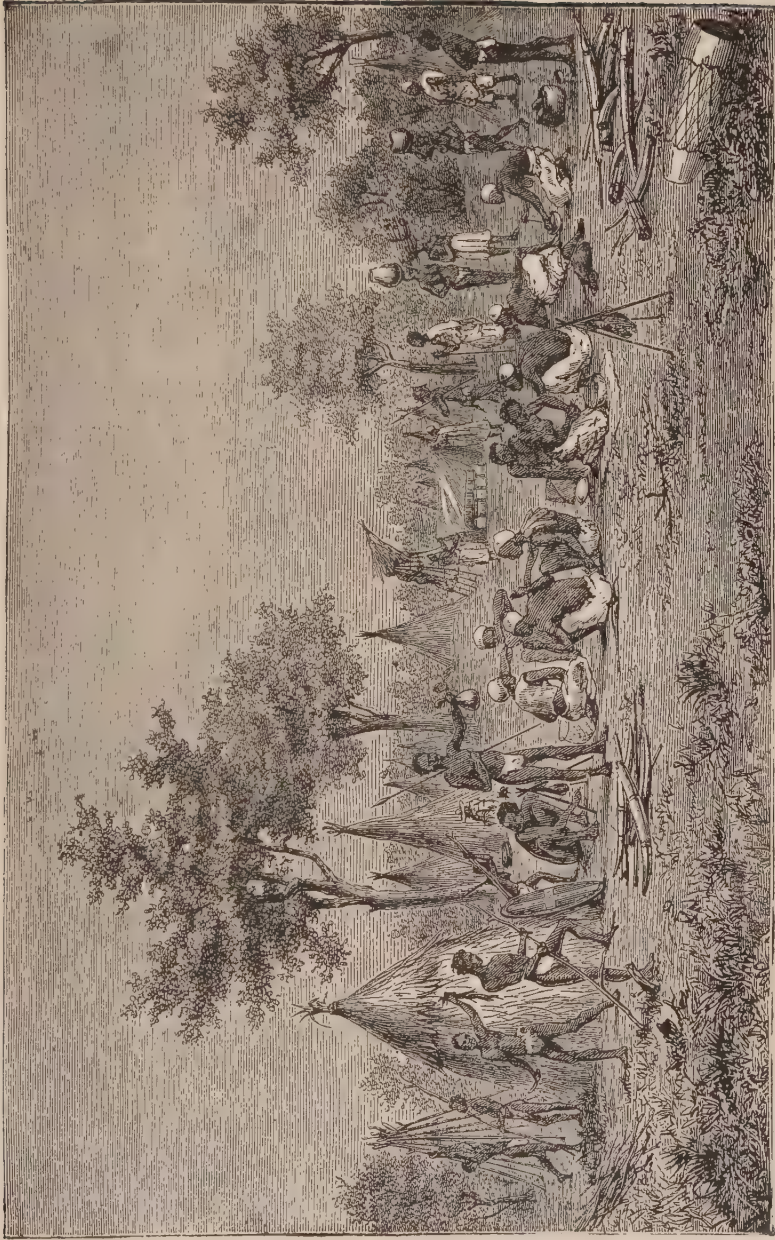
Benares and the other holy cities of the Ganges are noted for their loose views of the relations of man and man. The "holy district" is no exception to the rule of such gregarious religionists, being more pious than virtuous. To "cheat like a pilgrim" is a Persian proverb, and in Central Asia nine-tenths of the current jests hinge on the knavery learned and listened to on the Mecca pilgrimage.

Nor are the morals of the Mecca citizens much better, for the principles of the religion being not always in a direct ratio to the morals of those near to them, the citizens of the holy town bear the reputation of being polished, gay, keen to the point of roguery, and owing to the swarm of visitors and the varied company whom they must accommodate in their dwellings, almost invariably accomplished linguists.

The Famous City of Mecca.

The city stands in a sandy valley, separated from the Eastern desert by a bleak chain of low hills. Its population is nominally about 30,000, but at the season of the pilgrimage this number will swell to 150,000, or even 200,000, out of supplying whose wants the inhabitants grow wealthy. Jiddah, on the coast, is the port through which not only the majority of these pilgrims but all the supplies for them pass. The place is also fanatical in the extreme. The inhabitants rose in the year 1858 and massacred a large number of the Christian inhabitants, an outrage which procured for them the distinction of being visited by a British war-ship, and, after experiencing the effect of long guns, of having to pay smartly for their murderous ebullition of fanaticism.

Coffee is the chief export of Jiddah, and butter, rice, corn, and other stores are imported from Egypt, Abyssinia, and India, and it is feared, in spite of all protest to the contrary, slaves also from the Malay Archipelago and Central Africa. Medina, the city which contains the tombs of Mohammed, his daughter Fatima, and Abubekr and Omar, his immediate successors, lies 140 miles inland, and contains a population of about 20,000, and bears the reputation of being, perhaps, the only town in the East from which dogs are entirely excluded. The city is much more pleasantly situated than Mecca, being surrounded by a belt of gardens watered by a full-flowing stream, though, except during the pilgrim season, when a good deal of trade is combined with a good deal of religion, the commerce of the place is trifling.



CAMP OF AN ARAB IVORY MERCHANT.

So long as infidels conform to the customs of Islam, they run, really, little danger either in Medina or Mecca. Should, however, a Jew or a Christian appear avowedly as such, he would assuredly be killed, as the scandal would then be too great.

The Arab Equipped for Warfare.

The Arab is at home on a horse or a camel ; and one would think he is never quite so happy as when he is engaged in a skirmish, or on what we would call a "cavalry raid." He is the wild man in a part of the world where barbarism is the prevailing form of life. Give him a fleet horse, or a camel, better suited to the sands of the desert than it is possible for a horse to be ; let him be armed with his deadly spear and protecting shield, and he is a dangerous foe to meet. The Arab is reckless and bold. He grows desperate in the face of danger. All his movements are swift ; his eye glares in battle like a ball of fire ; his onslaught is like the rush of the wind ; he grows more fierce in the presence of possible death ; and, seen on his swift camel, rushing across the sandy plain, he is one of the most picturesque figures on which the human eye ever gazed.

Some of the Arabian tribes appear to have no settled abode. They roam about as free as the hot winds that sweep their native desert. Fierce and agile, tough as iron, and restrained by no law or custom found among civilized races, ever ready for daring exploits, and proud of achievements that are characterized by savage ferocity, they are among the most remarkable people in the world, and the most carefully to be evaded. The foreigner is pretty sure to suffer at their hands. They are stealthy and cunning ; not to be trusted even when they pray to their Prophet with the utmost seeming devotion. They are rovers without restraint, lead a life of pillage and plunder, and have no settled habits of industry, honesty, or thrift. "Wild as an Arab," is a saying which has passed into the speech of all other nations.

Vicious Character of the Men of the Desert.

Whether these remarkable characteristics can be accounted for by the barrenness of the country, which almost necessitates a life of adventure and plunder, or by the Mohammedan religion, which sets up no true relations between man and man, or by hereditary qualities, and those traditions which mould character, it is difficult to say ; but the Arab has hitherto resisted the influences of civilization, and has shown a remarkable tenacity of individuality. His hand is against that of every man, and it were quite as hopeful a task to attempt to tame the wild beasts of the jungle, as to try to make anything out of him except a genuine Arab.

The camel was the principal beast of burden used by the Orientals of ancient times, and to-day is their chief dependence in long journeys across their wastes of burning sand. There are two kinds of this animal; one large and strong, with two humps on the back, which is the Bactrian camel, or camel proper, and the Arabian, or one-humped camel. Strictly speaking, there is no difference between the camel and the dromedary, the latter being merely a finer breed of the same species. The Arabs call it the "heirie." The dromedary as it is called, can perform a journey



THE CAMEL POST.

of forty-five miles in one day, travel nine or ten days consecutively, with but an hour's rest per day, and live on one ball of paste per day, and be the carrier of his own and his rider's food.

This great speed they will make only in a level country. Both the camel and the dromedary can carry great burdens, travel long distances, and endure great privations. The camel is commonly used in the East for the conveyance of special messages. The rider is belted on, and the animal is urged to its full speed. The animal is provided with a peculiar saddle when used for riding.

Its hair is valuable as an article of commerce. The Arabs and the Persians weave it into carpets, tent coverings, shawls and other materials. It is also made into brushes, and the French manufacture hats of it. The camel which was in common use among the Jews was the Arabian or one-humped camel. The animal is constantly mentioned in the Bible, and we can readily give credence to the immense numbers that are spoken of as the property either of tribes or individuals. The three thousand camels of Job may be illustrated to the very letter by a passage in Aristotle. "Now some men in upper Asia possess as many as three thousand camels."

In the antique sculptures camels are often represented with bells. Collars and bands of dyed wool, adorned with tassels and embroidered with shells and beads, often hang about the neck and head of favorite animals, while a showy ornament, with a looking-glass for a centre-piece, covers the entire forehead. They are also decked with long strings of little brass bells suspended from the saddle, or fastened to the head, legs, and even the tail. This is their holiday attire, and thus are they represented on the slabs of the palaces of Nineveh, when brought as articles of tribute to the Assyrian kings. The favorite camels of Zebah and Zalmunad, kings of Midian, who were slain by the hand of Gideon, were ornamented in a similar but much more costly manner.

Method of Carrying Water.

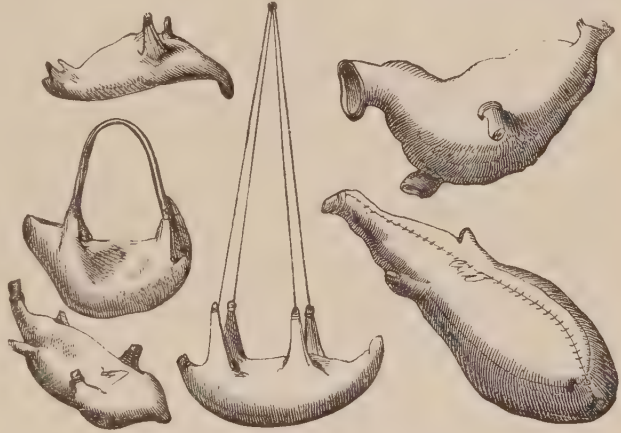
In the long journeys across the sandy plains of Western Asia, it becomes necessary to have some means of conveying water. The Arabs make use of bottles of various materials, such as metal, earthen, and glass-ware, but commonly they keep their water, milk and other liquors in leathern bottles. These are made of goat-skins. When the animal is killed they cut off its feet and its head, and then draw it in this manner out of the skin, without opening its belly. The great leathern bottles are made of the skin of a he-goat, and the small ones, that serve instead of a bottle of water on the road, are made of a kid's skin. The effect of external heat upon a bottle is an expansion produced by fermentation. Yet in the hot countries of the East, where liquors have to be transported long distances, it is difficult to imagine what better method of conveyance could be devised than that of the skin bottle. It is durable and handy; it can be made even air-tight, and, unlike earthenware, it never breaks.

Burning Heat.

European power has obtained a foothold in that part of Arabia called Aden. Aden consists mainly of a fortified town on the south coast, 118 miles from the entrance to the Red Sea. The colony yields absolutely

nothing, for the barrenness and nakedness of the soil admit of no qualification: even the water drunk has to be caught in tanks during the occasional rains. But, owing to its position between Asia and Africa, it is almost as important in its way as is Gibraltar from a military point of view. A few miles inland the country is fresher, and in the green valleys there are gardens refreshed by running streams, which supply vegetables and flowers for the garrison. Aden, it cannot be denied, is hot, though the numerous improvements effected of late years have rendered this all but impregnable fortress, much more agreeable as a place of residence than it once was.

The landing-place is about four miles from the town proper, and the road hither is marked by many truly Oriental features. Long droves of camels, laden with coffee and spices for exportation or with goods for the warehouses, donkeys similarly burdened, and escorted by wild Bedoweens, are met with at every step, while once in Aden itself, the shops, filled with lion, leopard, and hyena skins, and with feathers of the ostrich and other Asiatic and African birds, give a distinct local coloring to the



ARABIAN LEATHER BOTTLES.

place, with its water-tanks hewn out of the solid rock, and its underground tunnels intended to facilitate the passage of friends and bar the entrance of foes.

The Peninsula of Sinai deserves a word, owing to the many sacred associations which cluster around it. It is a mere collection of naked rocks and craggy precipices, intersected by low narrow defiles and sandy valleys, in which tamarisk bushes, dwarf acacias and thorny shrubs are almost the only vegetation. In a few favored spots may be seen a cluster of date palms, and after the spring rains a few blades of grass make their appearance, only to wither under the scorching heat of summer.

Running streams there are none, unless a rivulet or two formed by the rains, and which dry up in the course of the next three months, are to be



SPECIMENS OF THE FINEST HORSES IN THE WORLD.

considered in this light, but under the shelter of some rock there is an occasional standing pool of stagnant water, or a well filled with water of as brackish a character as that in the rest of the desert. In the centre of this desert rises a mountain group capped with snow every year, and one point of which is generally believed to be the Biblical Sinai.

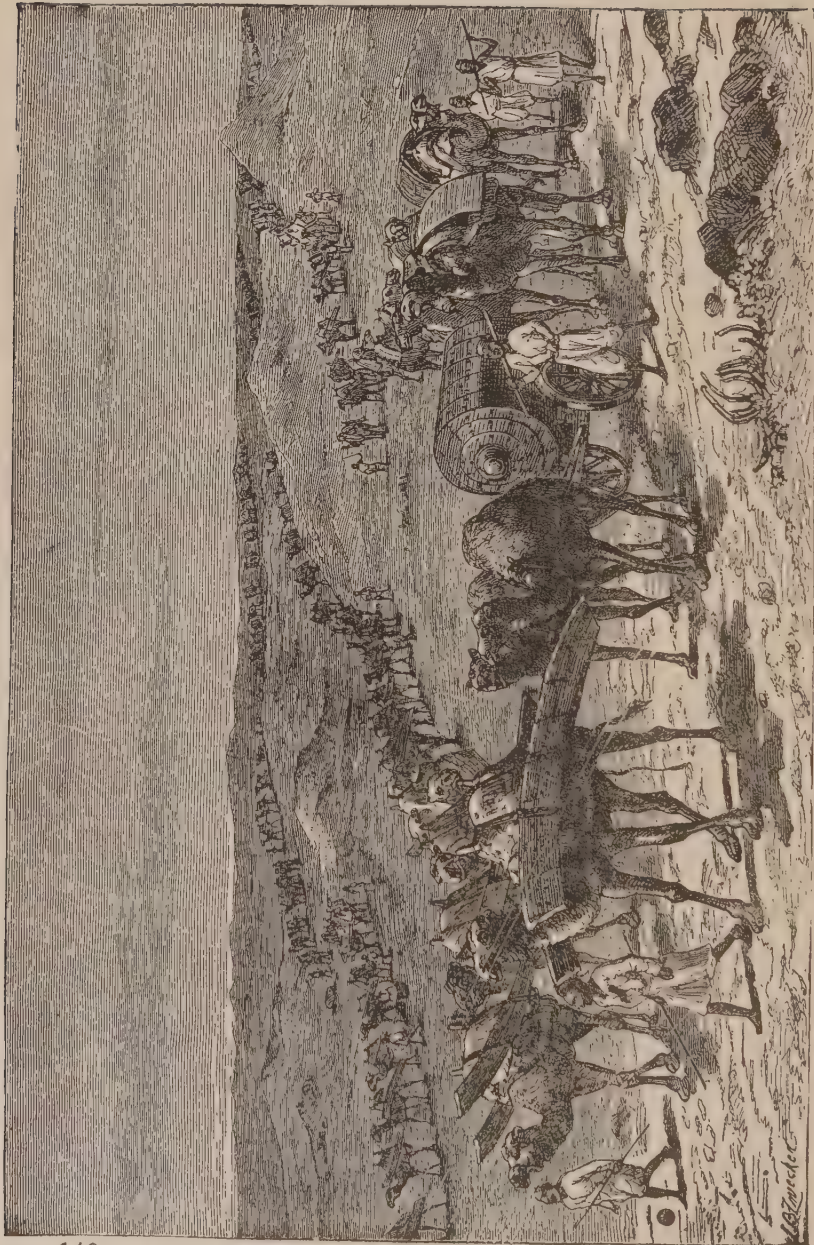
Magnificent Arabian Horses.

It is not a little singular that in a country affording so little pasture land, and apparently destitute of nearly all means for supporting animal life, the finest breed of horses in the world should be found. There seems to be almost a relationship between the Arab and his steed. Our American admiration for blooded stock, our prevalent craze over fine trotters and splendid roadsters, is quite tame compared with the fondness of the Arab for his fleet, graceful charger. The animal is taken, as it were, into the family. He is petted, trained, fondled and cared for as if he were a child.

Formerly many horses lived in a wild state in the deserts which cover so much of the soil of the country, and were caught, not by the chase—for that was impossible—but by entangling them in concealed pits; after which they were reduced to subjugation by hunger and fatigue. But, in consequence of the great demand for Arabian horses, they are now rarely seen in a wild state.

The horse is involved in the most ancient superstitions of the people of Arabia. They believe him to be endowed with a nature superior, not in degree only, but in kind, to that of other animals, and to have been framed by the Almighty with a special regard to the convenience of man, and the setting forth of his person. It is one of their old proverbs, that, after man, the most eminent creature is the horse; the best employment is that of rearing it; the most delightful posture is that of sitting on its back; and the most meritorious of domestic actions is that of feeding it. Mahomet himself did not disdain to inculcate a lesson of kindness towards the horse. "As many grains of barley," said he, "as are contained in the food we give to a horse, so many indulgences do we daily gain by giving it." The belief is widely spread that the best breeds are descended from five favorite mares of the prophet, on which he and his friends fled from Mecca to Medina.

Almost every man in Arabia has his horse, not for burden, but for his own pleasure and convenience. His only dwelling is his tent, and there the animal resides like a member of the family. During the day it is generally kept saddled at the door, ready to start on any excursion which its master may desire to take. It is provided with shoes of soft, flexible



THE CAMEL TRANSPORT OF STEAMERS AND MACHINERY.

iron, hammered cold, and very small, that the swiftness may not be impeded. The saddle is of wood, covered with Spanish leather, and the stirrups are short, so as to admit of the rider occasionally standing, considerably removed above the horse's back. The Arab uses no stimulant. A slight pressure will make the animal fly like the wind; and if, in the midst of his career, the rider should fall off, the horse will stop till he is re-mounted. By night the horse sleeps amidst the family, whom it takes care never to hurt, and who caress it as they would a favorite among themselves. Kept from food by day, it is regaled at night with a nose-bag full of barley, which is removed in the morning.

Treatment of Colts.

When an animal of this race is born, the owner carefully receives it in his arms, and so cherishes it for several hours, washing and stretching its tender limbs, and caressing it as he would a baby. In time, he places it on its legs, and, from its first movements, prognosticates its future excellences or defects. He ties the ears together over its head, that they may assume an upward-pointed direction, and presses the tail outwards, that it may be carried high. At the end of a month the colt is weaned, and for the space of a hundred days thereafter it is allowed no food but camel's milk. Gradually, and with great care, it is accustomed to eat wheat and barley. Some, however, feed them on a paste composed of dates; others, for the sake of encouraging spirit, give raw flesh.

A traveler says, "I have many a time had the pleasure to see an Arab cry with tenderness, while he was kissing and caressing his mare; he would embrace her, wipe her eyes with his handkerchief, and rub her with his shirt-sleeves, and give her a thousand blessings during whole hours that he would be talking to her. 'My eyes!' would he say to her, 'my soul! my heart! Must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not be able to keep thee myself? I am poor, my gazelle. You know well enough, my sweet, that I have brought thee up like my child. I never beat thee, never chide thee; but did cherish thee as the apple of mine eye. God preserve thee, my dearest! Thou art beautiful! thou art sweet! thou art lovely! God defend thee from the evil eye!' And so he would go on saying a thousand things like these. He then embraced her, kissed her eyes, and went backwards, bidding her the most tender adieus."

Money no Temptation for a Favorite Horse.

When a Persian envoy was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay mare, of extraordinary shape and beauty, before his tent, until he attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her, "What

will you give me?" was the reply. "That depends upon her age; I suppose she is past five?" "Guess again," said he. "Four?" "Look at her mouth," said the Arab, with a smile. On examination, she was found to be rising three. This, from her size and symmetry, greatly enhanced her value. The envoy said, "I will give you two hundred and fifty dollars." "A little more, if you please," said the fellow, apparently entertained." "Five hundred." He shook his head and smiled. The offer at last came to a thousand dollars. "Well," said the Arab "you need not tempt me further; it is of no use. You are a rich nobleman. You have fine horses, camels, and mules, and, I am told, you have loads of silver and gold. Now," added he, "you want my mare; but you shall not have her, for all you have got."

How an Elopement Turned Out.

An Arab sheik, or chief, who lived not far from Bussorah, had a favorite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not for a long time discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time after, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the sheik, obtained the lady's consent, and eloped with her. The sheik and his followers pursued, but the lover and his mistress, mounted on one horse, made a wonderful flight and escape. The old chief now swore that the fellow was either mounted on the devil or the favorite mare he had lost. After his return, he found the latter was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as his daughter; and that he stole the one to carry off the other. And what was the result? Great was the gratification of the chief to think that he had not been beaten by the mare of another breed; and he was easily reconciled to the lover, in order that he might recover his mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitous than about his daughter.

It is said that every Bedouin has some secret sign to which he accustoms his horse, and by which he intimates when he wishes the animal to put forth its utmost speed. The following is an anecdote illustrative of this fact, and also of the extreme regard cherished for these noble animals:—Giabal possessed a very excellent mare.—Hassad Pacha, vizier of Damascus, endeavored to obtain it, but in vain. He employed threats, but with no success. At length, another Bedouin, Giafar, came to the pacha, and asked him what he would give him if he brought to him Giabal's mare. "I will fill thy barley-sack with gold," was the reply.

It was the practice of Giabal to fasten his mare at night by the foot with an iron ring, the chain of which passed into his tent, being held by a

picket fixed in the ground, under the very felt which served him and his wife for a bed. At midnight, therefore, Giafar crept into the tent on all-fours, and insinuating himself between Giabal and his wife, pushed gently first the one and then the other. The husband thought his wife was pushing, she thought the same of her husband, so each made more room. Giafar then, with a knife, made a slit in the felt, took out the picket, untied the mare, mounted her, and, grasping Giabal's lance, pricked him lightly with it, crying out, "It is I, Giafar, who have taken thy noble mare; awake, Giabal!" and off he went. Giabal darted from his tent, called his friends, mounted his brother's mare, and pursued the thief. Giabal's brother's mare was of the same blood as his own horse, but not so good. Outstripping all the other horsemen, he was on the point of overtaking Giafar, when he cried out, "Pinch her right ear, and give her the stirrup!" Giafar did so, and, flying like lightning, was soon out of reach. The Bedouins reproached Giabal, as having thus caused the loss of his mare. "I would rather," he said, "lose her, than injure her reputation. Would you have it said in our tribe that any other mare outran mine? I have the satisfaction of knowing no other horse could overtake her—no, none!"



CHAPTER VI.

TOUR IN THE WILDS OF ABYSSINIA.

Heroism of Modern Explorers—Sir Samuel Baker Crossing the Desert—Vast Stretches of Yellow Sand—Traveling Through a Furnace—Hot Winds—Dismal Solitudes—Story of a Lost Regiment—Deceptive Mirage—Bleaching Bones—Beautiful Garden—Camp Visited by Ladies—A Pretty Slave—Desert Whirlwinds—Terrific Sand-Storms—Shocking Suffering—First Hippopotamus—Arab Killed—Daring Feat of a Fish-Eagle—Ball Cracking Through a Hippo's Skull—Waltzing Around with Huge Jaws Wide Open—Natives Crazy with Excitement—Hippopotamus Steaks—Bloody Quarrel—Fishing in the Atbara—Hooking a Strange Monster—Green Turtles—Sudden Freshet—Floating Camels Over the River—Crocodiles—Trying to Catch a Crocodile by the Tail—Odor of Musk—Lions and Buffalo—Curious Shot—Exciting Chase after Lions—Frightened Arabs—Adventure with a Lioness—Pathetic Sight—Pelting a Prowler with Firebrands—Sudden Encounter with the Forest King—Majestic Fury—End of the Expedition.



THE enterprise and energy of modern explorers are well illustrated by the remarkable discoveries which have been made in that interesting part of Africa which goes by the name of Abyssinia. Sir S. W. Baker especially has made this region a study, and has given us a graphic account of his explorations. Following the line of his spirited story, the reader becomes himself a discoverer, as well as a participant in many exciting adventures.

Starting from Korosko, says Baker, the first part of our route lay across the Nubian desert.

Throughout this barren desert there is no water except at the half-way station, Moorahd (from *moorra*, bitter); this, although salt and bitter, is relished by camels. During the hot season in which we unfortunately traveled, the heat was intense, the thermometer ranging from 106° to 114° in the shade. The parching blast of the simoon was of such exhausting power, that the water rapidly evaporated from the closed waterskins. It was, therefore, necessary to save the supply by a forced march of seven days, in which period we were to accomplish the distance, and to reach Abou Hammed, on the southern bend of the welcome Nile.

During the cool months, from November until February, the desert journey is not disagreeable; but the vast area of glowing sand exposed to the scorching sun of summer, in addition to the withering breath of

the siroon, renders the forced march of 230 miles in seven days, at two-and-a-half miles per hour, the most fatiguing journey that can be endured.

Farewell to the Nile! We turned our backs upon the life-giving river, and our caravan commenced the silent desert march.

Journeying Over the Hot Desert.

A few hours from Korosko the misery of the scene surpassed description. Glowing like a furnace, the vast extent of yellow sand stretched to the horizon. Rows of broken hills, all of volcanic origin, broke the flat plain. Conical peaks of volcanic slag here and there rose to the height of several hundred feet, and in the far distance resembled the pyramids of Lower Egypt—doubtless they were the models for that ancient and everlasting architecture; and the moulten air quivered on the overheated surface of the fearful desert. The thermometer stood 114° in the shade under the water-skins; 137° in the sun. Noiselessly the spongy tread of the camels crept along the sand—the only sound was the rattle of some loosely secured baggage of their packs. The Arab camel drivers followed silently at intervals, and hour by hour we struck deeper into the solitude of the Nubian desert.

We entered a dead level plain of orange-colored sand, surrounded by hills; the surface was strewn with objects resembling cannon shot and grape of all sizes, the spot looked like the old battle-field of some infernal region; rocks glowing with heat—not a vestige of vegetation—barren, withering desolation. The slow rocking step of the camels was most irksome, and despite the heat, I dismounted to examine the Satanic bombs and cannon shot. Many of them were as perfectly round as though cast in a mould; others were egg-shaped and all were hollow. With some difficulty I broke them, and found them to contain a bright red sand; they were, in fact, volcanic bombs that had been formed by the ejection of molten lava to a great height from active volcanoes; these had become globular in falling, and having cooled before they reached the earth, they retained their forms as hard, spherical bodies, precisely resembling cannon shot. The exterior was brown, and appeared to be rich in iron.

The smaller specimens were the more perfect spheres, as they had cooled quickly, but many of the heavier masses had evidently reached the earth when only half solidified, and had collapsed upon falling. The sandy plain was covered with such vestiges of volcanic action, and the infernal bombs lay as imperishable relics of a hail-storm such as may have destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah.

Passing through this wretched solitude we entered upon a scene of surpassing desolation. Far as the eye could reach were waves like a stormy sea, grey cold-looking waves in the burning heat; but no drop of water. It appeared as though a sudden curse had turned a raging sea to stone. The simoom blew over this horrible wilderness, and drifted the hot sand into the crevices of the rocks, and the camels drooped their heads before the suffocating wind; but still the caravan noiselessly crept along over the rocky undulations, until the stormy sea was passed; once more we were upon a boundless plain of sand and pebbles.

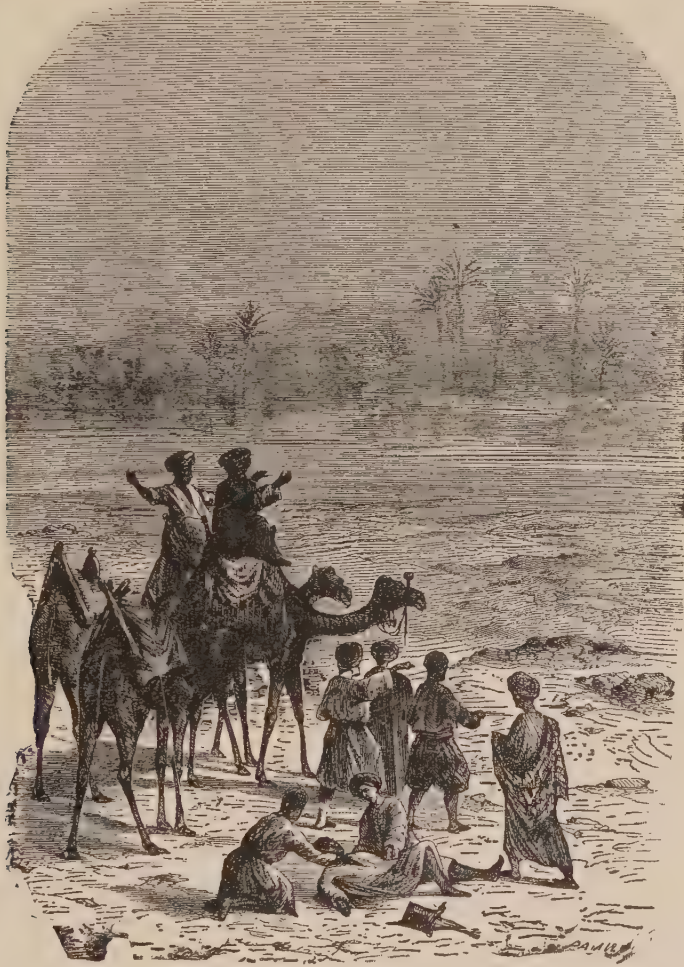
The Perished Regiment.

Many years ago, when the Egyptian troops first conquered Nubia, a regiment was destroyed by thirst in crossing this desert. The men, being upon a limited allowance of water, suffered from extreme thirst, and deceived by the appearance of a mirage that exactly resembled a beautiful lake, they insisted on being taken to its banks by the Arab guide. It was in vain that the guide assured them that the lake was unreal, and he refused to lose the precious time by wandering from his course. Words led to blows, and he was killed by the soldiers whose lives depended upon his guidance. The whole regiment turned from the track and rushed towards the welcome waters. Thirsty and faint over the burning sands they hurried—heavier and heavier their footsteps became—hotter and hotter their breath, as deeper they pushed into the desert—farther and farther from the lost track where the pilot lay in his blood; and still the mocking spirits of the desert, the images of the mirage, led them on, and the lake, glistening in the sunshine, tempted them to bathe in its cool waters, close to their eyes but never at their lips. At length the delusion vanished—the fatal lake had turned to burning sand! Raging thirst and horrible despair! the pathless desert and the murdered guide! lost! lost! all lost! Not a man ever left the desert, but they were subsequently discovered, parched and withered corpses, by the Arabs sent upon the search.

Skeletons by the Wayside.

Throughout the route from Korosko the skeletons of camels number about eight per mile, with the exception of the last march on either side of the watering-place Moorâhd, on which there are double that number, as the animals have become exhausted as they approach the well. In the steep pass through the hills, where the heat is intense and the sand deep, the mortality is dreadful; in some places I counted six and eight in a heap; and this difficult portion of the route is a mass of bones, as every weak animal gives in at the trying place.

So dreadful a desert is this between Korosko and Abou Hammed that Said Pasha ordered the route to be closed; but it was reopened upon the application of foreign consuls, as the most direct road to the Soudan. Our Bishareen Arabs were first-rate walkers, as they performed the entire journey on foot. Their water and provisions were all



REMARKABLE MIRAGE SEEN IN THE TROPICS.

exhausted one day, but fortunately I had guarded the key of my two water-casks; thus I had a supply when every water-skin was empty, and on the last day I divided my sacred stock amongst the men, and the still more thirsty camels. In the hot months, a camel cannot march

longer than three days without drinking, unless at the cost of great suffering.

Our journey occupied ninety-two hours of actual marching across the desert, and gives 230 miles as the distance from Korosko to Abou Hammed, at the loaded-camel rate of two and a half miles per hour. The average duration of daily march was upwards of thirteen hours, including a day's halt at Moorâhd.

Garden of Lemon Trees and Date Groves.

Another march of 375 miles, occupying fifteen days, over the monotonous Nubian desert, brought us to Berber. Berber is a large town, and in appearance is similar to the Nile towns of Lower Egypt, consisting of the usual dusty, unpaved streets, and flat-roofed houses of sun-baked bricks. It is the seat of a Governor or Mudir, and is generally the quarters for about 1500 troops. We were very kindly received by Halleem Effendi, the ex-Governor, who at once gave us permission to pitch the tents in his garden, close to the Nile, on the southern outskirt of the town. After fifteen days of desert marching, the sight of a well-cultivated garden was an Eden in our eyes. About eight acres of land, on the margin of the river, were thickly planted with lofty date groves, and shaded citron and lemon trees, beneath which we reveled in luxury on our Persian rugs, and enjoyed complete rest after the fatigue of our long journey.

Countless birds were chirping and singing in the trees above us; innumerable ring-doves were cooing in the shady palms; and the sudden change from the deadly sterility of the desert to the scene of verdure and of life produced an extraordinary effect upon the spirits. What caused this curious transition? Why should this charming oasis, teeming with vegetation and with life, be found in the yellow, sandy desert? Water had worked this change; the spirit of the Nile, more potent than any genii of the Arabian fables, had transformed the desert into a fruitful garden. Halleem Effendi, the former governor, had, many years ago, planted this garden, irrigated by numerous water-wheels; and we now enjoyed the fruits, and thanked Heaven for its greatest blessings in that burning land, shade and cool water.

The garden of Halleem Effendi was attended by a number of fine, powerful slaves from the White Nile, whose stout frames and glossy skins were undeniable witness of their master's care. A charmingly pretty slave girl paid us daily visits, with presents of fruit from her kind master and numerous mistresses, who, with the usual Turkish compliments as a preliminary message, requested permission to visit the lady of our party.

In the cool hour of evening a bevy of ladies approached through the dark groves of citron trees, so gaily dressed in silks of the brightest dyes of yellow, blue and scarlet, that no bouquet of flowers could have been more gaudy. They were attended by numerous slaves, and the head servant politely requested me to withdraw during the interview. Some of these ladies were very young and pretty, and of course exercised a certain influence over their husbands; thus, on the following morning we were inundated with visitors, as the male members of the family came to thank us for the manner in which their ladies had been received; and fruit, flowers, and the general produce of the garden were presented us in profusion. However pleasant, there were drawbacks to our Garden of Eden; there was dust in our Paradise—sudden clouds raised by whirlwinds in the desert, which fairly choked the ears and nostrils when thus attacked. June is the season when these phenomena are most prevalent. At that time the rains have commenced in the south, and are extending to-



SINGULAR MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

ward the north; the cold and heavier air of the southern rain-clouds sweeps down upon the overheated atmosphere of the desert, and produces sudden, violent squalls and whirlwinds when least expected, as at that time the sky is cloudless.

The effect of these desert whirlwinds is most curious, as their force is sufficient to raise dense columns of sand and dust several thousand feet high; these are not the evanescent creations of a changing wind, but they frequently exist for many hours, and travel forward, or more usually in circles, resembling in the distance solid pillars of sand. The Arab superstition invests these appearances with the supernatural, and the mysterious sand-column of the desert, wandering in its burning solitude, is an evil spirit, a "gin," ("genii" plural, of the Arabian Nights). I have frequently



PILLARS OF DESERT SAND LIFTED SKYWARD BY A CYCLONE.

seen many such columns at the same time in the boundless desert, all traveling or waltzing in various directions at the wilful choice of each whirlwind: this vagrancy of character is an undoubted proof to the Arab mind of their independent and diabolical origin.

Buried Deep in Dust.

The Abyssinian traveler, Bruce, appears to have entertained a peculiar dread of the dangers of such sand columns, but on this point his fear was exaggerated. Cases may have occurred where caravans have been suffocated by whirlwinds of sand, but these are rare exceptions, and the usual effects of the dust storm are the unroofing of thatched huts, the destruction of a few date palms, and the disagreeable amount of sand that not only half chokes both man and beast, but buries all objects that may be lying on the ground some inches deep in dust.

The wind at this season (June) was changeable, and strong blasts from the south were the harbingers of the approaching rainy season. I discharged my dirty cook, and engaged a man who was brought by a coffee-house keeper, by whom he was highly recommended; but, as a precaution against deception, I led him before the Mudir or Governor, to be registered before our departure. To my astonishment, and to his infinite disgust, he was immediately recognized as an old offender, who had formerly been imprisoned for theft. The Governor, to prove his friendship, and his interest in my welfare, immediately sent the police to capture the coffee-house keeper who had recommended the cook. No sooner was the unlucky surety brought to the Divan, than he was condemned to receive 200 lashes for having given a false character. The sentence was literally carried out in spite of my remonstrance, and the police were ordered to make the case public to prevent a recurrence. The Governor assured me that as I held a firman from the Viceroy he could not do otherwise, and that I must believe him to be my truest friend. "Save me from my friends," was an adage quickly proved. I could not procure a cook, neither any other attendants, as every one was afraid to guarantee a character, lest he might come in for his share of the 200 lashes!

On the March Again.

We halted, after some days' journey, at a spot named Collodabad, where an angle of the river had left a deep pool of about a mile in length; this was the largest sheet of water we had seen throughout the course of the Atbara, which is one of the tributaries of the Nile. A number of Arabs had congregated at this spot with their flocks and herds; the total absence of verdure had reduced the animals to extreme leanness, as the goats gathered their scanty sustenance from the seed-pods of the

mimosas, which were shaken down to the expectant flocks by the Arab boys, with long hooked poles. These seeds were extremely oily, and resembled linseed, but the rank flavor was disagreeable and acrid.

This spot was seven days' march from the Nile junction, or about 160 miles. The journey had been extremely monotonous, as there had been no change in the scenery; it was the interminable desert, with the solitary streak of vegetation in the belt of mimosas and dome palms, about a mile and a half in width, that marked the course of the river. I had daily shot gazelles, geese, pigeons, desert grouse, etc., but no larger game. I was informed that at this spot, Collodabad, I should be introduced for the first time to the hippopotamus.

Frightful Suffering in the Desert.

Owing to the total absence of nourishing food, the cattle produced a scanty supply of milk; thus the Arabs, who depended chiefly upon their flocks for their subsistence, were in great distress, and men and beasts mutually suffered extreme hardship. The Arabs that occupy the desert north of the Atbara are the Bishareens; it was among a large concourse of these people that we pitched our tents, on the banks of the river at Collodabad. This being the principal watering-place along the deserted bed of the Atbara, the neighborhood literally swarmed with doves, sand-grouse and other birds, in addition to many geese and pelicans.

Early in the morning I procured an Arab guide to search for the reported hippopotami. My tents were among a grove of dome palms on the margin of the river; thus I had a clear view of the bed for a distance of about half a mile on either side. This portion of the Atbara was about 500 yards in width, the banks were about thirty feet perpendicular depth; and the bend of the river had caused the formation of the deep hollow on the opposite side, which now formed the pool, while every other part was dry. This pool occupied about one-third the breadth of the river, bounded by the sand upon one side, and by a perpendicular cliff upon the other, upon which grew a fringe of green bushes similar to willows. These were the only succulent leaves that I had seen since I left Berber

Arab Killed by One Crunch of a Hippopotamus.

We descended the steep, sandy bank, in a spot that the Arabs had broken down to reach the water, and, after trudging across about 400 yards of deep sand, we reached the extreme and narrowest end of the pool; here for the first time I saw the peculiar four-toed print of the hippopotamus' foot. A bed of melons had been planted here by the Arabs, in the moist sand near the water, but the fruit had been entirely robbed by the hippopotami. A melon is exactly adapted for the mouth of this

animal, as he could crunch the largest at one squeeze, and revel in the juice. Not contented with the simple fruits of the garden, a large bull

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



hippopotamus had recently killed the proprietor. The Arab wished to drive it from his plantation, but was immediately attacked by the hippo

that caught him in its mouth and killed him by one crunch. This little incident had rendered the hippo exceedingly daring, and it had upon several occasions charged out of the water, when the people had driven their goats to drink; therefore it would be the more satisfactory to obtain a shot, and to supply the hungry Arabs with meat at the expense of their enemy.

At this early hour, 6 A. M., no one had descended to the pool, thus all the tracks upon the margin were fresh and undisturbed; there were the huge marks of crocodiles that had recently returned to the water, while many of great size were still lying upon the sand in the distance; these slowly crept into the pool as we approached. The Arabs had dug small holes in the sand within a few yards of the water; these were the artificial drinking places for their goats and sheep, that would have been snapped up by the crocodiles had they ventured to drink in the pool of crowded monsters. I walked for about a mile and a half along the sand without seeing a sign of hippopotami, except their numerous tracks upon the margin. There was no wind, and the surface of the water was unruffled; thus I could see every creature that rose in the pool either to breathe or to bask in the morning sunshine. The number and size of the fish, turtles and crocodiles were extraordinary; many beautiful gazelles approached from all sides for their morning draught; wild geese, generally in pairs, disturbed the wary crocodiles by their cry of alarm as we drew near, and the desert grouse, in flocks of many thousands, had gathered together, and were circling in a rapid flight above the water, wishing, but afraid, to descend and drink.

Daring Feat of the Fish-Eagle.

Having a shot-gun with me, I fired and killed six at one discharge, but one of the wounded birds having fallen into the water at a distance of about 120 yards, it was immediately seized by a white-throated fish-eagle, which, perched upon a tree, swooped down upon the bird, utterly disregarding the report of the gun. The Bishareen Arabs have no fire-arms, thus the sound of a gun was unknown to the game of the desert.

I had killed several wild geese for breakfast in the absence of the hippopotami, when I suddenly heard the peculiar loud snorting neigh of these animals in my rear; we had passed them unperceived, as they had been beneath the surface. After a quick walk of about half a mile, during which time the cry of the hippos had been several times repeated, I observed six of these curious animals standing in the water about shoulder deep. There was no cover, therefore I could only advance upon the sand without a chance of stalking them; this caused them to



RAVENOUS FISH-EAGLE AND BROOD.

retreat to deeper water, but upon my arrival within about eighty yards they raised their heads well up and snorted an impudent challenge. Taking a steady aim at the temple of one that appeared to be the largest, the ball cracked loudly upon the skull. Never had there been such a commotion in the pool as now.

Frantic Struggles of the Wounded Beast.

At the report of the rifle, five heads sank and disappeared like stones, but the sixth hippo leaped half out of the water, and, falling backwards, commenced a series of violent struggles; now upon its back; then upon one side, with all four legs frantically paddling, and raising a cloud of spray and foam; then waltzing round and round with its huge jaws wide open, raising a swell in the hitherto calm surface of the water. A quick shot produced no effect, as the movements of the animal were too rapid to allow a steady aim at the forehead; accordingly, running knee-deep into the water to obtain a close shot, I fired exactly between the eyes, near the crown of the head. At this report the hippo disappeared; the tiny waves raised by the commotion broke upon the sand, but the game was gone.

This being my first encounter with a hippo, I was not certain whether I could claim the victory; he was gone, but where? However, while I was speculating upon the case I heard a tremendous rush of water, and I saw five hippopotami tearing along in full trot through a portion of the river that was not deep enough to cover them above the shoulder; this was the affair of about half a minute, as they quickly reached deep water, and disappeared at about a hundred and fifty yards distance.

The fact of five hippos in retreat, after I had counted six in the onset, was conclusive that my waltzing friend was either dead or disabled; I accordingly lost no time in following the direction of the herd. Hardly had I arrived at the spot where they had disappeared, when first one and then another head popped up and again sank, until one more hardy than the rest ventured to appear within fifty yards, and to bellow as before. A ball crashed through his head, and again the waltzing and struggling commenced like the paddling of a steamer; this time, however, the stunned hippo, in its convulsive efforts, came so close to the shore that I killed it directly in shallow water. I concluded from this result that my first hippo must also be lying dead in deep water.

Natives Excited Over the Capture.

The Arabs, having heard the shots fired, had begun to gather towards the spot, and upon my men shouting that a hippo was killed, crowds came running to the place with their knives and ropes, while others

returned to their encampment to fetch camels and mat-bags to convey



DESPERATE CONTEST OVER A CAPTURED HIPPOPOTAMUS.

the flesh. In half an hour at least three hundred Arabs were on the spot; the hippo had been hauled to shore by ropes, and, by the united

efforts of the crowd, the heavy carcass had been rolled to the edge of the water. Here the attack commenced; no pack of hungry hyenas could have been more savage. I gave them permission to take the flesh, and in an instant a hundred knives were at work; they fought over the spoil like wolves. No sooner was the carcass flayed than the struggle commenced for the meat. The people were a mass of blood, as some stood thigh-deep in the reeking intestines wrestling for the fat, while many hacked at each other's hands for coveted portions that were striven for as delicacies. I left the savage crowd in their ferocious enjoyment of flesh and blood, and returned to camp for breakfast, my Turk, Hadji Achmet, carrying some hippopotamus steaks.

That morning we breakfasted upon our first hippo, an animal that was destined to be our general food throughout our journey among the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile. After breakfast we strolled down to the river to search for the hippopotamus No. 1. This we at once found dead, as it had risen to the surface, and was floating like the back of a turtle a few inches above the water. The Arabs had been so intent upon the division of their spoil that they had not observed their new prize; accordingly, upon the signal being given, a general rush took place, and in half an hour a similar scene was enacted to that of hippo No. 2.

Great Delight in the Arab Camp.

The entire Arab camp was in commotion and full of joy at this unlooked-for arrival of flesh. Camels laden with meat and hide toiled along the sandy bed of the river; the women raised their long and shrill cry of delight; and we were looked upon as general benefactors for having brought them a supply of good food in this season of distress.

In the afternoon I arranged my tackle, and strolled down to the river to fish. There was a difficulty in procuring bait; a worm was never heard of in the burning deserts of Nubia, neither had I a net to catch small fish; I was, therefore, obliged to bait with pieces of hippopotamus. Fishing in such a pool as that of the Atbara was sufficiently exciting, as it was impossible to speculate upon what creature might accept the invitation; but the Arabs who accompanied me, were particular in guarding me against the position I had taken under a willow-bush, close to the water, as they explained that most probably a crocodile would take me instead of the bait; they declared that accidents had frequently happened when people had sat upon the bank, either to drink with their hands, or even while watching their goats.

I accordingly fished a few feet distant from the margin, and presently landed a species of perch of about two pounds weight: this was the

"boulti," one of the best Nile fish mentioned by the traveler Bruce. In a short time I had caught a considerable dish of fish, but hitherto no monster had paid me the slightest attention; accordingly I changed my bait, and upon a powerful hook, fitted upon treble-twisted wire, I fastened an enticing strip of a boulti. The bait was about four ounces, and glistened like silver; the water was tolerably clear, but not too bright, and with such an attraction I expected something heavy.

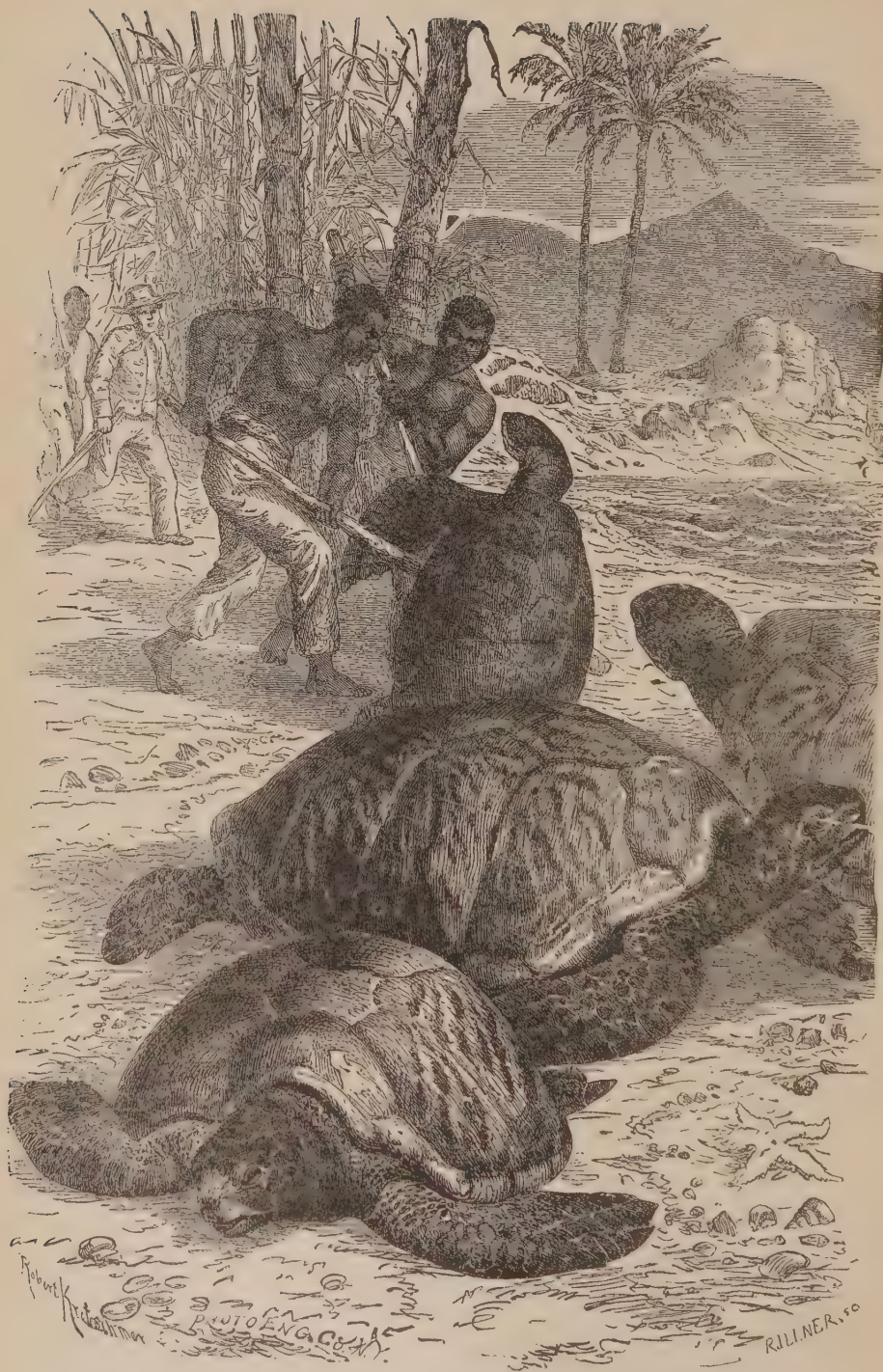
Away Went the Line and Reel.

My float was a large-sized pike-float for live bait, and this civilized sign had been only a few minutes in the wild waters of the Atbara, when, bob! and away it went! I had a very large reel, with nearly three hundred yards of line that had been specially made for monsters; down went the top of my rod, as though a grindstone was suspended on it, and, as I recovered its position, away went the line, and the reel revolved, not with the sudden dash of a spirited fish, but with the steady, determined pull of a trotting horse. What on earth had I got hold of? In a few minutes about a hundred yards of line were out, and as the creature was steadily, but slowly, traveling down the centre of the channel, I determined to cry "halt!" if possible, as my tackle was extremely strong, and my rod a single bamboo.

Accordingly, I put on a powerful strain, which was replied to by: sullen tug, a shake, and again my rod was pulled suddenly down to the water's edge. At length, after the roughest handling, I began to reel in slack line, as my unknown friend had doubled in upon me, and upon once more putting severe pressure upon him or her, as it might be, I perceived a great swirl in the water about twenty yards from the rod. The tackle would bear anything, and I strained so heavily upon my adversary that I soon reduced our distance; but the water was exceedingly deep, the bank precipitous, and he was still invisible. At length, after much tugging and counter-tugging, he began to show; eagerly I gazed into the water to examine my new acquaintance, when I made out something below, in shape between a coach-wheel and a sponging-bath; in a few more moments I brought to the surface an enormous turtle, well hooked

An Unexpected Catch.

I felt like the old lady who won an elephant in a lottery; that I had him was certain, but what was I to do with my prize? It was at the least a hundred pounds' weight, and the bank was steep and covered with bushes: thus it was impossible to land the monster, that now tugged and dived with the determination of the grindstone that his first pull had suggested. Once I attempted the gaff, but the trusty weapon broke in the



160 IMMENSE GREEN TURTLES CAPTURED BY NATIVES.

hard shell of the turtle, and I was helpless. My Arab now came to my assistance, and at once terminated the struggle. Seizing the line with both hands, utterly regardless of all remonstrance (which, being in English, he did not understand), he quickly hauled our turtle to the surface, and held it, struggling and gnashing its jaws, close to the steep bank. In a few moments the line slackened, and the turtle disappeared. The fight was over! The sharp, horny jaws had bitten through treble-twisted brass wire as clean as though cut by shears. My visions of turtle-soup had faded.

The heavy fish were not in the humor to take; I therefore shot one with a rifle as it came to the surface to blow, and the water in this spot being shallow, we brought it to shore; it was a species of carp, between thirty and forty pounds; the scales were rather larger than a half-dollar, and so hard that they would have been difficult to pierce with a harpoon. It proved to be useless for the table, being of an oily nature that was only acceptable to the Arabs.

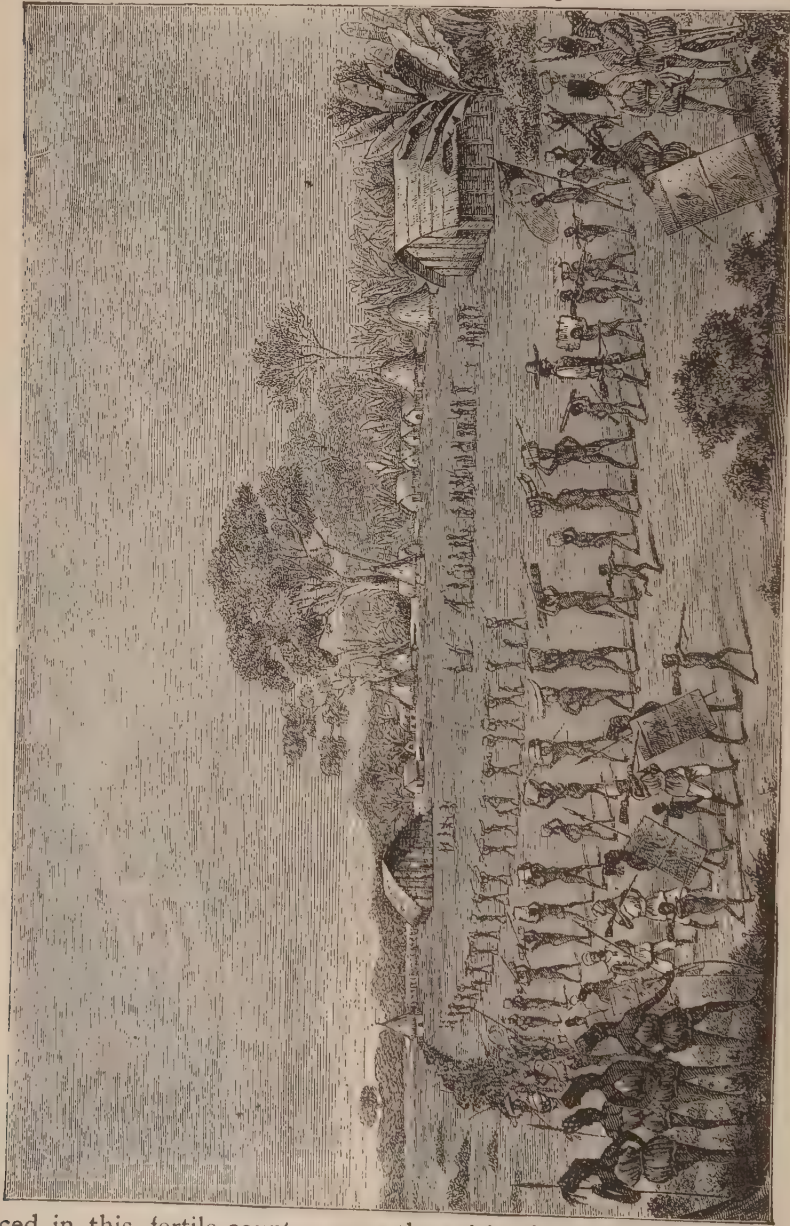
It is rare sport for the natives to capture green turtles. These come ashore at certain seasons to deposit their eggs in the sand, where they are hatched by the warm rays of the sun. The natives, accustomed to observe the habits of the turtle, know when to expect a visit ashore, and, arming themselves with heavy hand-spikes, they make their capture; yet not without a struggle, for as a good specimen of the green turtle weighs from four to six hundred pounds, it requires both strength and courage for this kind of sport.

Sudden and Dangerous Freshets.

A violent thunderstorm, with a deluge of rain, broke upon our camp on the banks of the Atbara, fortunately just after the tents were pitched. We thus had an example of the extraordinary effects of the heavy rain in tearing away the soil of the valley. Trifling water-courses were swollen to torrents; banks of earth became loosened and fell in, and the rush of mud and water upon all sides swept forward into the river, with a rapidity which threatened the destruction of the country, could such a tempest endure for a few days. In a couple of hours all was over. The river was narrower than in its passage through the desert but was proportionately deeper. The name of the village on the opposite bank was Goorashee with which a means of communication had been established by a ferry-boat belonging to a Greek merchant.

He had much trouble in obtaining permission from the authorities to introduce this novelty, which was looked upon as an innovation, as such a convenience had never before existed. The enterprising proprietor had

likewise established a cotton farm at Goorashee, which appeared to succeed admirably, and was an undeniable example of what could be pro-



AFRICAN EXPLORING PARTY ON THE MARCH.

duced in this fertile country, were the spirit of improvement awakened. Notwithstanding the advantage of the ferry-boat, many of the Arabs pre-

ferred to swim their camels across the river to paying a trifle to the ferryman. A camel either cannot or will not swim unless it is supported by inflated skins, so that the passage of the broad river Atbara (at this spot about 300 yards wide) is an affair of great difficulty.

Curious Swimming Apparatus for Camels.

Two water-skins are inflated, and attached to the camel by a band passed like a girth beneath the belly. Thus arranged, a man sits upon its back, while one or two swim by the side as guides. The current of the Atbara runs at a rapid rate, and the camel is generally carried at least half a mile down the river before it can gain the opposite bank. A few days before our arrival, a man had been snatched from the back of his camel while crossing, and was carried off by a crocodile. Another man had been taken during the last week, while swimming the river upon a log. It was supposed that these accidents were due to the same crocodile, which was accustomed to bask upon a mud bank at the foot of the cotton plantation.

On the day following our arrival at the Atbara, we found that our camel-drivers had absconded during the night with their camels; these were the men who had been forced to serve our expedition by the Governor of Cassala. There was no possibility of proceeding for some days, therefore I sent a messenger across the river to endeavor to engage camels, while I devoted myself to a search for the crocodile. I shortly discovered that it was unfair in the extreme to charge one particular animal with the death of the two Arabs, as several large crocodiles were lying upon the mud in various places. A smaller one was lying asleep high and dry upon the bank; the wind was blowing strong, so that by carefully approaching, I secured a good shot within thirty yards, and killed it on the spot by a bullet through the head, placed about an inch above the eyes.

Huge Jaws and Savage Teeth.

After some time, the large crocodiles which had taken to the water at the report of the gun, again appeared, and crawled slowly out of the muddy river to their basking-places upon the bank. A crocodile usually sleeps with its mouth wide open; I therefore waited until the immense jaws of the nearest were well expanded, showing a grand row of glittering teeth, when I crept carefully towards it through the garden of thickly-planted cotton. Two Arabs followed in great eagerness.

In a short time I arrived within about forty yards of the beast, as it lay upon a flat mud bank formed by one of the numerous torrents that had carried down the soil during the storm of yesterday. The cover ceased,

and it was impossible to approach nearer without alarming the crocodile; it was a fine specimen, apparently nineteen or twenty feet in length, and I took a steady aim with my little rifle at the temple, exactly in front of the point of union of the head with the spine. The jaws clashed together, and a convulsive start, followed by a twitching of the tail, led me to suppose that sudden death had succeeded the shot, but knowing the peculiar tenacity of life possessed by the crocodile, I fired another shot at the shoulder, as the huge body lay so close to the river's edge that the slightest struggle would cause it to disappear. To my surprise, this shot, far from producing a quietus, gave rise to a series of extraordinary convulsive struggles. One moment it rolled upon its back, lashed out right and left with its tail, and ended by toppling over into the river.

A Dangerous Venture.

This was too much for the excitable Arabs, who, with more courage than discretion, rushed into the river and endeavored to catch the crocodile by the tail. Before I had time to call them back, these two Arab water-dogs were up to their necks in the river, screaming out directions to each other, while they were feeling for the body of the monster with their feet. At length I succeeded in calling them to shore, and we almost immediately saw the body of the crocodile appear beliy upwards, about fifty yards down the stream; the forepaws were above the water, but after rolling round several times, it once more disappeared, rapidly carried away by the muddy torrent.

This was quite enough for the Arabs, who had been watching the event from the opposite bank of the river, and the report quickly spread that two crocodiles were killed, one of which they declared to be the public enemy that had taken the men at the ferry, but upon what evidence I cannot understand. Although my Arabs looked forward to a dinner of crocodile flesh, I was obliged to search for something of rather milder flavor for ourselves. I waited for about an hour, while the first crocodile was being divided, when I took a shot-gun and succeeded in killing three geese, and a species of antelope no larger than a hare, known by the Arabs as the Dik-dik. This little creature inhabits thick bush.

A Monster Perfumed With Musk.

Upon my arrival at the tents, I found the camp redolent of musk from the flesh of the crocodile, and the people were quarreling for the musk glands, which they had extracted, and which are much prized by the Arab women, who wear them strung like beads upon a necklace.

A crocodile possesses four of such glands; they vary in size according to the age of the reptile, but they are generally about as large as a hazel-



FEROCIOUS AFRICAN CROCODILES.

nut when dried. Two glands are situated in the groin, and two in the throat, a little in advance of the forelegs. I have noticed two species of crocodiles throughout all the rivers of Abyssinia, and in the White Nile. One of these is of a dark-brown color, and much shorter and thicker in proportion than the other, which grows to an immense length, and is generally of a pale greenish-yellow. Throughout the Atbara, crocodiles are extremely mischievous and bold; this can be accounted for by the constant presence of Arabs and their flocks, which the crocodiles have ceased to fear, as they exact a heavy tribute in their frequent passages of the river. The Arabs dread most the thick-bodied species.

A Creature Hard to Kill.

The common belief that the scales of a crocodile will stop a bullet is very erroneous. If a rifle is loaded with the moderate charge of two and a half drachms, it will throw an ounce ball through the scales of the hardest portion of the back; but were the scales struck obliquely, the bullet might possibly glance from the surface, as in like manner it would ricochet from the surface of the water. The crocodile is so difficult to kill outright, that people are apt to imagine that the scales have resisted their bullets. The only shots that will produce instant death are those that strike the brain, or the spine through the neck.

A shot through the shoulder is fatal, but as the body immediately sinks, and does not reappear upon the surface until the gases have distended the carcass, the game is generally carried away by the stream before it has had time to float. The body of a crocodile requires from twelve to eighteen hours before it will rise to the surface, while that of the hippopotamus will never remain longer than two hours beneath the water, and will generally rise in an hour and a half after death. This difference in time depends upon the depth and temperature; in deep holes of the river of from thirty to fifty feet, the water is much cooler near the bottom; hence the gas is not generated in the body so quickly as in shallow and warmer water. The crocodile is not a grass-feeder, therefore the stomach is comparatively small, and the contents do not generate the amount of gas, that so quickly distends the huge stomach of the hippopotamus; thus the body of the former requires a longer period before it will rise to the surface.

Starting Up Fresh Game.

We were now exploring the river Settite, which empties into the Atbara, and so finds its way to the Nile. This whole region is wild and desolate, and abounds in some of the finest game to be found in Africa. One morning I took Taher Noor, one of my Arabs, and started out on

an excursion. I had walked but a short distance, and had just entered upon a small green glade, when I perceived, lying at full length upon the sand, a large lion, which almost immediately sprang up, and at the same moment received a bullet from my rifle as he bounded beneath a bush and crouched among some withered grass.

I was unloaded, when, to my astonishment, Taher Noor immediately drew his sword, and, with his shield in his left hand, he advanced boldly toward the wounded lion. I reloaded as quickly as possible, just as this reckless Hamran had arrived within springing distance of the lion, which



FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT UPON A WOUNDED BUFFALO.

positively flunk away and declined the fight; retreating into the thick thorns, it disappeared before I could obtain a shot. Taher Noor explained that his object in advancing towards the lion was to attract its attention; he had expected that it would have remained in a crouching position until I should have reloaded; but he ran the extreme risk of a charge, in which case he would have fared badly with simple sword and shield. We searched throughout the bushes for the wounded lion, but without success.

I now determined to take a stroll, hoping that we might succeed in

starting some other animal that would give us a better chance. The ground was sandy, but firm, therefore we made no sound in walking, and as the forest was bounded upon two sides by the river, and separated from the main land by a ravine, the fire that had cleared the country of grass had spared this portion, which was an asylum for all kinds of game, as it afforded pasturage and cover. We had not continued our stroll for five minutes beyond the spot lately occupied by the lion, when we suddenly came upon two bull buffaloes, which were lying beneath a thick bush on the edge of a small glade; they sprang up as we arrived, and started off. I made a quick shot as they galloped across the narrow space, and dropped one apparently dead.

My men were just preparing to run in and cut the throat, as good Mussulmans, when the buffalo, that was not twenty yards distant, suddenly sprang to his feet and faced us. In another moment, with a short grunt, he determined upon a charge, but hardly was he in his first bound when I fired the remaining barrel aimed at the point of the nose, as this was elevated to such a degree that it would have been useless to have fired at the forehead. He fell stone dead at the shot; we threw some clods of earth at him, but this time there was no mistake. Upon an examination of the body, we could only find the marks of the first bullet that had passed through the neck; there was no other hole in the skin, neither was there a sign upon the head or horns that he had been shot; we found that the bullet had entered the nostril and imbedded in the spine. As a souvenir of this very curious shot, I preserved the skull.

Startling Noise from the Thick Jungle.

My men now flayed the buffalo and took a portion of the meat, but I ordered them to leave the carcass as a bait for lions, with which this neighborhood abounded, although it was exceedingly difficult to see them, as they were concealed in the dense covert of nabbuk bush. I left the buffalo and strolled through the jungle towards the river. As I was leisurely walking through alternate narrow glades and thick jungle, I heard a noise that sounded like the deep snort of the hippopotamus; I approached the steep bank of the river and crept carefully to the edge, expecting to see the hippo as I peered over the brink. Instead of the hippopotamus, a fine lion and lioness were lying on the sand about sixty yards to my left, at the foot of the bank. At the same instant they obtained our wind, and sprang up the high bank into the thick jungle, without giving me a better chance than a quick shot through a bush as they were disappearing.

I now returned to camp, determined to circumvent the lions if pos-

sible in this very difficult country. That night we were serenaded by the roaring of these animals in all directions, one of them having visited our camp, around which we discovered his footprints on the following morning. I accordingly took Taher Noor, with Hadji Ali and Hassan, two of my trusty Arabs, and went straight to the spot where I had left the carcass of the buffalo. As I had expected, nothing remained, not even a bone; the ground was much trampled, and tracks of lions were upon the sand; but the body of the buffalo had been dragged into the thorny jungle. I was determined, if possible, to get a shot, therefore I followed carefully the track left by the carcass, which had formed a path in the withered grass.

Exciting Pursuit of Lions.

Unfortunately the lions had dragged the buffalo down wind, therefore, after I had arrived within the thick nabbuk and high grass, I came to the conclusion that my only chance would be to make a long circuit, and to creep up wind through the thorns, until I should be advised by my nose of the position of the carcass, which would by this time be in a state of putrefaction, and the lions would most probably be with the body. Accordingly I struck off to my left, and continuing straight forward for some hundred yards, I again struck into the thick jungle and came round to the wind. Success depended on extreme caution, therefore I advised my three men to keep close behind me with the spare rifles, as I carried one with a single barrel. This rifle was extremely accurate, therefore I had chosen it for this close work, when I expected to get a shot at the eye or forehead of a lion crouching in the bush.

Softly and with difficulty I crept forward, followed closely by my men, through the high withered grass, beneath the dense green nabbuk bushes, peering through the thick covert, with the nerves tuned up to full pitch, and the finger on the trigger ready for any emergency. We had thus advanced for about half an hour, during which I frequently applied my nose to within a foot of the ground to catch the scent, when a sudden puff of wind brought the unmistakable smell of decomposing flesh. For the moment I halted, and looking round to my men, I made a sign that we were near the carcass, and that they were to be ready with the rifles. Again I crept gently forward, bending and sometimes crawling beneath the thorns to avoid the slightest noise. As I approached, the scent became stronger, until I at length felt that I must be close to the cause. This was highly exciting. Fully prepared for a quick shot, I stealthily crept on. A tremendous roar in the dense thorns within a few feet of me suddenly brought my rifle to my shoulder; almost in the same instant

I observed the three-quarter figure of either a lion or a lioness within three yards of me, on the other side of the bush under which I had been creeping—the foliage concealed the head, but I could almost have touched the shoulder with my rifle.

Wild Roar and a Crash Through the Bushes.

Much depended upon the bullet, and I fired exactly through the centre of the shoulder. Another tremendous roar and a crash in the bushes as the animal made a bound forward, was succeeded immediately by a similar roar, as another lion took the exact position of the last, and stood wondering at the report of the rifle, and seeking for the cause of the intrusion. This was a grand lion with a shaggy mane; but I was unloaded, keeping my eyes fixed on the beast, while I stretched my hand back for a spare rifle; the lion remained standing, but gazing up wind with his head raised, snuffing in the air for a scent of the enemy. No rifle was put in my hand.

I looked back for an instant and saw my attendants faltering, about five yards behind me. I looked daggers at them, gnashing my teeth and shaking my fist. They saw the lion, and Taher Noor snatching a rifle from Hadji Ali, was just about to bring it, when Hassan, ashamed, ran forward—the lion disappeared at the same moment! Never was such a fine chance lost through the indecision of the gun-bearers! I made a vow never to carry a single-barrelled rifle again when hunting large game.

Sad Spectacle of a Dying Lioness.

However there was not much time for reflection—where was the first lion? Some remains of the buffalo lay upon my right, and I expected to find the lion most probably crouching in the thorns somewhere near us. Having reloaded, I listened attentively for a sound. Presently I heard within a few yards a low growl. Taher Noor drew his sword, and with his shield before him he searched for the lion while I crept forward towards the sound, which was again repeated. A loud roar, accompanied by a rush in the jungle, showed us a glimpse of the lion as he bounded off within ten or twelve yards; but I had no chance to fire.

Again the low growl was repeated, and upon quietly creeping towards the spot, I saw a splendid animal crouched upon the ground among the withered and broken grass. The lioness lay dying, with the bullet-wound in the shoulder. Occasionally, in her rage, she bit her own paw violently, and then struck and clawed the ground. She was about ten yards from us, and I instructed my men to throw a clod of earth at her (there were no stones), to prove whether she could rise, while I stood ready with the

rifle. She merely replied with a dull roar, and I terminated her misery by a ball through the head." She was a beautiful animal.

As our camp was full of meat, either dried or in the process of drying in festoons upon the trees, we had been a great attraction to the beasts of prey, that constantly prowled around our thorn fence during the night. One night in particular a lion attempted to enter, but had been repulsed by the Arabs who pelted him with firebrands; my people woke me up and begged me to shoot him, but as it was perfectly impossible to fire cor-



ABYSSINIAN WART-HOG.

rectly through the hedge of thorns, I refused to be disturbed; yet I promised to hunt for him on the following day. Throughout the entire night the lion prowled around the camp, growling and uttering his peculiar guttural sigh. Not one of my people slept, as they declared he would bound into the camp and take somebody, unless they kept up the watch-fires and drove him away with brands.

The next day, before sunrise, I called Hassan and Hadji Ali, whom I lectured severely upon their cowardice on a former occasion, and received their promise to follow me to death. I determined to spend the whole

day in searching every thicket of the forest for lions, as I felt convinced that the animal that had disturbed us during the night was concealed somewhere within the neighboring jungle.

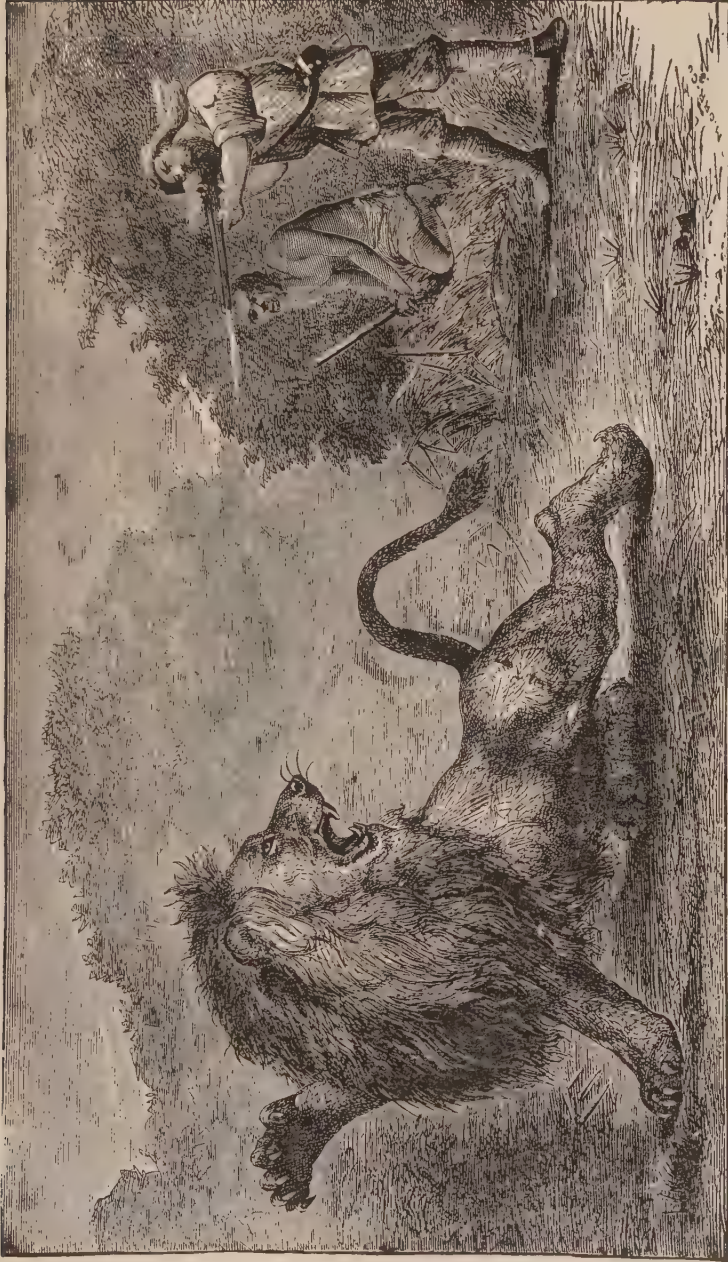
The whole day passed fruitlessly; I had crept through the thickest thorns in vain; having an abundance of meat, I had refused the most tempting shots at buffaloes and large antelopes, as I had devoted myself exclusively to lions. I was much disappointed, as the evening had arrived without a shot having been fired, and as the sun had nearly set I wandered slowly towards home. Passing through alternate open glades a few yards in width, hemmed in on all sides by thick jungle, I was carelessly carrying my rifle upon my shoulder as I pushed my way through the opposing thorns, when a sudden roar, just before me, at once brought the rifle upon full cock, and I saw a magnificent lion standing in the middle of the glade, about ten yards from me; he had been lying on the ground, and had started to his feet upon hearing me approach through the jungle.

The Wild Beast's Majestic Fury.

For an instant he stood in an attitude of attention, as we were hardly visible; but at the same moment I took a quick but sure aim. He gave a convulsive bound, but rolled over backwards; before he could recover himself I fired the left-hand barrel. It was a glorious sight. I had advanced a few steps into the glade, and Hassan had quickly handed me a spare rifle, while Taher Noor stood by me sword in hand. The lion in the greatest fury, with his shaggy mane bristling in the air, roared with death-like growls, as open-mouthed he endeavored to charge upon us; but he dragged his hind-quarters upon the ground, and I saw immediately that the shot had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack he rolled over and over, gnashing his horrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws that would have crushed a man's skull like an egg shell.

Seeing that he was disabled, I took it coolly, as it was already dusk, and the lion having rolled into a dark and thick bush, I thought it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would be dead before morning. We were not ten minutes' walk from the camp, at which we quickly arrived, and my men greatly rejoiced at the discomfiture of their enemy, as they were convinced that he was the same lion that had attempted to enter the lines of our encampment.

On the following morning, before sunrise, I started with nearly all my people and a powerful camel, with the intention of bringing the lion home entire. I rode my horse Tétel, as he had frequently shown great



WOUNDED LION TURNING BRAVELY ON HIS FOES.

courage, and I wished to prove whether he would advance to the body of a lion.

Upon arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been the scene of the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was nothing to distinguish the locality; one place exactly resembled another, as the country was flat and sandy, interspersed with thick jungle of green nabbuk; we accordingly spread out to beat for the lion. Presently Hadji Ali cried out: "There he lies, dead!" and I immediately rode to the spot, together with the people.

Beautiful Mane and Flashing Eyes.

A tremendous roar greeted us as the lion started to his fore-feet, and with his beautiful mane erect, and his great hazel eyes flashing fire, he gave a succession of deep, short roars, and challenged us to fight. This was a grand picture; he looked like a true lord of the forest; but I pitied the poor brute, as he was helpless, and although the spirit was game to the last, his strength was paralyzed by a broken back.

It was a glorious opportunity for the horse. At the first unexpected roar the camel had bolted with its rider; the horse had for a moment started on one side, and the men had scattered; but in an instant I had reined Tétel up, and I now rode straight towards the lion, as he courted the encounter about twenty paces distant. I halted exactly opposite the noble-looking beast, which, seeing me in advance of the party, increased his rage and growled deeply, fixing his glance upon the horse. I now patted Tétel on the neck, and spoke to him coaxingly; he gazed intently at the lion, erected his mane and snorted, but showed no signs of retreat. "Bravo! old boy!" I said, and encouraging him by caressing his neck with my hand, I touched his flank gently with my heel; I let him just feel my hand upon the rein, and with a "Come along, old lad," Tétel slowly but resolutely advanced step by step towards the infuriated lion, that greeted him with continued growls.

The horse several times snorted loudly, and stared fixedly at the terrible face before him; but as I constantly patted and coaxed him, he did not refuse to advance. I checked him when within about six yards from the lion. This would have made a magnificent picture, as the horse, with astounding courage, faced the lion at bay; both animals kept their eyes fixed upon each other, the one beaming with rage, the other with cool determination. This was enough—I dropped the reins upon his neck; it was a signal that Tétel perfectly understood, and he stood firm as a rock, for he knew that I was about to fire. Dis-mounting, I took aim at the head of the glorious but distressed lion, and

a bullet from the little Fletcher dropped him dead. Tétel never flinched at a shot.

I took the bridle, and having patted and coaxed the horse, I led him up to the body of the lion, which I also patted, and then gave my hand to the horse to smell. He snorted once or twice, and as I released my hold of the reins, and left him entirely free, he slowly lowered his head, and sniffed the mane of the dead lion; he then turned a few paces upon one side, and commenced eating the withered grass beneath the nabbuk bushes. My Arabs were perfectly delighted with this extraordinary instance of courage exhibited by the horse. I had known that the beast was disabled, but Tétel had advanced boldly towards the angry jaws of a lion that appeared about to spring. The camel was now brought to the spot and blindfolded, while we endeavored to secure the lion upon its back. As the camel kneeled, it required the united exertions of eight men, including myself, to raise the ponderous animal and secure it across the saddle.

These travels and adventures of Sir Samuel Baker, many of them attended by great dangers both to himself and party, well illustrate the terrible cost of making explorations in Africa. With indomitable courage he persevered, and finally closes his interesting narrative as follows: The first portion of our task was completed. We had visited all the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, including the great Blue Nile that had been traced to its source by Bruce. The difficult task still lay before us—to penetrate the unknown regions in the distant south, to discover the White Nile source. Speke and Grant were on their road from Zanzibar, cutting their way upon untrodden ground towards Gondokoro. Petterick's expedition to assist them had met with misfortune, and we trusted to be able to reach the equator, and perhaps to meet our Zanzibar explorers somewhere about the sources of the Nile. Although we had worked hard throughout all seasons, over an immense extent of country, we were both strong and well, and the rest of some months at Khartoum had only served to inspire us with new vigor.

CHAPTER VII.

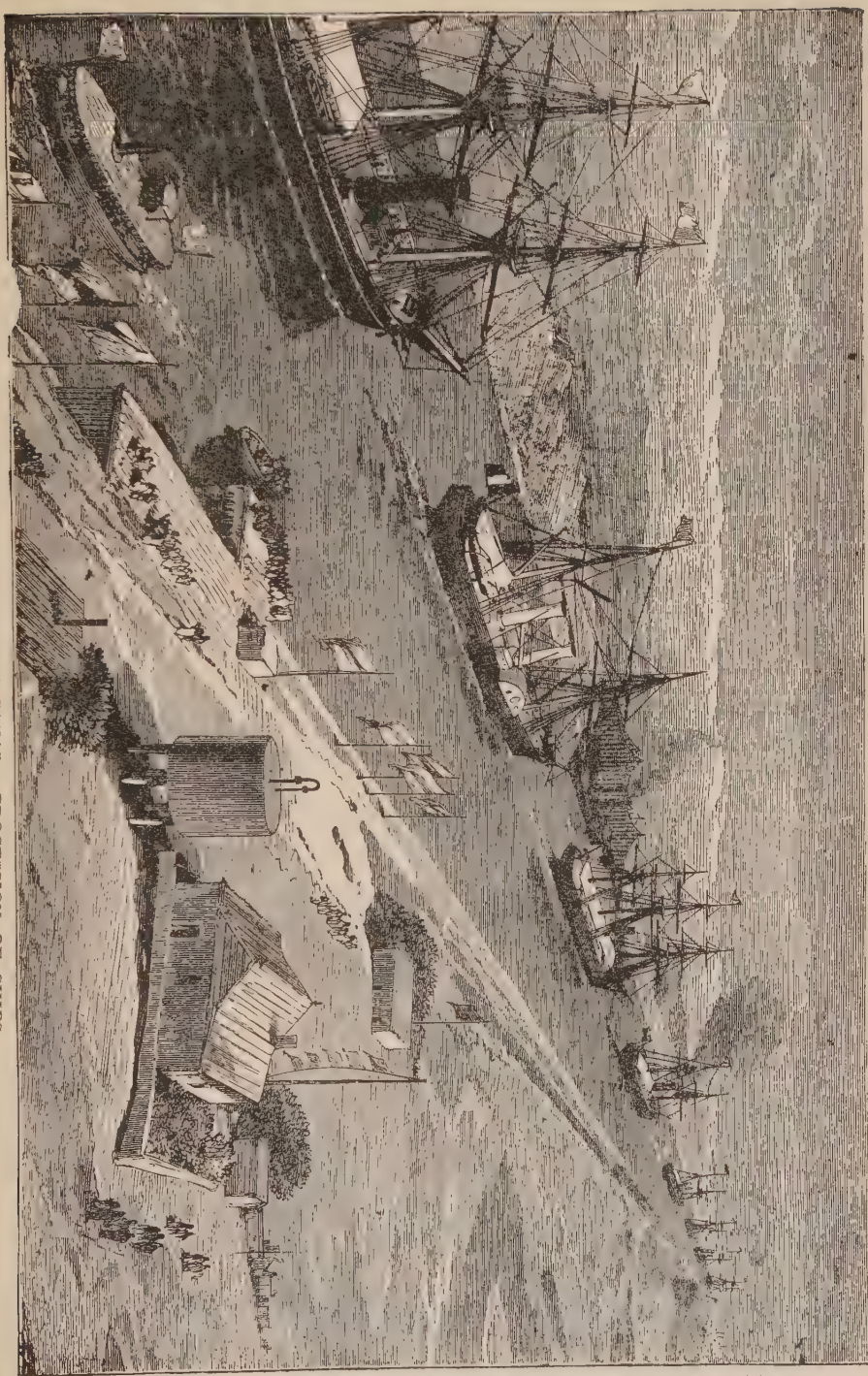
LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS AND THE NILE.

Ancient Egypt—Gigantic Memorials of an Old Civilization—Historic Nile—A Great Fertilizer—World-Renowned Pyramids—The Mighty Sphinx—Egypt under Roman Rule—War and Pillage—A Dashing Queen—Siege of Alexandria—Stubborn Rebellions—Sudden Spread of Christianity—Murder of an Archbishop—Destruction of Idols and Temples—Mummies—Description of the Process of Embalming the Dead—Kings Entombed with Pompous Ceremonials—An Ancient Canal—Crossing the Desert—Series of Lakes—Famous Suez Canal—Nubia—Egyptian Soudan—Pack of Thieves and Cut-Throats—Rainless Country—Climate—Diseases—Strange Veneration for Idiots—Gold and Granite—Battles in Front of the Pyramids.



MODERN Egypt, though infinitely less powerful than the kingdom of the Pharaohs, is far more extensive. Indeed, though its exact boundaries towards the interior of Africa—a region which, at present, the coast-lying Powers are apt to consider as no man's land, so far as adding to their territories from it is concerned—are unknown, it may be roughly described as one-fourth the size of the United States. Ancient Egypt was simply the country of the delta formed by the mud brought down from time immemorial by the Nile, and to this day is still the most important part of the country, and that alone studded with the pyramids, obelisks, sphinxes, and other gigantic memorials of the colossal, if not refined, civilization of early Egypt. Its ruler, though nominally a vassal of the Sultan of Turkey, has since the time of Mehemet Ali, seventy years ago, been rapidly marching in the direction of independence. In 1866 he received the Arabic title of Khedive, or King, instead of "Vali," or Viceroy, by which name he is still familiarly known, with power of concluding treaties, mustering armies, and unhappily also—as it subsequently proved for the credit of Egypt and the extravagant Ismail who in 1878 was deposed by the Sultan and the other European Powers—the privilege of contracting loans. The Khedive is obliged to pay an annual tribute of 3,600,000 dollars to the Porte, that is, the Government of the Turkish Empire, but otherwise he is really an independent sovereign, though of late years his power has become more and more abridged, owing to the debt he has loaded the country with.

OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL—PROCESSION OF SHIPS.



and at present the State finances are managed by European officials.

Egypt proper is the narrow green strip on the banks of the Lower Nile and the fertile delta composed from the mud which for unnumbered ages it has been bringing down, which is sharply bounded by the arid plateaux and mountains of the Libyan and Arabian Deserts. This is really the only civilized portion of the country, and that which yields the greatest amount of the products of the land, and contains its chief towns—Cairo, the greatest city in Africa, and now rapidly becoming exceedingly European, Tanta, Rosetta, Alexandria, the great commercial emporium and port of Egypt, which is connected with the capital by rail, and the various modern, or fragments of ancient, towns which dot the banks of the Nile. The Nile is, indeed, the great river of the country, without which it could not exist, for its waters form, even in a day of railways, the main highway into the interior, and by their annual overflow bring fertility to a nearly rainless land.

Strange Old Memorials.

Cairo is the starting point for those excursions up the river, either in steamers or private "dabeeyahs," which now form so common a winter amusement of even the moderately wealthy. But no visitor to Cairo ever leaves it without an excursion, either by water or over an excellent road, to the Pyramids, which supply one of the greatest objects of attraction in the whole country, and the purpose of which is still as mysterious and debatable as ever it was, notwithstanding the discussion of which they have been the subject during the last century or more. The drive is one of about eight miles, past the palace of Abbas Pasha, now a barrack and military school, over the plain on which Sultan Selim fought the battle which won Egypt from the Turk, and by the jessamine and orange gardens of Mataraëh, in which stands the sycamore which tradition assigns is the tree under which Joseph and Mary took shelter after their flight into Egypt. Then, a mile further on, after driving through a shady acanthus grove, there appears in sight the low granite obelisk which, 4000 years ago, was hewn out of the quarries of Assouan, 500 miles away to be the pride of Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. In this once busy city Joseph found his bride in the person of the daughter of the High Priest; here Moses learned "all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" here Jeremiah penned his Lamentations; and here, at a still later date, Plato thought out those brilliant speculations which have proved more lasting than the city in which the philosopher lived. For this tall obelisk, sixty-two feet high, and some mounds of crumbling bricks, are about the only traces of Heliopolis, maize, clover, and

cotton covering the ground once occupied by its busy streets and sacred temple yards.

The Pyramids of Ghizeh stand on a plain, which after the inundation is bright with vegetation, and dotted all over with "villages embosomed in thickets of date-palms, tamarisks, acacias, and sycamore figs, than which—as looked at a mile or two off—nothing could well be more picturesque." The Pyramids have been so often described that it is needless to repeat the oft-reiterated words used to express the wonder and astonishment of every visitor to these oldest and grandest of human monuments, hoary with the age of nearly sixty centuries. The crowds of Arabs who inhabit the rookeries near by clamor in broken English for money and the honor of escorting the visitor up the vast staircase which leads to the summit; unkempt and unclothed children shriek for backsheesh as the carriage rattles across the fine bridge which spans the Nile at Kasr-en-Nil, almost to the base of these ancient monuments; and in a couple of hours or less the visitor returns to a city of operas, theatres, concerts, hotels, and cafés.

Huge Piles of Stone Older than History.

Thus the contrast between the past and present is even greater than it otherwise would be. Yet the Pyramids of Ghizeh—as the monuments of Cheops, Chephren, Mycerinus, and half-a-dozen smaller ones are called—form only one group of many similar structures which extend from Abouroash to Illahoun, some of which can be seen from the top of the Great Pyramid away over the palms of Memphis, "stretching," to use the words of Mr. McCoan, "along the western bank of the river, weird vestiges of a past that was already remote before history began." In a hollow a few hundred yards to the south-east of the Great Pyramid crouches, as it has crouched for thousands of years, continually getting buried deeper and deeper in the drifting sand, the great stone figure known as the Sphinx, which, like the antique temple recently disinterred in its vicinity, was old before the idea of building his stupendous structure entered the brain of Cheops.

Mr. Bayard Taylor considers that it was intended to be seen from below, for its expression becomes almost grotesque when the spectator stands so near its level as the drifting sand around it has brought him within recent years. Still the Sphinx is—as a hundred writers, from Pliny to Professor Ebers, have unanimously vouched—one of the most solemn and majestic of objects. "Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings," says a late brilliant writer, "upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon dreaming of a"

Eastern Empire upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race upon keen-eyed travelers—Herodotus yesterday, Warburton to-day—upon all and more the unworldly Sphinx has watched and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam wither away; and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the bank of the Nile, and sit on the seats of the 'Faithful'; and still that shapeless rock will be watching and watching the works of the new busy race with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx."

Egypt as a Roman Province.

The history of this interesting country is a long record of the achievements of powerful kings, fierce wars, wasting famines and rapine and slaughter, such as find their parallel in the annals of few nations in ancient or modern times. It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that the blood of contending armies has often crimsoned the waters of the Nile. After the overthrow of the royal dynasty Egypt remained a Roman province for more than three centuries. Under the earliest of the Roman emperors it was, on the whole, well treated, while governed with great rigor. It was regarded as one of the most valuable portions of the empire, and was the chief source from which the city of Rome drew its grain. It was governed by prefects, and was frequently visited by the emperors.

During this period Alexandria was considered the chief seat of the learning of the ancient world. Its libraries, museums and rare collections of art made it the most attractive place of residence and resort in existence to the learned and cultivated, who flocked to it in such throngs as to give character to its society.

Christianity spread rapidly, Alexandria being its chief centre, and the writings of the Christian authors began to command a respectful attention equal to that paid to the productions of the most learned pagan philosophers.

War Waged by a Spirited Queen.

During this period the population of upper Egypt decreased steadily. By the reign of the Emperor Commodus (A. D. 181-194), it had been drained of all its hoarded wealth. Its carrying trade through Coptos to the Red Sea was much lessened. Any tribute that its temples received from the piety of the neighborhood was small. Nubia was a desert; and a few soldiers at Syene were enough to guard its poverty. It was no longer necessary to send criminals to the Oasis; it was enough to banish

them to the neighborhood of Thebes. Lower Egypt suffered much from the uncertainty and want of order which followed the reign of Alexander Severus (A. D. 222-225), and which were due to the constant rebellions and persecutions, and the frequent changes in the imperial power. Famine, until then almost a stranger to Egypt, became a frequent visitor, and poverty increased in a marked degree among the people.

In the last year of the reign of Gallienus, Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, who had hitherto been the ally of Rome, threw off the friendship of the empire, routed the armies which Gallienus sent against her, and marched upon Egypt to add that country to her dominions which already included



STYLES OF DRESS AMONG THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

Syria and Asia Minor. She claimed to be a descendant of Cleopatra the last queen of Egypt, and was joined by a large Egyptian force. The attempt was unsuccessful, however. It was renewed upon the death of Claudius (A. D. 270), and this time with success. All Egypt acknowledged Zenobia as its queen, and the country became for the time a province of Syria. Aurelian at first recognized Zenobia as his colleague in the empire, and some of the Alexandrian coins of this period bear his head on one side and the head of the Palmyrene queen on the other. Soon afterwards Aurelian marched against her, defeated her, made her a prisoner, and added her kingdom to the territory of the empire. Egypt thereupon became once more a Roman province.

The period of the Roman dominion was marked by numerous but fruitless rebellions. The most formidable of these lasted nine years, and was suppressed with difficulty and great severity by the Emperor Diocletian in person. Several cities were captured and destroyed, and Alexandria was taken by storm after a siege of eight months. A large part of the city was burned, and many of the inhabitants were put to the sword, A. D. 297. Egypt suffered terribly from these rebellions, and especially from the last one. The traffic along the Nile was stopped, the canals for the irrigation of the country became choked up, the fields were badly cultivated, and trade and manufactures of all kinds were nearly ruined. Egypt, in short, emerged from the great rebellion a very different country from that which Augustus had made a part of his empire, and which his successors had regarded as one of the most valuable jewels of their crown.

Another change had resulted from these internal troubles. The framework of society had been shaken, the Greeks had lessened in numbers, and still more in weight. The fall of the Ptolemies and the conquest by Rome did not make so great a change. The bright days of Egypt as a Greek kingdom began with the building of Alexandria and ended with the rebellions against Gallienus, Aurelian and Diocletian. The native Egyptians, both Copts and Arabs, now rise into notice, but only because Greek civilization sinks around them. And soon the classes among the Copts, to avoid the duty of maintaining a family of children in such troubled times, rush by thousands into monasteries and convents, and further lessen the population by their religious vows of celibacy.

Frightful Cruelties and Persecutions.

Christianity, as we have said, spread rapidly in Egypt. Since the reign of Gallienus the Christians had been allowed to build churches and hold public meetings, and a number of the brightest and purest names of this period were furnished by them. The Emperor Diocletian undertook in A. D. 304 to exterminate the Christian faith throughout the empire by a terrible persecution. This persecution was nowhere more severe than in Egypt, and large numbers of Christians perished in it. It did not check the growth of the new religion, but added thousands of converts to it. These cruelties came to an end in the reign of Constantine the Great, who made Christianity the religion of the empire. The Christians had been united during their sufferings, but after the triumphant establishment of their faith, divisions appeared among them and led to a number of bitter and sanguinary quarrels. After Constantinople became the capital of the empire in A. D. 330, the history of Egypt is, for a period of about

three centuries, little more than a record of the disputes of its theologians. These disputes frequently led to riots and other outbreaks, and the streets

DESTRUCTION OF THE PAGAN TEMPLES AT ALEXANDRIA.



of Alexandria often flowed with the blood of Christians shed by Christian hands.

Arius, a presbyter of the Alexandrian church, taught opinions concerning the Holy Trinity which were warmly denounced by Alexander,

the Bishop of Alexandria. A quarrel ensued between the two, which became so bitter, and so generally divided the people of Alexandria that Constantine felt bound to notice it. He rebuked both parties for their violence, and to settle authoritatively the doctrines of the Christian faith, summoned a council of the bishops and fathers of the church. This council met at Nicæa, in Bithynia, in A. D. 325. It condemned the doctrines of Arius and put forth the Nicæan Creed as the expression of the faith of the church. Arius and his followers were excommunicated by the council and banished by the emperor. Constantine II. reversed the policy of his father. Athanasius, the orthodox Archbishop of Alexandria, was removed and an Arian appointed in his place. This was followed by a cruel persecution of the orthodox Christians. When Julian the Apostate became emperor, his effort to revive the old worship of Rome caused an outbreak on the part of the pagan mob of Alexandria. The Arian archbishop was murdered, and Athanasius again became bishop. He was banished by Julian. He returned, and was banished by the Emperor Valens, who appointed an Arian to his see. The persecutions of the orthodox were renewed.

Downfall of Temples and Idols.

Paganism received a decided encouragement in Egypt during the short reign of Julian the Apostate. In A. D. 379 the Emperor Theodosius I. made an earnest effort to root it out. He issued a decree that the whole body of his subjects should adopt the Christian faith as settled by the Nicæan Creed, and ordered that the pagan temples should be closed. Alexandria at this time contained a large pagan population, among which were most of the learned and cultivated classes, and the students in the schools of philosophy. These bitterly resented the emperor's order. Theodosius went further, and ordered the destruction of the idols contained in the pagan temples. The Christians, aided by the imperial troops, broke into the heathen sanctuaries, threw down the idols, and desecrated the buildings. The great and superb temple of Serapis, which had for ages been the most famous shrine of paganism, was desecrated and plundered, and its invaluable library, consisting of 700,000 volumes, was destroyed by the Christian mob. The pagans flew to arms in defence of their faith, and several bloody battles were fought in the streets of Alexandria. The imperial troops, under the command of the prefect, at length succeeded in putting down the resistance, and the pagans were driven from the city.

It will be interesting here to notice how much Christianity, though triumphant over paganism, was affected by it, especially in Egypt. "It

would be unreasonable," says Sharpe, "to suppose that the Egyptians, on embracing Christianity, at once threw off the whole of their pagan rites. Among other customs that they still clung to was that of making mummies of the bodies of the dead."

Of the Egyptian method of embalming, there remain two minute accounts which have a general kind of agreement, though they differ in details.

Herodotus describes three modes, varying in completeness and expense, and practiced by persons regularly trained to the profession, who were instructed in the mysteries of the art by their ancestors.

The process of embalming was as follows: A part of the brain was first removed through the nostrils, by instruments made for this purpose, and the remainder of the brain was destroyed by injecting caustic drugs. Then, the more perishable parts of the lower body were removed, the cavity was rinsed out with palm-wine, and afterwards scoured with powdered perfumes. It was then filled with pure, powdered myrrh, cassia, and other aromatics, except frankincense. This done, the body was sewn and steeped in natron, or native carbonate of soda. At the end of seventy days the embalmers washed the body and swathed it in bandages of linen, cut in strips and smeared with gum. They then gave it to the relatives of the deceased, who provided for it a wooden case made in the shape of a man, in which the dead was placed and deposited in an erect position against the wall of the sepulchral chamber.

Another mode of embalming was less expensive than this, no incision being made in the body. A preparation of cedar-oil was used, and the body was steeped in natron for the appointed number of days. On the last day the oil was withdrawn, and carried off with it some of the softer parts of the body in a state of solution, while the flesh was consumed by the chemical substance, and nothing was left but the skin and bones. The body in this state was returned to the relatives of the deceased. Powdered aromatics were extensively used in the process of embalming.

The permanent character of the work is evident from the fact that, but



A MUMMY CASE.

very recently, there has been found in one of the old Pyramids the embalmed body of the very king who was the oppressor of the Hebrews, and from whom they escaped under the leadership of Moses. This is the most important link yet discovered connecting the present with the



ABYSSINIAN FOOT SOLDIER CHARGING IN BATTLE.

long-buried past. It is a striking confirmation of history, and must be believed, for mummies and chiseled stones tell no lies. Further evidence may be looked for as the work of exploration proceeds.

The ancient Egyptians were celebrated not only for their Pyramids, called one of "the seven wonders of the world," and for their marvelous

success in embalming and preserving the bodies of the dead; they have left traces of great public works which rival the boldest feats of mechanical engineering in modern times. These now awaken the curiosity of the traveler who visits Egypt, and lend interest to that wonderful land.



TRAVELING ACROSS THE DESERT.

Above Cairo, the first town of any consequence is Beni Suef, from which a railway branches off to the fertile basin on the borders of the Moeris Lake, which was an artificial construction made 3000 years B. C.,

though there still exists a natural lake. The region, though far away from the Nile and its beneficial inundations, is as fertile as the banks of that river, owing to the presence of the great canal of Bahr-Youssuf—Joseph being credited with digging this, as he is credited with the construction of nearly every other work of art in Egypt. The truth is, that the canal is a thousand years older than Joseph, though, as Mariette Bey has shown that the shepherd king, under whose dynasty Jacob's son probably dwelt, ruled this part of the country, the popular tradition may possibly refer to the great Egyptian benefactor having superintended the repair of the canal which goes by his name. At Assiout, in Upper Egypt, the railway for the present ends; but from Kenneh, still higher up the river, the adventurous traveler can cross the Arabian Desert to the Red Sea. The conveyance for all such expeditions is the faithful camel, without which traveling would be at an end. Voyagers do not usually go further than Assouan, where the first cataract, or rather rapids, of the Nile formed between granite hills appears. At Wadi Halfa, at the second cataract, the navigation of the river may be said to end, though the Egyptians claim to govern the country as far as Gondokoro, and are endeavoring even to put the whole valley of the Nile clear to the Central African lakes under the sway of the Khedive.

Gigantic Scheme.

Some portion of this region we shall immediately notice, but meantime a few words more about the delta on its northern border. It is separated from the Mediterranean by a chain of brackish lagoons, which are themselves fenced in from the sea by narrow belts of rock and sand-bank, on which a few wild and stunted date-palms form the only vegetation. The most western of these lakes—Marcotis—though now little more than a salt marsh, except during the inundations, when its contents are swelled by infiltration, was 200 years ago navigable, and contributed considerably to the importance of Alexandria, behind which it lies. It has been proposed to drain it, and should not the cost altogether eat up the profits, undoubtedly a vast tract of valuable land would thereby be reclaimed. The largest of the series of lakes is deeper than the others, and supports a considerable fishing population in the villages and islands along its southern shore.

But of all the modern improvements in Lower Egypt—Alexandria, that altogether European-looking city, and Cairo, which Ismail tried to make an Oriental Paris, not excepted—the Suez canal, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, is the greatest.

Until the year 1869 the railway across the northern corner of the

Arabian Desert to Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, was the only mode of crossing from the seas of Europe to those of Asia on the short route to the East. But in the year mentioned M. de Lesseps' grand conception became a reality and, in spite of prophecies to the contrary, has up to the present date continued to flourish. Port Said stands at the Mediterranean entrance to this "new sea in an old land." Midway is Ismaïlia, which has sprung up within the last few years, owing to the Canal Company having selected the spot for its head-quarters. The next section of



CELEBRATION AT THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

the canal is through the lakes once known as the "bitter," and then after again narrowing to its normal dimensions, it opens into the Red Sea at Suez, eighty-six miles from the Mediterranean.

Owing to the drifting sand, it requires continual dredging; but so successful is it that on an average 1600 vessels pass yearly through it, and there is every likelihood that as time goes on the number will greatly be increased, and the canal widened in due proportion. Alexandria is usually considered outside the delta; but so far from being "killed by the canal," as it was loudly prophesied would be the case, it has not

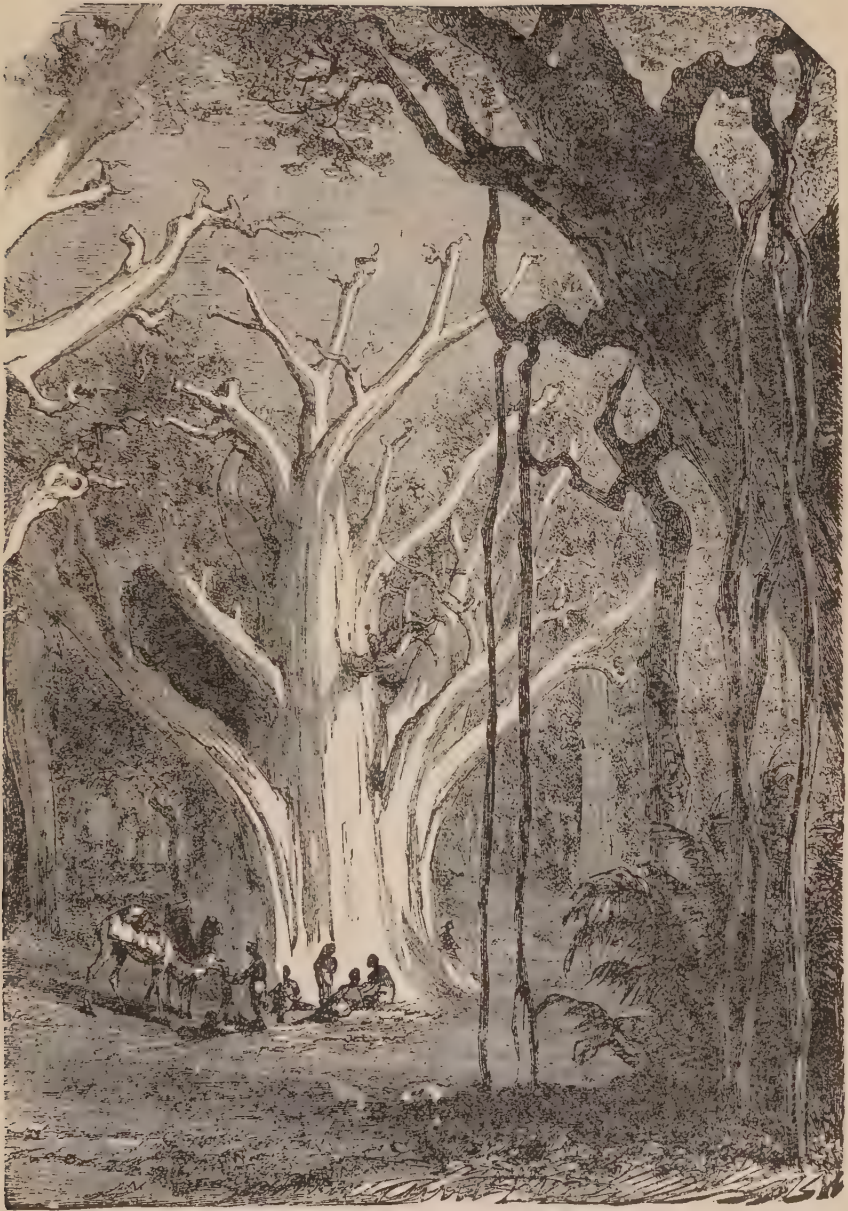
even begun to retrograde, but, on the contrary, has recently increased until, at the present time, its population cannot be less than 120,000. Rosetta and Damietta, owing to the bars at the mouths of the branches of the Nile on which they are situated, advance less rapidly, but both are making progress; and even the more sedate inland towns are profiting by the railways which were among the best of the ways in which Ismail spent the money so liberally "lent" him by the unhappy individuals now in the position of the "European bondholders."

In Nubia, the principal towns are in direct communication with the government of Lower Egypt. The general aspect of Nubia is that of a grassy plain, sandy on the limits of the desert, and merging into the richer tropical appearance of the country nearer the equator. The Egyptian Soudan is a country still in course of extension. Khartoum is its capital, and with the province of the same name is associated Senar and Fazok, in the basin of the Blue Nile. Senar town is now a decayed place, though once populous and prosperous. The neighboring country still yields such a quantity of the grain called "durra," a kind of millet, it is often styled the granary of the Soudan. But Khartoum is not only the seat of government, but the converging point of many river and caravan trade routes. In early times it was simply a nest of slave traders, whose traffic was almost put an end to during the period Sir Samuel Baker and Colonel Gordon had control of this region. But by all accounts the trade is again showing its head, the native officials being all more or less interested in it.

In Khartoum lives a motly population of Egyptians, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Nubians, Abyssinians, and Negroes, and the vile soldiers (kept for the enforcing the payment of the tribute), who are chiefly Shillucks, a barbarian horde from the Upper Nile.

Renowned Province of Soudan.

The Soudan is a well-watered region, getting more and more fertile as we proceed south, while the province of Kordofan is described as consisting generally of wide, undulating plains, covered with high, brown grass, with here and there groups of mimosa and baobabs. But water is so scarce during much of the year that it has to be stored, and cattle can therefore only be kept in the vicinity of these reservoirs or of wells. Darfur has only been Egyptian since 1875; but though the province lies around the Marrah mountains, and is therefore watered by the streams flowing from them, the country is unfruitful and dry, except during the period of the summer rains, when it blooms with its richest vegetation. Still further south the Egyptian hold on the Nile valley becomes less and less sub-



IMMENSE BAOBAB OF THE SOUDAN.

stantial, though they have stations almost on to the Albert and Victoria Lakes. Gondokoro was formerly their chief port in this part of the Sudan, and a foul den of scoundrels, by all accounts, it was. It was the chosen haunt of robbers, slave-thieves, and slave-dealers.

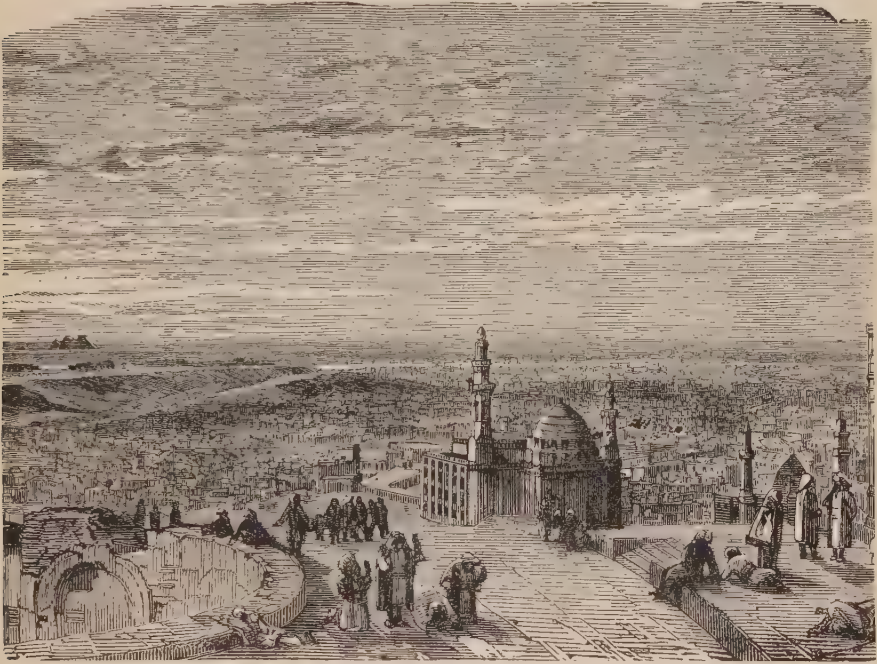
These brigands scoured the vicinity of the lakes and the region east and west, as far as Lake Tanganyika, for the purpose of stealing or buying men, women, and children, whom they sold. Several years ago Sir Samuel Baker described it as "a perfect hell," utterly ignored by the Egyptian authorities, and a haunt of as unredeemable a set of cut-throats as it was possible to collect in one spot. Still more recent accounts, both by Sir Samuel Baker and the European officers attached to Gordon's expedition, confirm this account, though the Egyptian authorities, owing to the unhealthiness of the port, have transferred their garrison to Lado, on the other side of the river. The country outside the military stations of the nominal rulers is dotted with the collecting depots of the ivory and slave-traders. These are for the most part Arabs, who either barter for themselves or are the agents of firms in Khartoum, who supply the funds.

Only Thirteen Days of Rain in a Year.

The climate of Egypt varies in different portions. In the Delta the heat and drought are almost as great as in the desert of Sahara. During the summer, northerly winds blow up the Nile Valley, and thus temper the scorching heat of that season. But of rain there is little throughout the year. At Cairo there is an average of only thirteen rainy days in twelve months, and further south, that is, nearer towards the centre of Africa, there are scarcely any showers at all, heavy dews—as in Peru, which is about equally rainless—making up for the deficiency of other moisture. Still further south, past the place where the Nile receives its last tributary (the Atbara), the tropical rains begin, and hence the landscape no longer presents an appearance of burnt-up grass or bare sand, but perennial vegetation of the richest description.

In Central Africa there is no regular dry and wet season, for, taking the region round the Albert Nyanza as a specimen, rain falls every month in the year except January and February. So rare, however, are showers in Egypt proper that in Thebes there is not a storm of rain oftener than once in four years, though at Cairo there is usually one every winter, but the frequency of rain has increased since plantations have been grown between the city and the river. The climate is thus remarkably equal for those who can bear heat and take care to avoid the salt marshes along the northern coast. Upper Egypt is also healthier than Lower Egypt, and the least wholesome period of the year is the autumn, when the inun

dated soil is drying. Europeans who would preserve their health in Egypt must needs greatly modify their mode of life. They should use alcoholic drinks very sparingly, eat little meat during the hot season, and expose themselves as little as possible to the extremes of change and temperature which characterize the climate. Failure to observe these suggestions and to conform to the simple rules of health, will put strong constitutions in jeopardy and lead to disastrous results. Armies of occupation in Egypt are thinned by exposure. There is a deadlier enemy than the bullet or the cimeter, and the resistless ravages of climate deplete the



VIEW OF CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL.

ranks more than actual casualties of battle. Men are placed under entirely different conditions from those which have surrounded them at home. The dreadful heat under the tropical sky, the scarcity of wholesome water, the difficulty of obtaining suitable food, especially food that is fresh and therefore palatable, the peculiar exposure which always goes with a climate in which one has not been reared, must all be taken into account. For these reasons those who attempt to make their home in North Africa run great risks, and are exposed to peculiar dangers. Especially is this true of children. Indeed, it is usually considered a great risk to attempt to rear them in Egypt, though if they arrive

at the age of ten without injury they are considered to have passed the dangerous stage.

Description of the Egyptian Climate.

As a resort for invalids, Egypt cannot be recommended without caution. Persons suffering from asthma and bronchitis are likely to gain benefit from a Nile voyage, unless the season is unusually cold. The climate of the desert does not in all cases suit them, the small particles of sand which are inhaled increasing the irritation. The desert air is undoubtedly good for consumption, and a wise plan is to encamp near Cairo, or still better, to find some kind of house within the limits of the desert, and there are ancient sepulchral grottoes at Thebes and other sites, which afford excellent quarters for any one who will take the pains to build a court and a few rooms in front of it. A Nile voyage cannot be so safely recommended. The climate on the river itself is more changeable than elsewhere, and often in winter far colder than is good for delicacy of the lungs. No one should visit Egypt in winter without heavy as well as light clothing.

Lane gives the general height of the thermometer in the depth of winter in Lower Egypt, in the afternoon and in the shade, at from 50° to 60° ; in the hottest season it is from 90° to 100° , and about 10° higher in the southern parts of the kingdom. The winds which blow most frequently are those from the north-west, north, or north-east, but particularly from the first direction, these northerly breezes being the famous "Etesian winds" of Herodotus, which in his day, as in ours, enabled boats to ascend the Nile against its strong current. The southerly winds are often violent and always hot, and if accompanied with sand cause especial suffering to foreigners. The simoon or samoon, is a kind of hot sand-wind hurricane, not so frequent in the cultivated tracts as in the desert, and in any case only occurring at long intervals; while the "zoba'ah," or pillar of sand, and the mirage, are among the other familiar and doubtfully agreeable features of the Egyptian climate.

Blindness, Plague and Idiocy.

Ophthalmia, ending in blindness, and dysentery are the two most prevalent diseases of the country, the one being due to the climate, the other to the poverty of the great mass of the inhabitants preventing them obtaining sufficient food. The plague has at intervals been one of the greatest scourges of Egypt, but it is nearly forty years since there was an outbreak of it, mainly owing to the better sanitary precautions which have been adopted by the Government. The cholera is also now much less frequent than it was formerly; consumption is extremely rare among

the native population; madness, generally in the form of idiocy, is common, but as an idiot is not confined, and is looked upon as a kind of saint, numbers of knaves feign madness in order to become objects of popular veneration. Nervous affections are also rare; rheumatism is more frequent, but gout is unknown. Sunstroke often occurs, but owing to the sobriety of the people rarely results in fatal effects; and it may be added, though the dogs are kept in every village, hydrophobia is all but or altogether unknown.

Egypt is essentially—and above everything—an agricultural country. From the time when Joseph's brethren visited it to "buy corn," the Nile valley has been accounted the granary of the East. Mehemet Ali tried to change the natural bent of the country by introducing manufactures and mining industries, but his efforts only resulted in a waste of money, machinery, and labor, so that his successors have begun to fully recognize the fact that in the soil of Egypt is contained its true wealth. Nearly five millions of acres are at present under cultivation, and of these 719,000 are said to be devoted to cotton, although this crop, which during our American war was so profitably cultivated, has rapidly declined in popularity.

Agricultural Products.

Rice, sugar, beans, barley, maize, and the clover known as "bersim," occupy the rest of the ground, and so well suited is the climate for agriculture that two or three crops can be yearly taken off the land. Every year the Nile, bearing down from Abyssinia and the far-off regions in which it takes its rise, floods laden with fine soil, overflow its banks, leaving on the surface stores of rich mud, which afford a bed for the grain of such unparalleled richness that it annually renews the fertility of the soil exhausted by the crops which had been already taken off. Canals are now used to regulate the overflow, and the "holeeg," or yearly cutting to let in the waters of the river, is one of the most imposing of state ceremonials. It is, however, affirmed by some old Egyptians that this new-fangled method interferes with the fertility of the soil, by allowing much of the deposit to settle down in the bed of the river; and it is certain that of late years the use of manures has been found necessary to enrich land which for ages has required no other stimulus or food than that brought down by the ancient river.

Sugar is one of the chief products of Egypt, and long one of the monopolies of the Khedive; but flax, which in early times was one of the principal crops of the country, has now been almost entirely superseded by cotton. Indigo is also a product, reared to some extent in the Delta; and in the Fayoum, besides grain and fruits, there are some large planta-

tions of roses cultivated for the valuable "attar," which is rarely seen in its purity. In the deserts the date-palm grows in clusters; and in the southern tropical regions, in the land of the crocodiles and hippopotami, rhinoceroses, giraffes, and elephants, durra, or millet, is the cultivated grain; and still higher up, in the park-like grassy steppes away from the Nile—here choked up with reeds and matted islands of sod, through which Sir Samuel Baker so wearily cut a way for his flotilla—are grazed herds of cattle; sheep, asses and goats dotting the pastures of Lower Egypt.

Traces of Precious Metals.

The country is singularly deficient in mineral wealth, and it certainly has no industries which can be properly classified under that head. The emeralds of the country between the Nile at Edfou and the Red Sea, the lead of the same region, the gold of the Bishari country, and the turquoises of the Peninsula of Sinai (which is claimed by Egypt) have not been worked for many years, though the recent researches of Captain Burton have shown that the gold of the eastern coast of the Gulf of Akabah—the ancient land of Midian—is not yet exhausted. He has rediscovered extensive quarries of quartz and chlorite abounding in rich veins of both gold and silver, with remains of Roman mining works, and traces of a busy population who for some unexplained reason had deserted the country while the supplies of ore were still unexhausted.

Gold dust was also washed out of the sands of the streams that run through the gorges of the granite and porphyry hills, which separate the coast from the interior. Tin and antimony were also found; so that, even allowing for the possibility of the gallant and learned explorer having been carried away by his enthusiasm, it is undoubted that in the region in question there is still a prospect of a fresh industry being added to the few which Egypt was hitherto thought capable of supporting. Granite, limestone, porphyry, and alabaster are still mined to some extent; nitre is obtained in Lower Egypt and along the western coast of the Red Sea; sea-salt is manufactured at various places near the shore; petroleum has been "struck" a hundred miles south of Suez; and the fisheries have already become so important as to employ nearly 10,000 hands, and to support a considerable export trade to Syria, Turkey and Greece.

Up the Nile by Steam.

We will close this description of the Land of the Pyramids with a trip on the waters of the famous Nile. We were at Cairo, says the traveler from whose narrative we quote, and when the subject of a Nile trip was mentioned, it was eagerly entertained. Visions of Cleopatra and her suite gliding in gilded barges down the broad surface of the mighty stream, to

the strains of soft music, rose before our eyes. Vividly we pictured to ourselves the dreamy lotus-eating existence on the river, so often and so pleasantly described by Nile travelers. These, and other delights, including those of congenial society and intellectual companionship, also suggested themselves. The result might have been foreseen. The voyage was determined upon, and, the future being mercifully veiled from us, we proceeded with light hearts to make the few preparations necessary. The means of locomotion became the next consideration, and time being of the utmost importance, a steamer was decided upon. No difficulty was experienced in carrying out our decision. Cheerfully each of us paid his or her two hundred and fifty dollars, and the morning after Christmas Day saw us leaving Cairo on board the steamship *Behera*, bound for the First Cataract. Not wishing to provoke a discussion with the Constructor-General of the Egyptian Navy as to her merits, I will simply observe that, as a passenger vessel, she leaves somewhat to be desired.

Afloat on the River.

Imagine a steamer of moderate size, with the upper deck built over with cabins, a saloon in the uttermost depths of darkness below, a hurricane-deck in the sky above, two funnels perpetually vomiting forth the blackest of smoke, and with every available corner lumbered up with provisions and stores, and you have an idea of the gallant vessel in which over forty of us passengers start for Upper Egypt in search of either health or pleasure. We are of all ages, and of nearly all nationalities, though the English and American elements largely predominate. Amongst the ladies we have both young and old, charming and otherwise. We have men of all grades and trades, lawyers, doctors, and photographers, and even a member of Congress, who, if he holds forth as much *in* the "House" as out of it, must sadly obstruct the course of public business. Many, if not picturesque, are the costumes in which the male portion of us shortly appear, and one is tempted to inquire why persons, not otherwise remarkable for imbecility, should think it necessary on these occasions to deck themselves out with tarbouches and turbans of many colors, and other unusual habiliments better suited to the simple-minded natives than to the wanderer from New York or London. But so it is, and as we steam away from Boulak, with our proud banner floating before us, we present the appearance of a successful band of pirates who have managed to scuttle a ship laden with eastern goods.

Donkeys and Donkey Drivers.

Unhappily, our peculiarities are not confined to matters of costume, and ere the minarets of Cairo are lost in the distance, a certain amount of

friction becomes apparent which threatens to produce, metaphorically at least, what engineers call "hot bearings." For a time, however, this is averted; we are as yet too much amused to think of quarreling, and we paddle peacefully through the chocolate-colored water to Bedrashayro, about twelve miles distant. Here over forty donkeys, and over forty donkey boys, sent on from Cairo, await us for the excursion to the Temple of the Bulls and the Tombs at Sakhara. When the vessel stops, all at once our dragoman, a portly Arab, supremely indifferent to everything but "backsheesh," sounds a horn, and there is a scramble for the shore. Hurriedly, and amidst shouts, oaths, and execrations, the latter fortunately in an unknown tongue, we mount the docile animals, and amidst a cloud of dust dash wildly across the country—on a sort of personally misconducted tour.

Adventurous Trip.

Without a moment's pause we are hurried past villages, minarets, groves of palms, and fields of Indian corn; often would we linger at some picturesque spot on the road, but it is not to be. The owner of each donkey devotes all his efforts to get his animal to the front by shouting at him, beating him, and occasionally "prodding" him with a sharp pointed stick. Of course the race is not unattended with disasters, for such is the will of "Allah"—saddles turn round, donkeys go on their knees, and riders fall off, but the survivors pass on unheeding.

At last we reach the time-honored remains, and are disposed to pause awhile, and meditate upon them, as well as upon the grand old pyramids of Ghizeh, which rear their stately heads above the sands of the desert, looking pink and creamy in the distance. As we look at the quiet tomb of Tih, who seems to have been a worthy gentleman devoted to agricultural pursuits, one wonders if it ever struck him that his last resting-place would some day be broken into by a crowd of noisy excursionists, to blacken the sculpture with their candles.

Here we had an opportunity to recall that thrilling scene in which Napoleon and his army, and the brave Mamelukes were the actors, the object of the great French commander being to subdue this part of Egypt.

On Historic Ground. -

A fleet of twenty ships of war and a large number of transports was assembled at Toulon, under Admiral Brueys. An army of 36,000 men under Bonaparte, embarked in this fleet, and on the 19th of May, 1798, the expedition put to sea. A numerous body of scientific men accompanied the expedition. Before the departure of the fleet Bonaparte had been in correspondence with the Knights of St. John, who held Malta,



NAPOLÉON AND HIS ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

for the surrender of that island to France for a specified consideration. The French fleet at once sailed to Malta, and after a show of resistance on the part of the knights, took possession of it by a formal convention on the 10th of June. A garrison of 3000 men was left at La Valetta, and the fleet set sail for Egypt, barely eluding the English fleet of Admiral Nelson, who was trying to intercept it. The Egyptian coast was reached on the 1st of July, and the next day the troops landed near Alexandria.

Terrible Battle and Slaughter.

Egypt, though nominally a part of the Turkish empire, was held by the Mamelukes, a race of warriors. Mourad Bey, one of their most powerful chiefs, had taken position to cover Cairo with his troops. Bonaparte advanced at once to attack him, and, after a painful march through the scorching sands of the desert, the French army on the 21st of July encountered the army of Mourad Bey, 30,000 strong, in the great plain of the Pyramids, opposite Cairo. A desperate battle ensued, and the steadiness of the French squares was tested as it had never been before by the furious charges of the Mameluke horse; but the Mamelukes were defeated with heavy slaughter, and driven from the field. They fled into upper Egypt, and thence into Syria. The battle of the Pyramids was followed by the occupation of Cairo the next day by the French. It virtually decided the fate of Egypt which submitted to Bonaparte with but little more resistance.

The brilliant victory of the Pyramids was followed by a disastrous reverse. The English Admiral, Nelson, who had vainly sought to encounter the French fleet on its way to Egypt, discovered it in the bay of Aboukir, near Alexandria, and on the 1st of August attacked it. The battle was resumed the next day, and resulted in the defeat or capture of the entire French fleet. This reverse left the French in Egypt without the means of communicating with Europe, and entirely dependent upon the resources of the country they occupied.

Our meditations on these memorable scenes are but short-lived, however. The inexorable horn again sounds, and we have to scamper back to the vessel to suit the convenience of the donkey-boys, who are anxious to get home to Cairo. This continued rapidity of movement becomes distasteful to some of the party, and notably to the American senator, whose skill as a cavalier by no means keeps pace with his oratorical powers. Vainly he urges his remorseless driver to spare him further suffering, and allow him to proceed at a more reasonable pace. Next he uses threats, but the intelligent youth discreetly keeps out of reach of the senatorial stick, and at the same time by shouts and vociferations keeps

his animal at full galop. A like experience awaits us all, and when towards the close of day we arrive on board, all are equally hot, tired,

FAMOUS BATTLE OF THE NILE, OR AROUKIR.



dusty and shaken. Rushing on deck to watch the sun setting behind the distant palms, we find but two straight-backed benches of the hardest wood whereon to rest our somewhat shattered frames. Matters, how

ever, are not so bad as they at first appear, for we discover that the philanthropic contractors have thoughtfully provided luxurious cane-bottomed chairs, which we can hire at two dollars and a half each for the voyage, an arrangement by which our comforts and their receipts are at the same time considerably increased!

A Pit Named a Dining Room.

Shortly after, the bell rings for dinner, and all dive into what appears to be a bottomless pit, but which proves to be only the dining saloon. Had this last but been a little higher, a little broader, a little better lighted, and had the viands been different from what they were, and the wine less than four shillings a bottle, and of different vintage, there might not have been much to complain of with regard to this our first dinner afloat; but as none of these things happen, and as the waiters are unaccustomed to wait, and occasionally stumble down the cabin stairs and shoot the contents of the dishes out on the floor, it will be evident that everything is not quite what could have been wished; and it is to be hoped that the sin of ingratitude will not be laid to our charge if the meal concluded without "making us all truly thankful."

Later on in the evening other peculiarities in the construction and arrangement of the vessel develop themselves. Going on deck, after dinner, one finds that the awning which protects us from the nightly dew is spread so low down that no one can walk under it without having his hat knocked off, or running the risk of wearing out his hair, whilst the lantern, which is intended to diffuse a cheerful light around, surprises us all at once by melting at the joints and tumbling to pieces by its own weight. After this collapse of our illuminating power, most of us retire to our cabins, only to realize how insufficient is a bed but fifteen inches wide for the purposes of slumber. In one instance a voyager finds the glass of his cabin window quietly drop out of its frame, and slide overboard for the benefit of the subaqueous inhabitants of the Nile.

Shortly before midnight, when the passengers are dropping into their first sleep, a grinding, scraping sound is heard under our feet, which effectually prevents further repose. The cause soon becomes manifest. It is the Arab stoker, who, having banked fires in readiness for the start next day, chooses this opportune moment for the purpose of putting on coal and clearing up the stoke-hole generally. He is remonstrated with, but ineffectually, and remorselessly the swarthy fiend continues to ply his iron shovel during the silent hours of the night. At half-past four, long before daylight, we are under weigh, and the rattle of the paddles wakes up the few who have managed to sleep.

The crowding is, it must be confessed, a little inconvenient, and with chairs placed about in all directions, walking the deck is well-nigh impossible, whilst the babel of tongues becomes indescribable. Every now and then we pass a stately "daahabeah" with her wide wings spread out to catch the north wind, and contrast, the quiet peaceful life evident on board of her with the noise, bustle, and confusion which exists amongst ourselves. Nor is this all: as the voyage proceeds little asperities of temper show themselves. One *casus belli* is a lady's maid, who, having paid first-class fare, is dissatisfied at being forced to take her meals forward with the dragoman, and eventually has to be accommodated with a place in the saloon. Another is the arrangement of one of the excursions at so early an hour as to render it impossible for several of the passengers to go. Difficulties of some kind hourly arise. It is not all "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm." We land at the different temples and places of interest on the river only to repeat our experiences of Bedrashayro. We are being perpetually goaded onward. Hurriedly we are driven up to a spot, and as rapidly are we hustled back to the steamer. When we all gallop frantically to the magnificent Colossi at Thebes, only to dash away again, those stately figures appear to wear a sad reproachful expression. "Why such haste?" they seem to say. "We have been here some thirty centuries, and mean to remain some thirty more; there's plenty of time."

Even the camels on which many of us ride from Assouan to Philæ seem to regard us and our impetuous bustling movements with undisguised contempt, and in spite of everything refuse themselves to be hurried in the same way. The natives, too, form so poor an opinion of our intelligence that at one place they try to sell us a crockery-ware door-handle and a glass chandelier as true Egyptian antiquities. Perhaps they are right, anyhow we can hardly blame them.

The return voyage is accompanied by incidents of a similar nature. Some of us become desperate, and at last, when matters are at their worst, to conciliate us we are treated to a display of fireworks. This, too, is only half a success, and, moreover, nearly ends in the premature cremation of an unoffending Arab. Everything one knows must have an end, and on the twenty-first day from our departure, Cairo, beautiful Cairo, with its domes and its towers, again looms in sight. Never was any prospect more welcome. One thing alone we have to boast of: we have seen the Nile, but oh! at what a sacrifice of money, of comfort, and, worst of all, of temper.

CHAPTER VIII.

STRANGE SIGHTS IN ZULU-LAND.

A Noble Race of Savages—Admiration for a Black Skin—Insecurity of Life Among the Kaffirs—Amusing Example of Cross-Questioning—Fondness for a Practical Joke—Kaffir Hospitality—Fine Domestic Traits—Excitements of the Chase—Rivers Infested by Enormous Reptiles—Perilous Adventure with a Crocodile—Meeting a Native King—Singular Barbaric Council—Suspicious of White Men—Physical Appearance of the Kaffir Race—Ugly-Looking Women—Savage Belles with Graceful Figures—Dark-Skinned Flirts—What it Costs to Obtain a Wife—Men who are Lords and Women who are Drudges—Fit Companion of a Savage Chief—The Head Turned into a Saucepan—Love of Dancing—Musical Instruments—Zulu Letter-Carrier.



VER the whole of the southern portion of the great continent of Africa is spread a remarkable and interesting race of mankind. Though divided into numerous tribes, and differing in appearance, manners and customs, they are evidently cast in the same mould, and belong to the same group of the human race. They are dark, but not so black as the true negro of the west. Their hair is crisp, short and curled, but not so woolly as that of the negro; their lips, though large when compared with those of Americans, are small when compared to those of the negro. The form is finely modelled, the stature tall, the limbs straight, the forehead high, the expression intelligent; and, altogether, this group of mankind affords as fine examples of the human form as can be found anywhere on the earth.

To give a name to this large group is not very easy. Popularly, the tribes which compose it are known as Kaffirs. It is evident that they are not aborigines, but that they have descended upon southern Africa from some other locality—probably from more northern parts of the same continent. Some writers claim for the Kaffir tribes an Asiatic origin, and have a theory that in the course of their migration they mixed with the negroes, and so became possessed of the frizzled hair, the thick lips, the dark skin, and other peculiarities of the negro race.

Of all the true Kaffir tribes, the Zulu is the chief type. Although spread over a considerable range of country, the Zulu tribe has its headquarters rather to the north of Natal, and there may be found the



FAMOUS MONKEY TOWN ON THE GABOON RIVER.

best specimens of this splendid race of men. Belonging, as do the Zulu tribes, to the dark-skinned portion of mankind, their skin does not possess that dead, jetty black which is characteristic of the western negro. It is a more transparent skin, the layer of coloring matter does not seem to be so thick, and the ruddy hue of the blood is perceptible through the black. It is held by the Kaffirs to be the perfection of human coloring; and a Zulu, if asked what he considers to be the finest complexion, will say that it is, like his own, black, with a little red.

Singular Ideas of Beauty.

Some dark-skinned nations approve of a fair complexion, and in some parts of the world the chiefs are so much fairer than the commonalty; that they seem almost to belong to different races. The Kaffir, however, holds precisely the opposite opinion. According to his views of human beauty, the blacker a man is the handsomer he is considered, provided that some tinge of red be perceptible. They carry this notion so far that in sounding the praises of their king, an act at which they are very expert, they mention as one of his excellences, that he chooses to be black, though, being so powerful a monarch, he might have been white if he had liked. Europeans who have resided for any length of time among the Kaffir tribes seem to imbibe similar ideas about the superior beauty of the black and red complexion. They become used to it, and perceive little varieties in individuals, though to an inexperienced eye the color would appear exactly similar in every person. When they return to civilized society they feel a great contempt for the pale, lifeless-looking complexion of white people, and some time elapses before they learn to view a fair skin and light hair with any degree of admiration. Examples of albinos are occasionally seen among the Kaffirs, but they are not pleasant-looking individuals, and are not admired by their blacker and more fortunate fellow-countrymen. As is the case with the negro race, the newly-born infant of a Kaffir is nearly as pale as that of a European, the dark hue becoming developed by degrees.

Though dark of hue, the Kaffirs are as fastidious about their dusky complexion as any American belle could be of her own fairer skin; and the pride with which a Kaffir, even though he be a man and a tried warrior, regards the shining, transparent black of his skin, has in it something ludicrous.

Liabie to be Killed at any Moment.

The Kaffirs have an instinctive fatalism, arising from the peculiar nature of their government. The power of life and death with which the Kaffir rulers are invested is exercised in so arbitrary and reckless a man-

ner, that no Kaffir feels the least security for his life. He knows perfectly well that the king may require his life at any moment, and he therefore never troubles himself about a future which may have no existence for him.

Of course these traits of character belong only to the Kaffirs in their normal condition; for, when these splendid savages have placed themselves under the protection of Europeans, the newly-felt security of life produces its natural results, and they will display forethought which would do no discredit to a white man. A lad, for example, will give faithful service for a year, in order to obtain a cow at the end of that time. Had he been engaged while under the rule of his own king, he would have insisted on prepayment, and would have honorably fulfilled his task provided that the king did not have him executed.

The lofty and thoughtful forehead of the Kaffir does not belie his character, for, of all savage races, the Kaffir is perhaps the most intellectual. In acts he is honorable and straightforward, and, with one whom he can trust, his words will agree with his actions. But he delights in controversy, and has a special faculty for the Socratic mode of argument; namely, by asking a series of apparently unimportant questions, gradually hemming in his adversary, and forcing him to pronounce his own sentence of condemnation. If he suspects another of having committed a crime, and examines the supposed culprit before a council, he will not accuse him directly of the crime, but will cross-examine him with a skill worthy of any lawyer.

An Old Kaffir's Shrewdness.

An amusing example of this style of argument is given by Fleming. Some Kaffirs had been detected in eating an ox, and the owner brought them before a council, demanding payment for the ox. Their defence was that they had not killed the animal, but had found it dying from a wound inflicted by another ox, and so had considered it as fair spoil. When their defence had been completed, an old Kaffir began to examine the previous speaker, and, as usual, commenced by a question apparently wide of the subject.

"Does an ox tail grow up, down, or sideways?"

"Downward."

"Do its horns grow up, down, or sideways?"

"Up."

"If an ox gores another, does he not lower his head and gore upward?"

"Yes."

"Could he gore downward?"

"No."

The wily interrogator then forced the unwilling witness to examine the wound which he asserted to have been made by the horn of another ox, and to admit that the slain beast had been stabbed and not gored.

As a rule, the Kaffir is not of a revengeful character, nor is he troubled with that exceeding touchiness which characterizes some races of mankind. Not that he is without a sense of dignity. On the contrary, a Kaffir can be among the most dignified of mankind when he wishes, and when there is some object in being so. He is so sure that no real breach of respect can be wilfully committed, that a Kaffir will seldom hesitate to play a practical joke upon another—a proceeding which would be the cause of instant bloodshed among the Malays. And, provided that the trick be a clever one, no one seems to enjoy it more than the victim.

Fondness for a Practical Joke.

One resident in Kaffir-Land mentions several instances of the tendency of the Kaffirs toward practical joking. A lad in his service gravely told his fellow-countrymen that all those who came to call on the Englishmen were bound by etiquette to kneel down and kiss the ground at a certain distance from the house. The natives, born and bred in a system of etiquette equal to that of any court in Europe, unhesitatingly obeyed, while the lad stood by, superintending the operation, and greatly enjoying the joke. After a while, the trick was discovered, and no one appreciated the boy's wit more than those who had fallen into the snare.

Another anecdote, related by the same author, seems as if it had been transplanted from a First-of-April scene in America. A woman was bringing home a pumpkin, and, according to the usual mode of carrying burdens in Africa, was balancing it on her head. A mischievous boy ran hastily to her, and, with a face of horror, exclaimed, "There's something on your head!" The woman, startled at the sudden announcement, thought that at least a snake had got on her head, and ran away screaming. Down fell the pumpkin and the boy picked it up before the woman recovered from her fright.

The Kaffir is essentially hospitable. On a journey, any one may go to the kraal of a stranger, and will certainly be fed and lodged, both according to his rank and position. White men are received in the same hospitable manner, and, in virtue of their white skin and their presumed knowledge, they are always ranked as chiefs, and treated accordingly.

The Kaffirs are singularly domestic people, and, semi-nomad as they are, cling with great affection to their simple huts. Chiefs and warriors of known repute may be seen in their kraals, nursing and fondling their children with no less affection than is exhibited by the mothers. Alto-

EXCITING COMBAT WITH AN IMMENSE CROCODILE.



gether, the Kaffir is a social being. He cannot endure living alone, eating alone, smoking alone, snuffing alone, or even cooking alone, but always contrives to form part of some assemblage devoted to the special purpose. Day by day, the men assemble and converse with each other, often treating of political affairs, and training themselves in that school of forensic argument which has already been mentioned.

Fascinating Sport for the Hunter.

Excepting war, there is no pursuit which is so engrossing to a Kaffir as the chase; and whether he unites with a number of his comrades in a campaign against his game, whether he pursues it singly, or entices it into traps, he is wholly absorbed in the occupation, and pursues it with enthusiasm. Indeed, in many cases, and certainly in most instances, where a Kaffir is the hunter, the chase becomes a mimic warfare, which is waged sometimes against the strong, and sometimes against the weak; which opposes itself equally to the fierce activity of the lion, the resistless force of the elephant, the speed of the antelope, and the wariness of the zebra. The love of hunting is a necessity in such a country, which fully deserves the well-known title of the "Happy Hunting-Grounds." There is, perhaps, no country on earth, where may be found such a wonderful variety of game in so small a compass, and which will serve to exercise, to the very utmost, every capacity for the chase that mankind possesses.

Southern Africa abounds in the swiftest, the largest, the heaviest, the fiercest, the mightiest, and the tallest beasts in the world. The lofty mountain, the reed-clad dell, the thorny bush, the open plain, the river-bank, and the very water itself, are filled with their proper inhabitants, simply on account of the variety of soil, which always produces a corresponding variety of inhabitants. The different kinds of herbage attract and sustain the animals that are suited to them; and were they to be extinct, the animals must follow in their wake. The larger carnivora are in their turn attracted by the herbivorous inhabitants of the country, and thus it happens that even a very slight modification in the vegetation has altered the whole character of a district.

Monsters of Swamp and River.

Zulu-Land abounds in reptiles, both great and small. With the crocodile, the most formidable and most feared of this family, nearly all the deep, still waters of the larger rivers are infested. They are ugly, fierce, scaly brutes; the natives give them a name which signifies "water-tiger." Basking upon the sand-banks, or among the reeds of the river's brink, or scouring its deep pools, the crocodile is the dread of the traveler compelled to cross the stream.

The following account is taken from the diary of an explorer in the Kaffir country: "Yesterday, as the men were digging out the steamers, which had become jammed by the floating rafts, they felt something struggling beneath their feet. They immediately scrambled away in time to avoid the large head of a crocodile that broke its way through the tangled mass in which it had been jammed and held prisoner by the rafts. The black soldiers, armed with swords and bill-hooks, immediately attacked the crocodile, who, although freed from imprisonment, had not exactly fallen into the hands of the Humane Society. He was quickly



IN THE JAWS OF A MONSTER.

dispatched, and that evening his flesh gladdened the cooking-pots of the party.

"I was amused with the account of this adventure given by various officers who were eye-witnesses. One stated, in reply to my question as to the length of the animal, 'Well, sir, I should not like to exaggerate, but I should say it was forty-five feet long from snout to tail!' Another witness declared it to be at least twenty feet; but if one were seized by such a creature he would be disposed to think that, whatever might be its length, it is made up mainly of jaws."

From the graphic narrative of Mr. Grout, the missionary, we take the following description of an exciting adventure:

Mr. Butler, a member of our mission, narrowly escaped from one of the savage creatures with which the rivers abound. In going to one of the stations, it was necessary for him to cross the Umkomazi. No natives being at hand to manage the boat, he ventured to cross on horseback, though the water was deep and turbid. As he went over safely, when he returned the next day he again ventured into the river in the same way. When about two-thirds of the way across, his horse suddenly kicked and plunged, as if to disengage himself from his rider; and the next moment an alligator seized Mr. Butler's leg with his horrible jaws. The river at this place is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, if measured at right angles to the current; but from the place we enter to the place we go out, the distance is three times as great. The water at high tide, and when the river is not swollen, is from four to eight or ten feet deep. On each side, the banks are skirted with high grass and reeds.

Mr. Butler, when he felt the sharp teeth of the alligator, clung to the mane of his horse with a death-hold. Instantly he was dragged from the saddle; and both he and the horse were floundering in water, often dragged entirely under, and rapidly going down stream. At first the alligator drew them again to the middle of the river; but at last the horse gained shallow water, and approached the shore. As soon as he was within reach, natives ran to his assistance, and beat off the alligator with spears and clubs.

Horse and Rider Frightfully Mangled.

Mr. Butler was pierced with five deep gashes, and had lost much blood. He left all his garments, except his shirt and coat, on the opposite shore with a native who was to follow him; but when the struggle commenced, the native returned, and would not venture into the water again. It was now dark; and, without garments and weak from loss of blood, he had seven miles to ride before he could reach the station of a brother missionary. He borrowed a blanket of a native; and after two hours succeeded in reaching the station, more dead than alive.

His horse also was terribly mangled; a foot square of the flesh and skin was torn from his flanks. The animal, it is supposed, first seized the horse; and when shaken off, he caught Mr. Butler, first below the knee, and then in the thigh, making five or six wounds, from two to four inches long, and from one-half to two and a half inches wide. After a severe illness, Mr. Butler recovered, but will not soon lose the marks of this fast and loving friend's hold upon him.

The customs which prevail in the land of the Zulus are exceedingly

interesting, and in giving a description of some of the most curious of them we cannot do better than to favor the reader with the graphic nar-



BEAUTIFUL ZEBRAS OF THE KAFFIR COUNTRY.

ative of Captain Lindley, who conducted the celebrated expedition in search of gold in South Africa.

Shortly after crossing the Pongolo, he says, we came upon the largest and most extensive native village that we had yet fallen in with. A messenger was sent to us from the chief, requesting us to halt until he had ascertained the nature of our visit to his territories. In the meanwhile, as that black high mightiness was not ready to receive our deputation, we passed the time by gazing at a number of warriors who were going through the performance of a sort of war-dance at a little distance from the kraal, or village. Summoned, at length, to an audience with the great black man, we were surprised to find him no less a personage than the famed Ketchwayo, heir-apparent to the Zulu throne. We found him seated at a sunny spot upon the green sward, outside the village, and surrounded by his wise men and councillors—solemn old negroes these, with snowy wool upon the summit of their craniums, and woolly-white patches upon their lips and chins. All were squatted on their hams, and all tried hard to preserve a grave, not to say reverend and important demeanor. These old gentlemen, however, were not very respectable in their appearance; in fact, considered as a cabinet council, they would not have failed to excite the merriment of us occidental strangers, had we not known that the ready weapons of many thousands of the fierce Zulu warriors hung upon their beck and call.

A Noble Chief.

By far the most distinguished member of this rather barbaric council was the chief, Ketchwayo himself. He was a powerful, well-made man, at least six feet high, and possessed an extremely intelligent countenance, with very well-formed features, containing but little of the negro type. There was a thoughtful, intelligent character in the expression of his face; whilst all his actions and movements were dignified and noble, if not majestic. At all events, there was that nameless air of majesty and freedom one sometimes meets with in the free, independent, untrammelled, and unsophisticated savage. However, one of his principal recommendations to our favorable consideration was the fact that he wore a clean blanket, a thing of which his councillors, his braves, and all his people were perfectly and unanimously innocent.

The art of wearing a "kross" (made of skins) or blanket, after the manner of the Kaffirs, is very simple. A string is tied loosely round the neck, one end of the blanket is pulled through this at discretion, so as to form a short collar or a long cape, and the rest of the article hangs round about the wearer in graceful or ungraceful folds, according to opinion.

"What"—said Ketchwayo, addressing us through his mouthpiece,



A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT AMONG THE ZULUS.

according to Kaffir etiquette, for he was too great a chief to speak direct with unimportant strangers—"what do you want?"

"Noluto" (nothing), we replied, or rather I did, being deputed spokesman by my companions, as I had picked up more of the native language than they had. "We came to see what you, the chief, wanted with us."

"Are you traders?" repeated the Kaffir spokesman.

"No."

"Missionaries?"

"No."

"Soldiers?"

"No."

"Then what are you?" cried the mouthpiece, in irritable tones, having exhausted his knowledge of the callings and classes of the white man.

"Travelers," said I, thinking there could not be any harm in that, and being anxious to conceal the real object of our journey; but I soon found out the mistake I had made.

A Striking Figure.

"What!" cried Ketchwayo himself, abandoning the state formality of speaking through another, and rising to his full height, in an energetic attitude, "Travelers! Have the hills and plains of the 'southern garden' (Natal) become too small for your people? Do they covet more of our lands? Are you spies of the white government, come to pry out the best and most fertile parts of our country?"

The chief paused, his eyes flashing, and his fine form dilating with passion, amid the applauding, guttural, and emphatic "um-ums" of the surrounding braves and sages.

"No!" said I, indignantly, stretching myself up, in my turn and striving to wax eloquent in the little I knew of the Zulu tongue. "We are not spies; are not agents of the Natal government; and are not even inhabitants of that country. We come from the empire of the Great White Queen beyond the big water. We have come to see the Kaffirs, the far-famed Zulus, the people of these lands; we have come as friends, as messengers of peace. We wish to see your people, your warriors, your sages, and then return to tell our countrymen what we have seen; how well it will be to become friends and allies with the powerful Zulus; to send plenty of guns, powder, beads, and bracelets, and trade with them for ivory, hides, and ostrich feathers."

"It is well," said Ketchwayo, gloomily. "Now the audience is over. But I know the nature of you white men; your plundering propensities; how you seize the lands of those who cannot defend them. But wait,

wait a little. I shall be king some day. Now you can retire. You must wait until we hear what says the great chief, Panda, before receiving permission to pass through our country."

As we did not think it exactly prudent to continue on our way after this intimation, when, in all probability, a free permission would be brought back by the runners Ketchwayo despatched on the moment to his father, who was known to be friendly to all white men, we withdrew about a mile from the village, and awaited the result.

A Splendid Race of Savages.

In the meanwhile we may as well say a few words about the interesting natives amongst whom we were sojourning. The whole Kaffir race is a fine one, and the Zulus are the very pick of it, both in figure, face, intelligence and habits. Excepting only the Abyssinians and, perhaps, the light-complexioned Hottentots, they may fairly rank as the best variety of, or mixture with, the negro race. Instead of the short, dingy wool of the genuine equatorial type, the Kaffir's hair grows to a length of about five or six inches, in stiff corkscrew curls, and generally possesses a faint, yellowish hue that is by no means unpleasing. This same tawny tinge, or a more sanguine ruddy substitute, pervades their whole complexion, giving it a glowing richness of color and a general healthiness of appearance.

The average Kaffir is a tall, lithe, gracefully formed and muscular man. His average height is above that of most Americans, for I think it not less than five feet eight or nine inches. His skin is of the deep yellowish, red-brown already mentioned. The facial angle and peculiar type of the negro is considerably moderated, the nose being well formed, though flattish, but not extremely so; the lips not grossly large; mouth not particularly capacious; chin and jaws not conspicuously prominent; and the eyes possessing a clear, well-defined iris, and being, as a rule, of a slightly oblique shape, approaching to that peculiar feature of the Mongolian race. The general form of the Kaffir head and face assimilates rather more to the Caucasian than to the negro African, and nearer to the Mongolian than to either. In fact, just as an Arabian or Egyptian admixture is to be detected in the Abyssinian and some other people north of the equator, so to the south of it the Kaffirs and the Hottentots give strong evidence of bygone connection with the Mongol or Malay.

Women Sadly Lacking in Personal Charms.

It is an unpleasant fact that amongst this interesting people the personal appearance of the gentler sex, taken as a whole, is far inferior to that of the men. Of course there are exceptions, and these are so strik-

ing, by their intrinsic charms, as not only to prove the rule, but explain its cause. I am safe in making the assertion that wherever the female form is found deficient in beauty to the male, it is to be accounted for by the fact that the women of that country are subjected to labor, treatment, or general employment for which nature never intended them; and I consider this the cause of that rule by which, amongst the lowest races of mankind, the face and physique of the woman seems inferior.

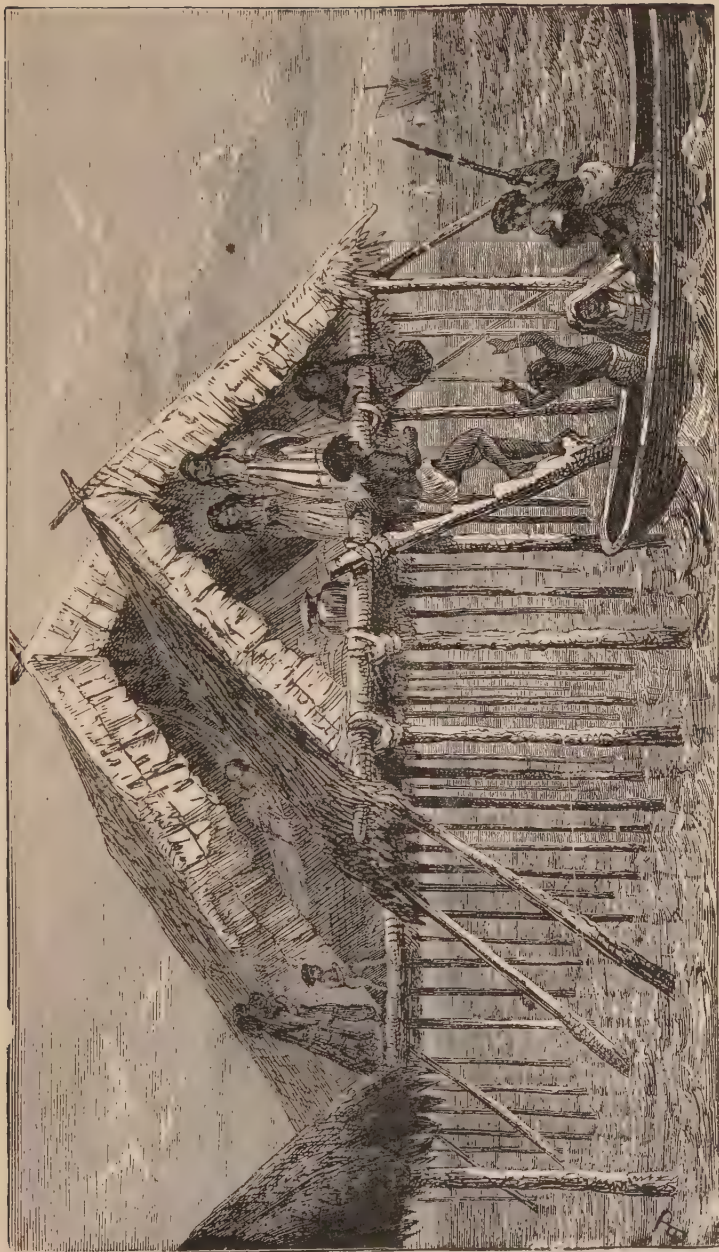
Striking Contrasts of Personal Appearance.

As I have observed among the Kaffirs, so have travelers in other parts of the world noticed the striking individual charms of some few females where most are ugly, and where their status is low; it may nearly always be found that in such cases the examples either are or have been exempt from the operation of those causes to which I have ascribed the deterioration of their less fortunate and less favored sisters. Such individuals are mostly the daughters of chiefs, favorite wives, or objects of superstitious and religious veneration. The very young women, also, usually receive a higher tribute of praise than the mere difference caused by a few years alone could possibly warrant. What I have observed of Kaffir habits and physiology—besides having studied the subject in various parts of Asia, America, Europe and Australia—explains all this upon very natural grounds.

Some of the girls and young women—those whose whole duty has, as yet, been confined to getting fat and comely in the eyes of braves with plenty of cattle wherewith to purchase wives—some, I say, of these eligible young damsels possess a figure of exquisite proportions, robust plumpness and lithe gracefulness, such as it would be vain to try and match in the haunts of civilization; and their features are often softly chiseled and expressive, sometimes even delicate and beautiful, according to our notions. As a rule, these sable Venuses all incline to stoutness; but the free wild life they lead, the rambling over and climbing their native hills, the incessant outdoor exercise, makes them remarkably strong, active, and firmly developed.

Winning Ways of Dusky Flirts.

These dusky belles are terrible coquettes, and it is an interesting spectacle to see the killing way in which, either at an "umjardu" or their frequent festive dances, they make war upon the young braves' hearts. What with their bright, roguish eyes, warm, ruddy complexion, easy, graceful carriage, and the full sweeping contour of their form, their charms are by no means contemptible, and might even be considered attractive by Americans, were it not for the reeking streams of rancid



LAKE-DWELLINGS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

and half-churned butter with which they delight to anoint their shining skin and irrigate their short dusky tresses.

Working Wives and Lazy Husbands.

The happiest period of a Kaffir woman's life is in her early youth, previous to marriage. No sooner have the cattle constituting her commercial equivalent been duly handed over to her affectionate father or next friend, than she bids a long and lasting farewell to happiness and freedom. She takes up her abode at the kraal of her husband, who, if rich enough in wives and oxen, establishes her in a little beehive hut of her own; otherwise she has to put up with sharing the one hut, bed (a mat on the ground), and board of her husband with his other connubial companions. Then, with them, she has to till and labor in his fields to provide the lordly savage, his progeny, and themselves with food; he, in the meanwhile, taking his ease, eating, lolling, and sleeping the weary hours away, or strutting about with shield and spear, done up in his war paint. Many a time has it somewhat increased the circulation of this Anglo-Saxon's blood to see one of those freshly-oiled and painted quasi-warriors marching along at his ease, followed by several of his wretched wives, laden, staggering and toiling away like beasts of burden, under heavy loads. A few short years of married life seems sufficient to spoil the beauty of the handsomest Kaffir girl; and, although some of their peculiar habits—similar to certain rules and customs of the Hebrews—should, one would think, tend to preserve their pristine form and vigor, the result of the unfeminine life they lead is that they soon become coarse, heavy, and masculine, even before middle age, after which their appearance is blear, shrunk, and disgusting.

A Young Chief's Favorite Wife.

From this degeneration we must of course except the favored few already referred to, the wives and daughters of the chiefs. As preeminent amongst this select circle, so far as came under my observation, I must award the palm to Ketchwayo's favorite wife, the young and beautiful Shlekashlekar. This charming dusky beauty was not alone admired for her fine face and form, but for her courageous disposition, which made her the companion of her warlike lord and master in all his military exploits and forays. She was a regular Amazon, and could wield weapons as deftly as any of the warriors. Her usual dress was a softly-dressed "kross" of tiger skin, with a ring through her nose, earrings, chains of the finest beads wound round her neck, and a peculiar kind of head-dress, constructed with her own hair, which was plaited and formed into a ridged coronet. But, far more than all this, it was the beaming intelligence, the strikingly

intellectual expression of her fine features which constituted her principal charm. She was a fit companion for a savage chief.

As for the national costume of the Kaffirs, I should call it a simple undress. In cold weather, and sometimes at the European settlements, natives of either sex may be seen with either a blanket or a "kross" of pliable skin slung jauntily over the right shoulder; but other garments have they none, except, indeed, in the case of "station Kaffirs" or missionary converts. It is highly amusing to see the ludicrous air of dignity with which these latter strut about in any cast-off rags which may be given to them by their pastors, and they have a most admirable unconsciousness the while of any mirth their scarecrow appearance may excite

Hair Done Up in Fantastic Shapes.

The dressing of his hair occupies a not inconsiderable portion of a Kaffir's life. Often have I seen a strapping young giant sitting quietly down a whole morning, with a comrade busily employed curling up, plastering, and adjusting each individual lock of the numberless corkscrews covering his head. There are many distinct styles of wearing the wool. When a man is married he becomes entitled to the not very enviable, but rather uncomfortable, dignity of "sauceman," that is, a plan of plastering the hair on end with beeswax, so as to form a perfect hollow cone, standing up five or six inches all around; the crown of the head, in the interior, being shaven. A much affected style with unmarried braves is the "umbabazo." This mode is to gather up the whole of the wool, plaster it stiffly together, and mould it into the shape of a huge fan, facing to the front, and rising up from ear to ear, right across the top of the head. These modes are very dirty, being permanent, and water is religiously excluded from vicinity to the woolly fabric; so that the unfortunate wearer thereof can never either wash, dress, nor comb his head, so long as he remains a martyr to the fashion. Kaffir doctors and young maidens are the only ones who wear their hair naturally, as they straighten out the corkscrew curls, and wear them hanging about their necks, though, unfortunately, all the girls are not so sensible. Worse than all, amongst some of the tribes married women plaster their wool with a thick red pigment, and dress it in a way which resembles nothing in the world but a mop, if you were to open one out, spread the material downwards from a centre, and then dab a potfull of red paint upon it.

Pretty Young Kaffirs.

Some of the Kaffir children are really pretty little creatures, and have fine eyes, large, lustrous, and jetty black, very different to the muddy and indistinctly defined iris of the genuine negro. They are very docile, very

tractable, and very friendly, as a rule, to the stranger, these little darkies; though I have reason to believe that *materfamilias* teaches them bad metaphysics, and worse theology, in that we, the white people, are looked upon as something very opposite to angels. Yes, they are pretty little things, these savage children, and many a time, at kraals in the far interior, I have had naked little urchins run to meet, take me by the hand and salute me with "Sa-ka bona, inkosi," that is, "We see you, chief;" equivalent to saying, "How do you do, illustrious stranger?"

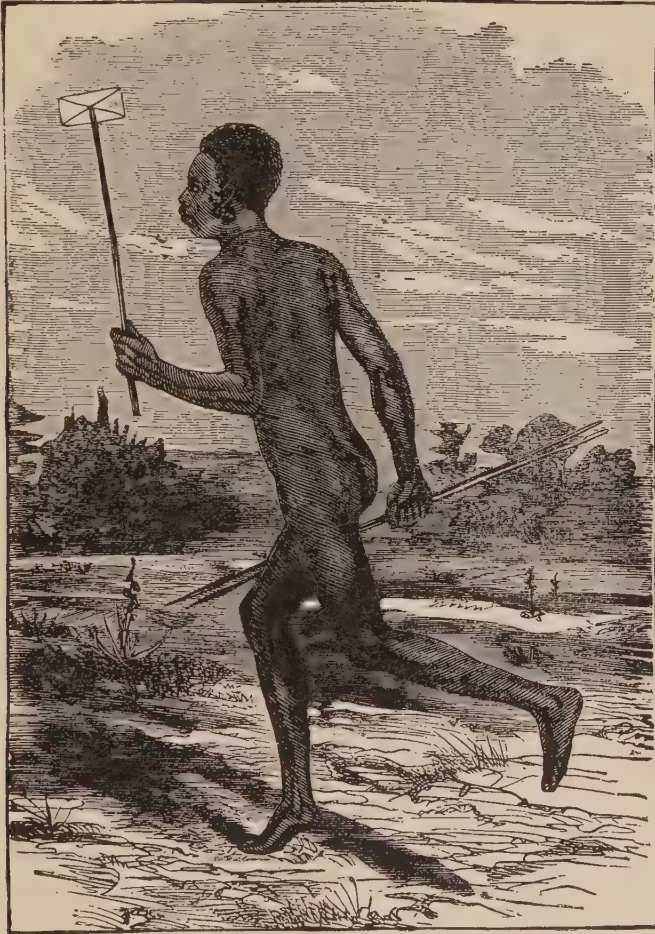
There is a certain air of freedom, independence, and martial and high-spirited nature about these Kaffirs, very different and far superior to the character of their blacker African brethren. I should pronounce their leading passions to be a proneness to warfare—especially in the way of carrying off other people's good-looking girls and cattle—and a love of dancing. As for their proficiency in music but little can be said in its favor. They have but few musical instruments—a rather pleasing set of reed pipes; a one-stringed guitar-and-Jew's-harp-sounding sort of concern, with a large hollow calabash for a sounding-board; and an extraordinary arrangement of slips of thin wood over gourd shells, constitute all worth mentioning.

Remarkable Speed of Zulu Letter-Carriers.

These young Kaffirs are marvellously swift of foot, speed being considered as one of the chief characteristics of a distinguished soldier. They are also possessed of enormous endurance. You may send a Kaffir for sixty or seventy miles with a letter, and he will prepare for the start as quietly as if he had only a journey of some three or four miles to perform. First, he cuts a stick some three feet in length, splits the end, and fixes the letter in the cleft, so that he may carry the missive without damaging it by the grease with which his whole person is liberally anointed. He then looks to his supply of snuff, and, should he happen to run short of that needful luxury, it will add wings to his feet if a little tobacco be presented to him, which he can make into snuff at his first halt.

Taking a weapon or two with him, and perhaps a short stick with a knob at the end, called a "kerry," he will start off at a slinging sort of pace between a run and a trot, and will hold it almost without cessation. As to provision for the journey, he need not trouble himself about it, for he is sure to fall in with some hut, or perhaps a village, and is equally sure of obtaining both food and shelter. He steers his course almost as if by intuition, regardless of beaten tracks, and arrives at his destination with the same mysterious certainty that characterizes the migration of the swallow.

It is not so easy a matter to deliver a letter in Africa as in our own country, and it is equally difficult to give directions for finding any particular house or village. If a chief should be on a visit, and ask his host to return the call, he simply tells him to go so many days in such a direction, and then turn for half a day in another direction, and so on.



SWIFT-FOOTED KAFFIR POSTMAN.

However, the Kaffir is quite satisfied with such indications, and is sure to attain his point.

When the messenger has delivered his letter, he will sit down on the ground, take snuff, or smoke—probably both—and wait patiently for the answer. As a matter of course, refreshments will be supplied to him,

and, when the answer is handed to him, he will return at the same pace. Foreigners are always surprised when they first see a young Kaffir undertake the delivery of a letter at so great a distance, and still more at the wonderfully short time in which he will perform the journey. Nor are they less surprised when they find that he thinks himself very well paid with a quarter of a dollar for his trouble. In point of fact, the journey is scarcely troublesome at all. He has everything his own way. There is plenty of snuff in his box, tobacco wherewith to make more, the prospect of seeing a number of fellow-countrymen on the way, and enjoying a conversation with them, the dignity of being a messenger from one white chief to another, and the certainty of obtaining a sum of money which will enable him to adorn himself with a splendid set of beads at the next dance.

Barefoot though he be, he seldom complains of any hurt. From constant usage the soles of his feet are defended by a thickened skin as insensible as the sole of any boot, and combining equal toughness with perfect elasticity. He will walk with unconcern over sharp stones and thorns which would lame an American in the first step, and has the great advantage of possessing a pair of soles which never wear out, but actually become stronger by use. Mr. Baines, the African hunter, narrates a rather ludicrous instance of the insensibility of the Kaffir's foot. Passing by some Kaffir houses, he heard doleful outcries, and found that a young boy was undergoing a medical or surgical operation, whichever may be the proper name. The boy was suffering from some ailment for which the medicine-man prescribed a thorough kneading with a hot substance. The plan by which the process was carried out was simple and ingenious. A Kaffir man held his own foot over the fire until the sole became quite hot. The boy was then held firmly on the ground, while the man trampled on him with the heated foot, and kneaded him well with this curious implement of medicine. When that foot was cold he heated the other, and so proceeded till the operation was concluded. The heat of his sole was so great that the poor boy could scarcely endure the pain, and struggled hard to get free, but the operator felt no inconvenience whatever from subjecting his foot to such an ordeal. The dreaded "stick" of the Orientals would lose its terrors to a Kaffir, who would endure the *bastinado* with comparative impunity.

CHAPTER IX.

ADVENTURES IN THE KAFFIR COUNTRY.

Startling Incident—A Yankee's Curiosity—Terrified by an Electric Shock—One of Nature's Curiosities—Strange Noises in the Jungle—Deadly Struggle between an Ant-Bear and Leopard—In the Grip of Horrible Fangs—Pongolo River—Huge Bodies Basking in the Sun—Swift Shots from the Rifle—Dining off Hippopotami—Sir Samuel Baker's Adventure—Boat Capsized—Renewal of the Attack—A Furious Beast—Thick Underwood and Venomous Reptiles—A Man in the Coils of a Python—Young Leopard in the Jaws of Death—The Expedition on the Defensive—Sharp Battle with Natives—Herd of Giraffes—Lively Sport—New Kind of Breakfast Steaks—Offer for a Wife—Boisterous Merriment—Savage Eloquence Suddenly Interrupted.



HE traveler, who has already described the strange sights met with among the Zulus, relates the singular adventures which befel him and his party as they were passing through the country. One of these incidents is especially interesting for the account it furnishes of a remarkable fish found in some of the rivers.

We had just stopped for breakfast, he says, by the side of a stream, and Thomas, one of our native attendants, had gone down to fill the kettle with water—down he certainly did go, for, startled by the terrific yell to which he suddenly gave utterance, we all looked after him, and saw kettle and buckets flying in one direction whilst he went in another, and fell flat upon his face, just as though he had been shot. His extraordinary conduct alarmed us. He remained flat on the ground, moving his legs and arms convulsively, just as though he really had been shot, but at the same time continuing to vociferate yell after yell of the most appalling nature, in a way that no shot person ever did.

Gun in hand, revolver in belt, and keenly scrutinizing every surrounding bush in the distance, we moved forward in martial array to where the unfortunate Thomas laid howling. No blood was to be seen about him, no assegai sticking up from a deadly wound. We turned him over, rolled him about, stripped off his shirt and trousers, but could not perceive the slightest indication of any injury. We questioned him, but in vain, as he did nothing but continue to yell and howl for at least a quarter of an hour.

At last, after no little trouble we managed to ascertain that something had either struck or seized hold of his leg or foot with such violence, when he trod in a little pool, as to knock him down. More than this it was impossible to discover, as he preferred rolling on the ground and groaning out words in his own language which meant—"Too much pain! too much pain! I am dying!"

With the inquisitiveness for which his compatriots are famous, our "long Yankee," (for such one of our party was called,) was the first who thought of going to examine and investigate the little pool and its contents, in order to ascertain whether the mystery could by any natural causes be elucidated. He went off from the circle round about the unhappy Thomas very quietly, and without saying a word of his intention to any one, intending, no doubt, alone and unaided, to achieve whatever honor and glory might result from possible discoveries.

An Unexpected Shock.

Several of us followed him. We saw him gazing intently into the pool, and had just sauntered up to his side, when he suddenly darted down, bending his long and angular frame into an acute angle, and plunged his right hand into the water, drawing it forth in triumph, with a largish flat fish. At the very instant this occurred he was in the act of turning to us exultingly, and had just ejaculated, "Here it is!" when he dropped the fish, with a loud yell, only slightly less terrific and appalling than that with which our sable servitor had first alarmed us. In a moment all hands were clustered around, and then, sure enough, whoever dared to touch that fish obtained practical proof of its electric powers. The scared Thomas had, no doubt, trodden upon it with his bare foot, and the shock, from what we experienced by merely just touching its back with the tip of a finger, was so violent as to knock him down.

After sticking a knife through the back of its neck, and doing the strange thing to death, it was carefully examined, and found to be a flat, kite-shaped fish, about two inches thick, a foot broad, and eighteen inches long; in general form and appearance not unlike a young skate, only possessing a particularly forbidding and disagreeable look. It had not any scales, was of a dirty light-brown color on the back, speckled over with small grayish spots, and was of a dingy pale yellow underneath.

This extraordinary fish is a dangerous customer, for if a person were to touch one in crossing a river, he would receive an electric shock so powerful as to paralyze and disable him, when the generally strong current in these parts would carry him away as food for fish and reptiles.



LEOPARD AND ANT-BEAR AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

Only a few days subsequent to this peculiar adventure we experienced another, equally unusual and unique, by encountering, also for the first and last time, one of nature's curiosities—one of those strange and secretly-living animals which man can seldom see. The country was thickly covered with a dense and luxurious vegetation, and as our expedition went winding along what was facetiously spoken of as a road, between some thick jungle, we were surprised to hear a most extraordinary noise proceeding from a leading glade which penetrated the bush.

Desperate Struggle in the Thicket.

This singular sound, which made us halt in wonder, resembled the confused grunting of a pig, the suppressed growling of a tiger, and the worrying noise of a dog, interrupted with loud squeakings, snarlings, and sudden roars; besides which, we could hear a tearing and struggling, a rustling of grass and crackling of twigs, as though some large animals were rolling and tumbling about in a violent manner.

With gun or rifle in hand, we all crept stealthily along the little glade, until, at its termination, amidst an almost impenetrable walling in and arching over of umbrageous vegetation, we saw two large animals struggling, and plunging, and tearing each other, and rolling over and over, locked together in deadly combat.

By remaining under shelter of the brushwood, our presence failed to distract the combatants from their fierce conflict, and we were soon enabled to perceive that one of them was a large leopard; but it was some little time before we could make out the genus of the other beast. All that we could see of it, as the two kept turning one over the other, and changing about, now uppermost, now beneath, in their rapid struggles and contorted evolutions, was a long horn-shaped head, tremendous claws, a huge bushy tail, and a coat of shaggy fur.

Terrible Fangs and Deadly Bite.

We were too much interested by this strange forest fight to think of interrupting it, and continued to gaze in silence, only wondering what sort of an antagonist the feline brute had got. Soon, however, it became evident that the latter would prove victorious. The struggles of his enemy became weaker and weaker; he succeeded in getting fairly within its guard, and, getting a deadly bite upon its throat with his formidable fangs, pinned it helplessly to the ground. Then we were able to discover that the yielding monster was a huge ant-bear of the largest species.

The unfortunate brute was almost powerless now, as it laid upon its back with the leopard planted firmly above it, tearing away at its throat, and could do no more than grasp its formidable assailant round the body

with its shaggy legs, whilst unable to use its sharp, long claws with any considerable effect. The grunting noise, and the fiercer squeaking, became fainter and more feeble, whilst the muttered, gnawing sort of growling seemed to rise and swell with triumph; then the voice of the beaten ant-bear died away altogether, and the spotted conqueror, shaking himself clear, gave one thundering roar of victory—but it was his last. Even as he rose in his pride to triumph over his dead antagonist, our rifles were levelled, and that resounding roar changed to a dismal howl, as he rolled over by its side in the agonies of death.

Upon measuring the leopard, we found that its length, from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, was just seven feet and an inch. In the same way, the ant-bear measured seven feet and a half, but then it was much smaller in the body than its enemy. On each foot it had four powerful claws, six inches long, and these, together with the tremendous horn into which its head extended, were the tools with which nature had so well supplied it for the purpose of burrowing into the earth to obtain its food—the large white ant. We never chanced to fall in with another of these singular animals, for it is of shy and secret habits, and is supposed never to come forth from its burrow in the earth except at night.

Huge Amphibious Monsters.

Continuing the description of his journey, our traveler says: Besides the ordinary African partridge, the woods contained wild pigeons and numerous large pheasants, almost black in color, and quite unlike any we had ever seen before. Antelope, oribe, the large bush buck, with occasional hartebeest, and eland were nearly always to be obtained by an early morning hunt near the watercourses, so that we were seldom without fresh meat. Alligators, or crocodiles, of a large size, began to get numerous, so that we were obliged to be cautious in crossing the larger rivers. But it was at the Pongolo that we saw the first hippopotami.

Arriving at this river about the middle of a broiling hot day, whilst the wagons were stopped to give the oxen a good, long rest, so that we might take advantage of the moonlight for a move forward in the night, several of our company, including the "long Yankee" and myself, rode down to the water, intending to have a bath. The first thing, however, that met our gaze was a party of some twenty huge alligators, stretching their hideous and unwieldy bodies and basking themselves in the sun upon a sand-bank in the middle of the river.

Arriving at some marshy ground, fringed with small clumps, some twelve feet high, of the graceful papyrus rush, waving their feathery heads in the gentle breeze, we detected the gleam of water between the stems,



EXCITING WAR-DANCE ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

and went towards it in high hopes of obtaining a cold, refreshing bath. Soon, however, we were doomed to disappointment. As we neared the water, a loud splashing, blowing, and snorting warned us that something was already in possession. After some difficulty in forcing our way through the strong reeds and rushes, we came within view of just the sort of cool, secluded pool that we were looking for, but saw also, disporting themselves in the water, a herd of about a dozen hippopotami. There seemed to be a whole family of these immense, ugly, and ungainly amphibious monsters, from a little cub, crossing on its mother's back, to an enormous brute—no doubt the venerable father of the flock—who stood upon *terra firma*, snuffing up the gale, glancing with his fierce little pig-like eyes in our direction, champing and displaying his formidable gleaming white tusks, and conducting himself in a suspicious, not to say threatening manner, having, probably, already detected our unwelcome and intrusive presence.

Frightened Without Cause.

We unslung our rifles, took careful aim, and fired at the head of a fine young calf taking it easy and lying down behind his venerable parent. Then I set the prudent example of retiring to a safer and more respectful distance, for, once before, on the Mozambique coast, I had been attacked by a herd of hippopotami, and had had a narrow escape of my life, so did not feel any particular desire to get to close quarters with the brutes again. One of our party, however, better understanding the nature of those which lived in these parts, manfully stood his ground, and called after us, "Come back! Come back! Do not be afraid; they'll all run away directly."

Sure enough, when we returned at his command we found that all the unwieldy brutes had vanished in the water, excepting only the largest of the lot. Slowly and awkwardly moving his huge head from side to side, to look first in our direction, and then to sniff at his dead darling, the remaining monster then followed his prudent relatives, by shuffling with giant clumsiness into the water, and sending volumes of spray high into the air, as he sank down sullenly and slowly out of sight.

We found, by the large round hole in the centre of its forehead, that the calf had been killed by the ball from one of our guns, throwing bullets weighing eight to the pound, and about the most effective weapon one could have for such heavy game; the smooth bore, in such cases, far excelling the rifle, as the large and heavy spherical ball crushes its way where the lighter and elongated projectile either drills a clean small hole or glances at the least resistance. In fact, we found in this instance

that the shots from the rifles of the "long Yankee" and myself had all glanced off the dead animal's tough skin and thick skull, merely leaving some slight scores or grooves where they had struck.

By way of a change, that day, and upon my recommendation—for I remembered the zest with which I and my former comrades had enjoyed the unusual substitute for "salt junk" after that adventure on the Mozambique coast—we dined off hippopotamus steak. It was not much relished, however, and we did not care to try it again; but then the dark-colored, coarse and peculiarly flavored flesh—a little more beef than fowl, and a little more fish than beef—though pretty tender, and fairly succulent, could not be compared with the sweet wild-fowl and delicious venison we generally had at table.

At this time it became necessary for us to observe caution in our progress through the country, especially when straggling from the main body, as all sorts of fierce wild animals—heavy game and beasts of prey—began to increase upon the land, whilst the rivers swarmed with crocodiles and hippopotami.

Adventure with a River-Horse.

An incident in the African travels of Sir Samuel Baker well illustrates the habits and distinctive propensities of the hippopotamus. He was on one of the lakes, in a good-sized vessel, which carried a small boat. We relate the adventure in the renowned traveler's own words:

There were many hippopotami in this lake, and, very shortly after I had killed the first, I shot a second much after the same manner. I always carried a harpoon in the boat, with the rope and ambatch float. The latter was painted red, so that it could be easily observed. I therefore stuck the harpoon in the dead hippopotamus as a mark, and I hastened back to my vessel for assistance, as the flesh of two hippopotami would be very welcome to the people, who had not received rations of butcher's meat for many weeks. On arrival at the vessel we quickly made sail, and soon returned to the hippopotamus. By the time we had cut up this large animal and secured the flesh, the sun was so low that I considered it would be better to secure the other hippo by a rope attached to the hind-legs, and tow it bodily astern. It could then be divided on the following day.

In this manner we returned to our anchorage at the tail of the lake, close to the entrance of the new channel. By the time we arrived, the moon was up. The vessel was close to a mud-bank covered with high grass, and about thirty yards astern of her was a shallow part of the lake about three feet deep. A light boat of zinc was freighted with provisions for our party.



FURIOUS ATTACK BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

After dinner and a pipe, the usual arrangements were made for the night. There were many servants, male and female, on board; these began to suspend their mosquito curtains to the rigging and to creep beneath; the sailors, after chatting for a considerable time, dropped off to sleep—until the sentry was the only man on board who was on the alert. I always slept on deck, which was comfortably arranged with sofas and carpets.

Furious Attack by Night.

The night was cold, and the moon clear and bright; every one was wrapped up in warm blankets; and I was so sound asleep that I cannot describe more, until I was suddenly awoke by a tremendous splashing quite close to the diahbeeah, accompanied by the hoarse wild snorting of a furious hippopotamus. I jumped up, and immediately perceived a hippo, which was apparently about to attack the vessel. The main-deck being crowded with people sleeping beneath their thick mosquito curtains, attached to the stairs of the deck, and to the rigging in all directions, rendered it impossible to descend. I at once tore away some of the ties, and awakened the sleep people. My servant, Suleiman, was sleeping next to the cabin door. I called to him for a rifle. Before the affrighted Suleiman could bring the rifle, the hippopotamus dashed at us with indescribable fury.

With one blow he capsized and sunk the zinc boat, with its cargo of flesh. By this time Suleiman appeared from the cabin with an unloaded gun in his hand, and without ammunition. This was a very good man, but he was never overburdened with presence of mind; he was shaking so tearfully with nervousness, that his senses had entirely abandoned him. All the people were shouting and endeavoring to scare the hippo, which attacked us, without ceasing, with a blind fury that I have never witnessed in any animal except a bull-dog.

By this time I had procured a rifle from the cabin, where they were always kept fixed in a row, loaded, and ready for action, with bags of breech-loading ammunition on the same shelf. The movements of the animal were so rapid, as he charged and plunged alternately beneath the water in a cloud of foam and wave, that it was impossible to aim correctly at the small but fatal spot upon the head.

The moon was extremely bright, and presently as he charged straight at the vessel, I stopped him with a shell. To my surprise, he soon recovered, and again commenced the attack. I fired shot after shot at him without apparent effect. The vessel rocked about upon the waves raised by the efforts of so large an animal; this movement rendered the aim un-

certain. At length, apparently badly wounded, he retired to the high grass; there he lay by the bank, at about twenty-five yards' distance, snorting and blowing.

I could not distinguish him, as merely the head was above water, and this was concealed by the deep shadow thrown by the high grass. Thinking that he would die, I went to bed; but before this I took the precaution to arrange a white-paper sight upon the muzzle of my rifle, without which night-shooting is very uncertain.

The Savage Attack Renewed.

We had fallen asleep; but in about half an hour we were awaked by another tremendous splash, and once more this mad beast came charging directly at us as though unhurt. In another instant he was at the vessel; but I met him with a ball in the top of his head which sent him rolling over and over, sometimes on his back, kicking with his four legs above the surface, and again producing waves which rocked our craft. In this helpless manner he rolled for about fifty yards down the stream, and we all thought him killed.

To our amazement, he recovered, and we heard him splashing as he moved slowly along the river through the high grass by the left bank. There he remained, snorting and blowing; and as the light of the moon was of no service in the dark shadows of the high grass, we waited for a considerable time, and then went to bed, with the rifle placed in readiness on deck.

In a short time I heard louder splashing. I again got up, and perceived him about eighty yards distant, walking slowly across the river in the shallows. Having a fair shot at the shoulder, I fired right and left, and distinctly heard the bullets strike. He nevertheless reached the right bank, when he presently turned round and attempted to recross the shallow. This gave me a good chance at the shoulder, as his body was entirely exposed. This time he staggered forward at the shot, and fell dead in the shallow flat of the river.

On the following morning I made a *post-mortem* examination. * He had received three shots in the flank and shoulder; four in the head, one of which had broken his lower jaw; another had passed through his nose, and, passing downward, had cut off one of his large tusks. I never witnessed such determined and unprovoked fury as was exhibited by this animal; he appeared to be raving mad. His body was a mass of frightful scars, the result of continual conflicts with bulls of his own species; some of these wounds were still unhealed. There was one scar about two feet in length, and about two inches below the level of the surface skin, upon the flank. He was evidently a character of the worst description,

but whose madness rendered him callous to all punishment. I can only suppose that the attack upon the vessels was induced by the smell of the raw hippopotamus flesh, which was hung in long strips about the rigging.

Captain Lindley relates some incidents of his famous journey as he came within sight of the Drakensberg Mountains, the principal range of mountains in Southern Africa: During several days our progress cannot have been greater than twenty-five miles, and we saw, not far before us, another lofty range of mountains, apparently—as far as we could see for the ceaseless jungle—stretching from the Drakensberg at right angles across our path.

Foes and Hindrances of the Traveler.

Sometimes we were literally obliged to cut our way through the bush, in order to reach the more open glades and untimbered spaces where the wagons could travel. Large trees, banyans, a small species of baobab—with “yellow wood,” red and white “milk wood,” *lignum vitæ*, and other hard woods, constituted the principal trees of the forest, whilst a dense and prodigious undergrowth clung and twined around the trunks, stretched laterally from stem to stem, and crept in countless profusion, with ever-varying form, but one persistent nature, to fasten on to the overhanging branches, as though to drag the tall trees earthward. In fact, these innumerable parasites no doubt prevented their more stately supports from attaining the full altitude to which they were destined by nature. One of our deadliest bush enemies was that horrid, hanging, stretching and prolific creeper, known so appositely as the “wait-a-bit.” This wretched member of the vegetable world grows through a jungle just like ropes—twisted, twined and spread in every direction. It is tough and strong as wire, about two inches thick, very hard on the outside, and is thickly studded with huge thorns, nearly three inches long, with their sharp terminations diabolically bent back, so as to form a regular hook. Besides this, we found a promising companion to the “wait-a-bit;” a creeping, crawling parasite of a very similar form and appearance; the principal divergence being the fact that its thorns were straight instead of curved, standing out in formidable and prickly array, a length of from two to four inches. I noticed everywhere about, in endless profusion and abundance, the yellow laburnum, the prickly aloë, many strange and beautiful flowers, flowering creepers covering many of the trees with gorgeous blossoms, and convolvuli of great size and variously-tinted beauty.

This part of the country was infested with pythons or boa-constrictors, and we found it necessary to exercise great caution in moving through



ATTACKED BY A MONSTROUS SERPENT IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.

the bush. We killed no less than five in two days, four of them having been found lying gorged right in our path. One was about seven feet in length, another nine, and two were a little over twelve. The fifth and the largest, a brute measuring nearly nineteen feet in length, and three in girth, was almost making a meal of our unhappy Thomas.

Warm Embrace of a Hideous Monster.

We had rested for dinner in a little glade between the bush, and close to where, between the trees, glimpses could be caught of a tiny water-course. Thither, after lighting a fire, proceeded our sable cook to fill the camp-kettle. He had not twenty yards to go, and had just about reached the little brook, when a fearful and appalling yell burst from him, a cry expressive of such agonizing terror, and which broke upon our startled sense of hearing with such sudden and awful abruptness, that every one of us sprang up to his feet, as though an arrow had been driven into him. Seizing our guns, we rushed to the spot. Almost, however, at the very moment when we were horrified to see the unfortunate Thomas struggling in the coils of the huge python, we heard the loud crack of our comrade's rifle; the snake fell in writhing, hideous contortion from the branch to which it had been hanging by the upper part of its body, and our wretched servitor crawled forth, perfectly blue and livid, only to faint dead away directly he had got clear of the loathsome folds.

The keen-eyed Yankee, having noticed the emergency, and having detected the head of the boa, had sent a rifle bullet crashing through its head. How the extraordinary position in which we saw them had been accomplished we could not imagine, nor could Tom tell us when he recovered—all that he knew being the fact that he felt himself suddenly knocked down and then enveloped in the folds of the huge python—but the hateful monster was hanging with its neck twisted around a branch, whilst our cook hung suspended in the air with a complete round-turn of its body encircling him. Whether it was that this position did not enable the snake to exercise its immense crushing and contracting power, or whether our friend's splendid shot was fired ere it had time to try, I cannot tell, but certain it is that our servant escaped with no greater injury than the terrible fright, and a few slight bruises.

It was some few hours ere the poor fellow regained sufficient strength and consciousness to become coherent, and then the first thing he did was to come to me and cry, "Oh, massa! I want to go back to my house."

Fierce Combat in the Jungle.

Shortly before passing out of the forest land, we witnessed a terrible encounter between a huge boa-constrictor and a young leopard. Attract-

ed by the loud hissing of the snake, and the muffled, strangled, agonized roaring of its antagonist, we ran in the direction of the noise, and saw the former coiled tight around the neck and body of the leopard, its tail



A LEOPARD IN THE COILS OF A RAVENOUS PYTHON.

having a firm grip of a bough overhead. The unfortunate feline brute was held in such a way as to be quite helpless, and was being fast strangled, its eyes starting furious and hideous from its head, its great red tongue

swollen and extended whilst vainly gasping for breath, as the frightful boa crushed and squeezed away with its huge, powerful folds, springing its arched neck and head backwards and forwards in fury, its long, thin, forked tongue darting in and out, and its horrible, little eyes, flashing with a fierce and baneful aspect, bright as electric sparks. We killed both monsters, but went on our way at once, as we had no time to waste in taking their skins. The boa was over twenty-seven feet in length and four and a half in circumference at the thickest part.

Towards evening we began to enter a more rocky, barren, and unwooded country, and looked about us for a good position upon which to camp for the night, as it would have been impossible to travel over such broken ground in the dark, even had the cattle been able to go on without rest and food.

By good luck we came upon a rocky ridge rising up from the plain, about thirty yards long by twenty broad. On one side it was steep and inaccessible, and rose about fifteen feet in a solid granite cliff; upon the other it sloped gently down to the plain. We drew our wagons up lengthways at the highest part of the ridge, parallel to it, and a few yards from the precipitous side, then turned the oxen out to feed and water near at hand.

Strong Measures for Defence.

Until about eight o'clock we took turns, two and two, to go out on scouting duty, so as to obtain timely evidence of any hostile movement, in order to save our grazing cattle. Up to that hour, however, nothing transpired to alarm us, and then we gathered in the horses and oxen, tethering them together securely behind the wagons. Rifle in hand, revolver and sword-bayonet in belt, we kept a keen look-out during our term of duty, our driver and forelouper, both determined fellows, being armed with fowling-pieces, in addition to their spears.

At midnight we were relieved, and retired to rest, "all standing"—boots, rifles, pistols, and all. At four o'clock we were called, and went on watch again. Up to this time the night had passed over without the slightest cause for alarm, but scarcely had we turned out and relieved our friends, lighted up our pipes, and tossed off a steaming hot cup of coffee, when the four native dogs that we had lately picked up became very restless, and set up a furious barking in the direction of the sloping ascent to our position. This was a sure sign that something approached, either man or beast, so we were at once keenly on the alert.

"Stand by, boys!" shouted the "long Yankee." "There's something—and a pretty considerable something, too, moving towards us under cover of the bush right in front there."

THE WHITE-FRONTED WILD HOG OF CENTRAL AFRICA.



Even as he spoke we all gazed earnestly in the indicated direction and, plainly saw a large and wide-spread dark mass coming towards us straight from a small thicket about a quarter of a mile distant. Scarcely were our dispositions completed when we heard the trampling of many feet, and saw a large body of men rushing up the slope upon us at full speed. They hoped, no doubt, either to surprise us in our sleep, or overpower us before able to resist, by the rapidity of their attack.

Deadly Encounter with Dusky Warriors.

"Let us fire by turns, one party after the other, and we will commence," I cried to my comrades; and then, as the advancing Kaffirs were within a couple of hundred yards, challenged them with, "Ma, ma-lo! Uma car-bo, tina dubula!" (Halt, halt! Or we fire!)

No reply was given; but we heard a voice, that of the leader, cry to his men, and urge them forward.

Then on came the body of savage warriors at a run, and in the same ominous silence as before. "Take care now, boys," cried the long Yankee to our party. "Don't throw away a shot. Aim low, and shoot when they're within fifty yards!" The gleam of the spears was now perceptible. I told each of my five companions to pick out a slightly different part of the approaching line, then, after steady aim, gave the word to fire.

The report of our guns was followed by a few cries of agony; we saw four or five dark forms roll upon the turf; and a loud yell burst forth from the whole formidable body, which still advanced, amidst furious cries of "Lwr! Lwr! Bularlar umlungo!" (Fight! Fight! Kill the white men!)

But even as they yelled and came on in a wavering manner, staggered by our first volley, the rattling discharge from our second division sent another dose of bullets crashing in amongst them, after a couple of moments' pause, to give us time to re-load; this brought them to a standstill.

They now hurled showers of spears, and the missiles came whizzing and whirling about us in every direction. Had it not been for the excellent position we had chosen our loss must have been very severe; in fact, I believe that we would every one have been pierced with the thick and incessant shower of darts. But, crouched down behind our wagons, we were all perfectly sheltered; and, although we had an easy task to fire underneath them down the slope, the spears, launched high in the air, either stuck into the wagons, the ground before them, or fell safely beyond. Besides this, our assailants had a few muskets, but, to the best of our knowledge, not a ball from them came near us; and we afterwards found



ZULU CHIEF IN FULL DRESS.

some half-dozen arrows sticking into the sides and tents of our wagons, but the bow, fortunately for us, was not a Zulu weapon, being used by nothern tribes.

We kept up a terrible fire upon the mass of yelling and leaping forms before us, at a distance of less than forty yards. The fire from our five rifles was steady and incessant, without a moment's intermission; whilst the louder report of the fowling-pieces mingled at intervals with the ceaseless cracking of the rifles.

The Last Desperate Charge.

The fierce Kaffirs, though they must have been electrified and astounded by this terrible and sustained fire from so small a party as ours, nevertheless stood their ground manfully for a few moments, and made two desperate attempts to advance and get to close quarters with us; in which case, from their overwhelming numbers—two hundred at least—our fate would have been certain. The chief himself was evidently no coward, for we could see him, despite the darkness, rush in front of his warriors with several of his head men, and gallantly lead them on in their last charge.

On came those fierce and dusky warriors, leaping and springing into the air with extraordinary bounds, to dodge our aim, more like fiends in torment than men in battle, and vainly striving to shelter themselves from our bullets with their bull-hide shields. It was a critical moment, for, despite the close and terrible volley which we now poured in all together, still on they came, though the energy of the assault was broken. The chief had gone down, with several others, beneath that deadly discharge, and we hoped that he was disposed of, but the next moment he appeared again, one arm hanging by his side, and shouting, "Charge, charge, my warriors!"

This was the crisis of the desperate conflict; they would be upon us before we could re-load all our guns. At the same instant the "long Yankee," and myself, shouted, "Out revolvers!"

Scarcely twenty yards off the dense array of savage Zulus were bounding forward, when the ceaseless and rapid detonation of our deadly revolvers drowned their war-cries, sent an irresistible shower of lead tearing amongst their naked bodies, and effectually put them to flight. But even in this emergency they managed to carry off their dead and wounded, not a man of whom was left behind, although at least thirty or forty altogether must have been disabled. Not one of our party had received a scratch, thanks to the effectual shelter of our impromptu fortress, though three of our oxen were killed, and several others, as

well as one horse, were wounded by assegais that had passed over the wagons.

Again we traveled forward with the utmost speed at which the oxen could be driven, for the chief who had attacked us seemed a determined fellow, and, so long as we remained in his territory, despite the severe repulse he had met with, we did not feel by any means secure. It was very lucky for us that the country had now become so comparatively clear and open as to be unsuitable for bush-fighting; had it been otherwise we should surely have been waylaid at some awkward pass between dense jungle, where the Kaffirs could have speared us at their ease.

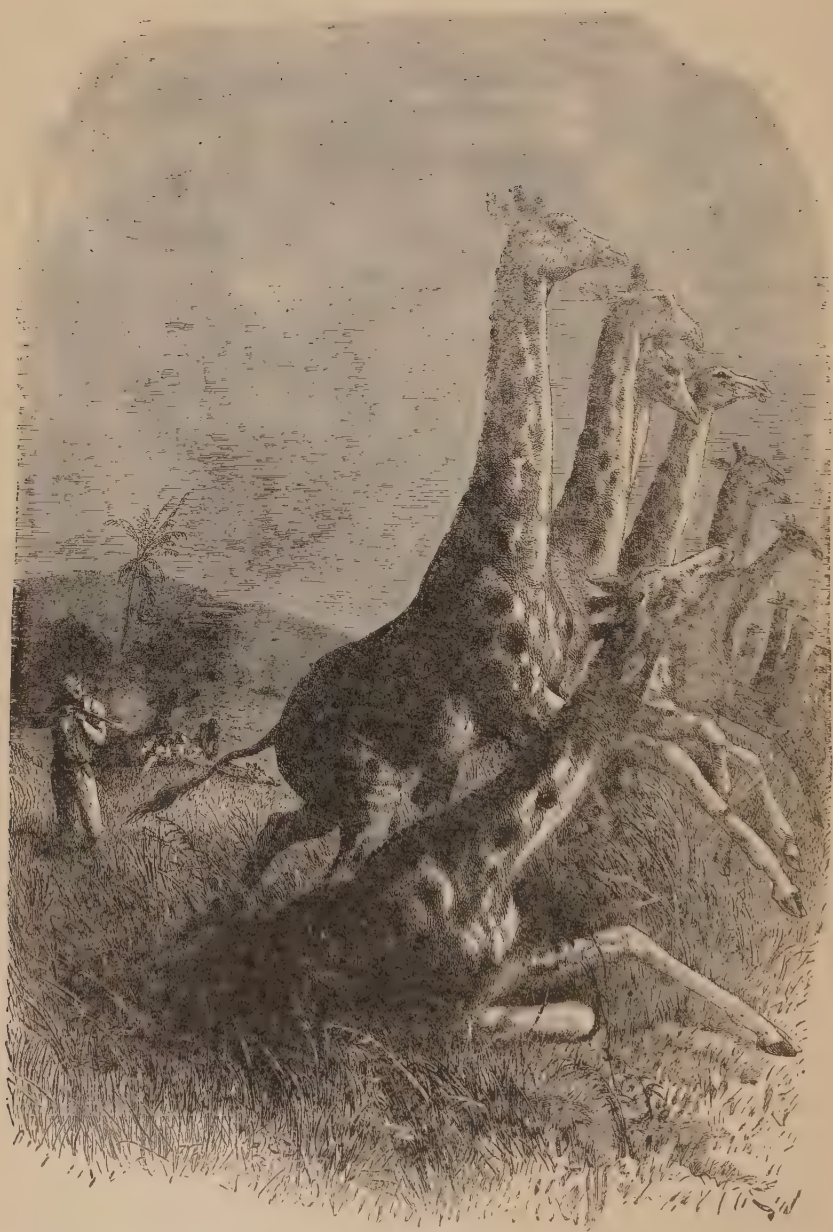
Hunting the Giraffe.

The day after the fight, while the "long Yankee" and I were out on the scout—for we still observed this precaution—we suddenly fell in with a herd of giraffes. Forward we dashed, as the strange wild things went off at a gallop that promised soon to place them far beyond our reach; their long legs flying out to an extraordinary distance, and in a most absurd-looking manner. Unaccustomed to firing on horseback, I only wounded the animal I had selected, but my comrade, cunningly jumping to the ground, and taking a steady aim, brought down one of the largest of the herd with a bullet through its heart.

By this time two of our Kaffirs had come up, and they rushed upon the wounded but struggling giraffe. The excitement of the chase was over, and I shall not soon forget the wild, agonized, pleading sort of expression in that poor brute's large, dilated eyes, as it bent up its long neck to gaze at us in fear and pain.

"Shoot it through the head; put it out of pain," I said; but, for my part I did not feel inclined to face those big and sorrowful eyes, now fast dimming with the shadow of death. After all, it is a cruel thing, this slaughtering of God's creatures. A Nimrod's sensations cannot be all of pleasure. My friend had no such scruples, but leisurely pulled out his revolver, and, putting the muzzle close to the prostrate animal's forehead, relieved it from further suffering; and what, but a moment before, had been scampering wild, free, and happy over the plains, was now a still and lifeless mass at our feet. It was worse than shooting Kaffirs, for they would stick you as full of spears as a pincushion is of pins—and with but very slight compunction either—if they could.

The victims each measured about twenty feet from the point of the tail to the end of the nose, and seventeen from hoofs to horns. My friend had a heavy and a gory load with the skins, whilst I carried some huge slices from the haunch and buttocks. We found the meat very white,



WILD SPORT AMONG A HERD OF GIRAFFES.

tender, and esculent, with a flavor a little of pork and more of something else—horsey, I should opine. But I did not greatly enjoy the strange new meal—I could not exactly forget the last glance of those dying eyes. Long before we left the spot many natives from neighboring kraals, attracted, like vultures, to the feast, were squatted very happily around the carcasses, lighting fires, and stuffing away as though it was the first meat they had ever eaten in their lives.

Singular Conduct of Natives.

During the next day's journey, our rear guard came galloping in to say that a party of natives were coming up in pursuit. At once we drove up to some rising ground, halted the wagons so as to form two sides of a square, and covered the other two by firmly securing the teams across them. Then we prepared our arms and made all ready to meet another attack.

When, however, the approaching party came in sight, our fears were dispersed, for it did not number more than thirty, and seemed unarmed. Upon observing our warlike attitude and military position, the natives halted, two coming forward, one of whom bore a long pole, with a large bunch of grass or something of the sort upon the end.

"What does that mean?" I asked our sable guide, who neither quaked nor turned a sickly blue—and that was reassuring.

"He no want fight, massa. Dat mealy" (maize) "stalks on stick mean he likee indarbar; talkee—talkee; no want more ukulwa" (war).

So it was a flag of truce; a curious one, to say the least. We called to the ambassadors to advance, removed one team, and went to meet them, leaving our rifles behind, as they were unarmed. Then, after a long *indarbar*, or council, in which the fine-looking old warrior, who represented the chief, did not fail to make us understand that they only desisted from pursuing and exterminating us because all the wise men and councillors had decided, in solemn conclave, that it would be useless to fight with men who, with magic guns, were able to fight and shoot as much as a whole tribe could with unbewitched means, he made a formal proposal for the marriage to his chief of the only lady our party contained.

The roars of laughter with which this was received by every one of our party, and by none more than the lady herself, greatly offended the grave old envoy's dignity. He started up from where he had been squatting in the midst of our assembly, and seemed on the point of retiring in wrath and dudgeon. Then it was evident how pressing his instructions from his chief had been, for he overcame the impulse—not

without considerable difficulty—and once more squatted down, waiting in a serious, contemptuous manner for the termination of our boisterous and, to him, unseemly merriment. This at last ceased, and he addressed us again, more particularly Mr. van Meyer, who, he had ascertained, was the enchantress's father.

"How many oxen do you require?" he asked. "You have only to name the number. The great Inkosi Makushlar keeps not a close hand; his kraals are numerous as the hills, his cattle plentiful as the blades of grass. He has commissioned me to say that whatever number you may require for your daughter shall be given. Besides this, your wagons shall be loaded with ivory and ostrich-feathers. The white lady shall be his head wife; she shall be great above all others. Their children shall be our



POOR MAN'S PIPE.

rulers generation after generation, so long as the earth and the mighty tribe exist. She shall have a royal hut of her own; our maidens shall be her slaves, our warriors her servants."

How long this splendid enumeration of royal dignities and favors to be conferred would have lasted is hidden by the veil of futurity, for Meinherr interrupted the orator, no doubt

selected for his powers in that line—just when his eloquence was becoming most impassioned and sublime, by sternly informing him that white men did not sell their daughters for cattle, that all his possessions could never obtain such a prize, and that the audience was at an end.

The old diplomat had yet another proposal to unfold. He actually offered us the share of government with the royal Makushlar. We should be his equals in power and rank, share everything; and he did not fail to try and tempt us with prospects of "loot," cattle, women, and lands, which to Kaffir instincts must have seemed irresistible, by pointing out how, in alliance with the Amaswarzi braves, and by aid of our magic guns, we would be able to overrun the country, and spread our conquests far and wide. He seemed not a little astonished when he found that all

his eloquence, all his magnificent proposals, all the contemplated concessions, were in vain.

The Kaffirs are quite as fond of their pipe and tobacco as any old grandfather among civilized races. There is a very singular kind of pipe which seems to be in use over a considerable portion of Southern Africa. The native of this country is never at a loss for a pipe, and if he does not happen to possess one of the pipes in ordinary use, he can make one in a few minutes, wherever he may be. For this purpose he needs no tools, and requires no wood, stone, or other material of which pipes are generally made. There is a certain grandeur about his notion of a pipe, for he converts the earth into that article, and the world itself becomes his tobacco pipe.

A shallow hole is scooped in the ground, some ten or twelve inches in diameter, and two or three deep, and the earth that has been removed is then replaced in the hole, moistened and kneaded into a compact mud. A green twig is then taken, bent in the form of a half-circle, and the middle of it pressed into the hole, leaving the ends projecting at either side. Just before the mud has quite hardened, the twig is carefully withdrawn, and at the same time the bowl is made by pushing the finger after the twig and widening the hole. In such case the pipe is of such a nature that an American could not smoke it, even if he could overcome the feeling of repugnance in using it. His projecting nose would be in the way, and his small thin lips could not take a proper hold. But the broad nose, and large, projecting lips of the South African native are admirably adapted for the purpose, and enable him to perform with ease a task which would be physically impracticable to the American.

Curious Method of Detecting a Criminal.

The Kaffirs have prophetesses who exercise a strange power over the people. A traveler describes some of their singular proceedings :

One of the female prophets had a curious method of discovering an "evil-doer." She came leaping into the ring of assembled Kaffirs, with great bounds of which a woman seems hardly capable. It is possible that she previously made use of some preparation which had an exciting effect on the brain, and assisted in working herself up to a pitch of terrible frenzy. With her person decorated with snakes, skulls, heads and claws of birds, and other strange objects—with her magic rattle in one hand, and her staff of office in the other—she flew about the circle with such erratic rapidity that the eye could scarcely follow her movements, and no one could in the least anticipate what she would do next. Her eyes seemed starting from her head, foam flew from her clenched

jaws, while at intervals she uttered frantic shrieks and yells that seemed scarcely to belong to humanity. In short, her appearance was as terrible as can well be imagined, and sure to inspire awe in the simple-minded and superstitious audience which surrounded her. She did not go through the usual process of smelling and crawling, but pursued her erratic course about the ring, striking with her wand of office the man who happened to be within its reach, and running off with an incredible swiftness.



WILD FREAKS OF A PROPHETESS.

Our illustration represents her engaged in her dread office. She has been summoned by a rich chief, who is seen in the distance, lying on his mat, and attended by his wives. The terrified culprit is seen in the foreground, his immediate neighbors shrinking from him, as the prophetic wand touches him, while others are pointing him out to the executioners.

There is very marked distinction between the Kaffir prophetess and an ordinary woman, and this distinction lies principally in the gait and general demeanor. As has already been observed, the women and the men seem almost to belong to different races, the former being timid, *humble*.

and subdued, while the latter are bold, confident, and almost haughty. The prophetess, however, having assumed so high an office, takes upon herself a demeanor that shows her appreciation of her own powers, and walks about with a bold, free step, that has in it something almost regal.

In one point, both sexes are alike when they are elevated to prophetic rank. They become absolutely ruthless in their profession, and lost to all sense of mercy. No one is safe from them except the king himself; and his highest and most trusted councillor never knows whether the prophetic finger may not be pointed at him, and the prophetic voice denounce him as a wizard. Should this be the case, his rank, wealth, and character will avail him nothing, and he will be seized and tortured to death as mercilessly as if he were one of the lowest of the people.

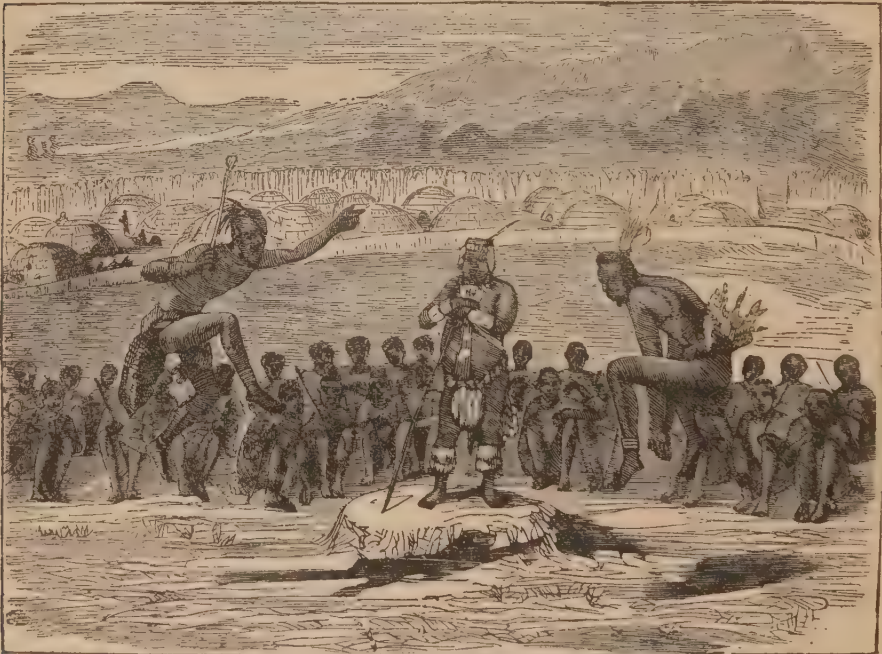
Another Curious Custom.

The shields used in Kaffir warfare are not the property of the warriors who carry them, but are given out by the chief. It is related by the explorer, Captain Gardiner, that one war-like chief, Dingan, by name, would not grant shields to any young soldier until he had shown himself worthy to wear the uniform of his sovereign. Dingan was at the time in his chief garrison town, accompanied by two of his favorite petty chiefs, when an application for shields was made by a party of young soldiers. After mentioning that a chief named Georgo had traveled to the king's palace, at the head of a large detachment, for the purpose of asking for shields, he proceeds as follows:

Their arrival at the principal gate of the town having been notified to the king, an order was soon after sent for their admission, when they all rushed up with a shout, brandishing their sticks in a most violent manner, and then halted. Dingan soon mounted his pedestal and showed himself over the fence, on which a simultaneous greeting ran through the line into which they were now formed. He soon disappeared, and the whole party then seated themselves on the ground they occupied.

Dingan shortly after came out, the two petty chiefs and a number of his great men having already arrived, and seated themselves in semi-circular order on each side of his chair, from whom he was, however, removed to a dignified distance. One of the petty chiefs, Tamboozza, who was the great speaker on all these occasions, and the professed scolder whenever necessity required, was now on his legs; to speak publicly in any other posture would be painful to a Zulu; nor is he content with mere gesticulation; a run he must have, and I have been surprised at the grace and effect which this novel accompaniment to the art of elocution has often given to the point and matter of the discourse.

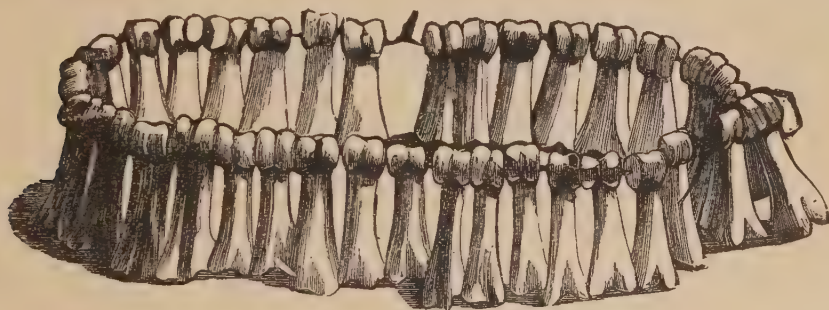
In this character Tambooza is inimitable, and shone especially on the present occasion, having doubtless been instructed by the king, in whose name he addressed Georgo and his party, to interlard his oration with as many pungent reproofs and cutting invectives as his fertile imagination could invent, or his natural disposition suggest. On a late expedition, it appears that the troops now harangued had not performed the service expected—they had entered the territory of a rival chief, and, instead of surrounding and capturing the herds within their reach, had attended to some pretended instructions to halt and return; some palliating circumstances



EXCITING CONTEST TO OBTAIN WEAPONS.

had no doubt screened them from the customary rigor on such occasions, and this untoward occurrence was now turned to the best advantage. After a long tirade, in which Tambooza ironically described their feeble onset and fruitless effort, advancing like a mercury to make his words more effective, and gracefully retiring as though to point a fresh barb for the attack; now slaking his wrath by a journey to the right, and then as abruptly recoiling to the left, by each detour increasing in vehemence, the storm was at length at its height, and in the midst of the tempest he had stirred he retired to the feet of his sovereign, who, I remarked, could scarcely refrain from smiling at many of the taunting expressions that were used.

Georgo's countenance can better be imagined than described at this moment. Impatient to reply, he now rose from the centre of the line, his person decorated with strings of pink beads worn over his shoulders like a cross belt, and large brass rings on his arms and throat. "Amanka," (it is false), was the first word he uttered. The various chivalrous deeds of himself and his men were then set forth in the most glowing colors, and a scene ensued which I scarcely know how to describe. Independent of his own energetic gesticulations, his violent leaping and sententious running; on the first announcement of any exculpatory fact indicating their prowess in arms, one or more of the principal warriors would rush from the ranks to corroborate the statement by a display of muscular power in leaping, charging, and pantomimic conflict, which quite made the ground to resound under their feet; alternately leaping and galloping (for it was not running) until, frenzied by the tortuous motion, their nerves were sufficiently strong for the acme posture—vaulting several feet in the



GHASTLY NECKLACE OF HUMAN FINGER BONES.

air, drawing the knees toward the chin, and at the same time passing the hands between the ankles.

In this singular manner were the charges advanced and rebutted for a considerable time; Dingan acting behind the scenes as a moderator, and occasionally calling off Tambooza as an unruly bull-dog from the bait. At length, as though imperceptibly drawn into the argument, he concluded the business in these words:—"When have we heard anything good of Georgo? What has Georgo done? It is a name that is unknown to us. I shall give you no shields until you have proved yourself worthy of them; go and bring me some cattle from the enemy, and then shields shall be given you." A burst of applause rang from all sides on this unexpected announcement; under which in good taste, the despot made his exit.

One peculiarity of the Kaffir character is the firm belief in prophets.

These prophets are ignorant yet shrewd, and their ignorance is equalled only by the audacity with which they presume upon the credulity of the people. They usually wear charms, trinkets, ghastly ornaments, made sometimes of human bones, and these are supposed to invest the owner with marvelous power. Says the Rev. J. G. Wood, to whom we are indebted for many interesting statements respecting the Kaffirs: "There is now before me a remarkable necklace, which was taken from the neck of a Kaffir who was killed in the attack of the 74th Scottish Highlanders, on the Iron Mount. This stronghold of the dark enemies was peculiarly well adapted for defence, and the natives had therefore used it as a place wherein they could deposit their stores; but, by a false move on their part, they put themselves between two fires, and after severe loss had to abandon the post. The necklace belongs to the collection of Major Ross King, who led the 74th in the attack. It has evidently been used for superstitious purposes, and has belonged to a Kaffir who was either one of the prophets, or who intended to join that order. It is composed of human finger-bones, twenty-seven in number, and as only the last joint of the finger is used, it is evident that at least three men must have supplied the bones in question. From the nature of the ornament, it is likely that it once belonged to that class of doctors who make a living, by pretending to detect the evil-doers who have caused the death of chiefs and persons of rank

Horrible Decorations.

"A traveler has kindly sent me an account of one of these prophets, and the manner in which he performed his office. Besides the snakes, skins, feathers, and other strange ornaments with which a Kaffir prophet is wont to bedeck himself, he had hung round his neck a string of bones and skulls, an amulet of which he evidently was very proud. He declared that before war was over many of them would eat dust, that is, be killed.

"This announcement had a great effect upon the dark soldiers, and their spirits were sadly depressed by it. The commander, however, was a man who was independent of such actions, and did not intend to have his men disheartened by any prophet. So he sent for the seer in question, and very plainly told him that his business was to foretell success, and not failure; and that, if he did not alter his line of prophecy, he must be prepared to take the consequences. Both the seer and the spirits of departed chiefs took this rather strong hint, and after that intimation the omens invariably proved to be favorable, and the soldiers recovered their lost equanimity."

